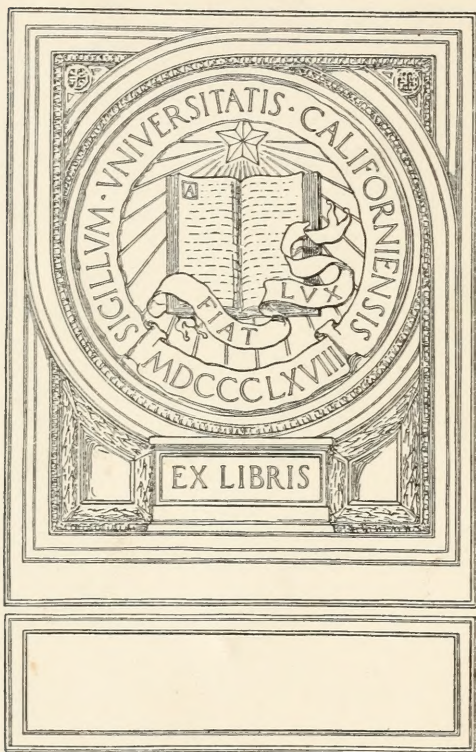




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*Mr. Hood*



THE  
COMPLETE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS HOOD;

WITH  
A Biographical Sketch, and Notes.

EDITED BY  
EPES SARGENT.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:  
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

MDCCCLVII.



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STANDARD BRITISH POETS.

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The Poems  
OF  
THOMAS HOOD.

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## PREFACE.

---

As confidently as any one of his contemporaries THOMAS HOOD may claim his place among the Standard Poets of Great Britain. The present edition of his poetical works contains all the poems included in the two volumes edited at his request, and published in London by Mr. Moxon. To these we have added a number of poems collected from other reliable sources, which were probably excluded from the Moxon edition by outstanding copyrights, with which their republication would interfere. This may therefore be regarded as the most complete collection of Hood's Poetical Works yet published.

His friends assert that in the twenty years during which Hood was writing for the press he never penned a line intended to give pain to an individual, or which he might himself wish to blot. This is the praise which Lyttelton awarded to the author of "The Seasons," and is almost too much to ascribe to any individual who, like Hood, was a man of ardent feelings and exposed to strong temptations. It is enough that we are able to say of him, as Walter Scott said of Goldsmith — that his WREATH IS UNSULLIED.







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## LIFE OF THOMAS HOOD.

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THOMAS HOOD was born in London in 1798. His father was a native of Scotland, and was for many years a partner in the firm of Vernor, Hood and Sharp, booksellers and publishers. Of his early life he has given the public an outline in his *Literary Reminiscences*, in which he tells us that when but twelve years of age he lost his father and elder brother, and became thenceforth the chief care of an affectionate and bereaved mother. From a brief memoir by Mrs. S. C. Hall we learn that he was remarkable for great vivacity of spirits, and prone to astonish good citizens, guests at his father's, no less than his fellow-pupils when at school, by the shrewdness and brilliancy of his observations upon topics of which it was thought he knew nothing. At a high school to which he was sent he picked up *some* Latin, became a tolerable English grammarian, and so good a French scholar that he earned a few guineas—his first literary fee—by revising for the press a new edition of "*Paul et Virginie*." A friend of the family, however, proposed to initiate him into the profitable mysteries of commerce, and young Hood found himself planted on a counting-house stool, where he remained long enough, at least, to collect materials for a sonnet, in which he records his mercantile experiences.

"Time was, I sat upon a lofty stool,  
At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen  
Began each morning, at the stroke of ten,  
To write in Bell and Co.'s commercial school;  
In Warnford Court, a shady nook and cool,



The favorite retreat of merchant men ;  
 Yet would my pen turn vagrant even then,  
 And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.  
 Now double entry — now a flowery trope —  
 Mingling poetic honey with trade wax —  
 Blogg, Brothers — Milton — Grote and Prescott — Pope —  
 Bristles — and Hogg — Glyn Mills and Halifax —  
 Rogers — and Towgood — Hemp — the Bard of Hope —  
 Barilla — Byron — Tallow — Burns — and Flax ! ”

His health failing, he was “ shipped as per advice, in a Scotch smack,” to his father’s relations in Dundee. There he made his first acquaintance with the press, an event of so much interest in the career of an author that no one can describe it but himself. Among the temporary sojourners in his boarding-house at Dundee was a legal antiquary, who had been sent for from Edinburgh to make some researches among the civic records. “ It was my humor to think,” says Hood, “ that, in Political as well as Domestic Economy, it must be better to sweep the Present than to dust the Past ; and certain new brooms were recommended to the Town Council in a quizzing letter, which the then editor of the *Dundee Advertiser* or *Chronicle* thought fit to favor with a prominent place in his columns. ‘ Tis pleasant sure,’ sings Lord Byron, ‘ to see one’s self in print ;’ and according to the popular notion I ought to have been quite up in my stirrups, if not standing on the saddle, at thus seeing myself, for the first strange time, set up in type. Memory recalls, however, but a very moderate share of exaltation, which was totally eclipsed, moreover, by the exuberant transports of an accessory before the fact, whom, methinks, I still see in my mind’s eye, rushing out of the printing-office with the wet sheet steaming in his hand, and fluttering all along the High Street, to announce breathlessly that ‘ we were in.’ But G. was an indifferent scholar, even in English, and therefore thought the more highly of this literary feat.

“ The reception of my letter in the Dundee newspaper encouraged me to forward a contribution to the *Dundee Magazine*, the editor of which was kind enough, as Winifred Jenkins says, to ‘ wrap my bit of nonsense under his Honor’s Kiver,’ without charging anything for its insertion. Here was success sufficient to turn a young author at once into ‘ a scribbling miller,’ and make him sell himself, body



and soul, after the German fashion, to that minor Mephistophiles, the printer's devil ! Nevertheless, it was not till years afterwards and the lapse of a term equal to an ordinary apprenticeship, that the Imp in question became really my Familiar. In the mean time, I continued to compose occasionally, and, like the literary performances of Mr. Weller senior, my lucubrations were generally committed to paper, not in what is commonly called written hand, but an imitation of print. Such a course hints suspiciously of type and antitype, and a longing eye to the Row ; whereas it was adopted simply to make the reading more easy, and thus enable me the more readily to form a judgment of the effect of my little efforts. It is more difficult than may be supposed to decide on the value of a work in MS., and especially when the hand-writing presents only a swell mob of bad characters, that must be severally examined and re-examined to arrive at the merits or demerits of the case. Print settles it, as Coleridge used to say : and, to be candid, I have more than once reversed, or greatly modified, a previous verdict, on seeing a rough proof from the press.

“ My mental constitution, however weak my physical one, was proof against that type-us fever which parches most scribblers till they are set up, done up, and maybe cut up, in print and boards. Perhaps I had read and trembled at the melancholy annals of those unfortunates, who, rashly undertaking to write for bread, had poisoned themselves, like Chatterton, for want of it, or choked themselves, like Otway, on obtaining it. Possibly, having learned to think humbly of myself, — there is nothing like early sickness and sorrow for ‘ taking the conceit ’ out of one, — my vanity did not presume to think, with certain juvenile Tracticians, that I ‘ had a call ’ to hold forth in print for the edification of mankind. Perchance, the very deep reverence my reading had led me to entertain for our bards and sages deterred me from thrusting myself into the fellowship of beings that seemed only a little lower than the angels. However, in spite of that very common excuse for publication, ‘ the advice of a friend,’ who seriously recommended the submitting of my MSS. to a literary authority, with a view to his *imprimatur*, my slight acquaintance with the press was pushed no further.”

Hood resided two years at Dundee, when he returned to London, and, manifesting a great talent for drawing, was apprenticed to his



uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, an engraver. He was afterwards with one of the *Le Keux* in the same pursuit; but, though working in *aqua fortis*, as he tells us, he still played with Castaly, now writing — all monkeys are imitators, and all young authors are monkeys — now writing a *Bandit* to match the *Corsair*, and now hatching a *Lalla Crow* by way of companion to *Lalla Rookh*. We recur to his own *Reminiscences* :

“ In the mean time, while thus playing with literature, an event was ripening which was to introduce me to authorship in earnest, and make the muse, with whom I had only flirted, my companion for life. . . . In the beginning of the year 1821 a memorable duel, originating in a pen-and-ink quarrel, took place at Chalk Farm, and terminated in the death of Mr. John Scott, the able editor of the *London Magazine*. The melancholy result excited great interest, in which I fully participated, little dreaming that his catastrophe involved any consequences of importance to myself. But, on the loss of its conductor, the periodical passed into other hands. The new proprietors were my friends; they sent for me, and, after some preliminaries, I was duly installed as a sort of sub-editor of the *London Magazine*.

“ It would be affectation to say that engraving was resigned with regret. There is always something mechanical about the art; moreover, it is as unwholesome as wearisome to sit copper-fastened to a board, with a cantle scooped out to accommodate your stomach, if you have one, painfully ruling, ruling, and still ruling lines straight or crooked by the long hundred to the square inch, at the doubly-hazardous risk, which Wordsworth so deprecates, of ‘growing double.’ So, farewell Woollett! Strange! Bartolozzi! I have said my vanity did not rashly plunge me into authorship; but no sooner was there a legitimate opening than I jumped at it, *à la Grimaldi*, head foremost, and was speedily behind the scenes.

“ To judge by my zeal and delight in my new pursuit, the bowl had at last found its natural bias. Not content with taking articles, like candidates for holy orders, — with rejecting articles, like the Belgians, — I dreamt articles, thought articles, wrote articles, which were all inserted by the editor, of course with the concurrence of his deputy. The more irksome parts of authorship, such as the correction of the press, were to me labors of love. I received a revise from Mr. Baldwin’s Mr. Parker, as if it had been a proof of his regard;



forgave him all his slips, and really thought that printers' devils were not so black as they are painted. But my top-gallant glory was in 'our contributors'! How I used to look forward to Elia! and backward for Hazlitt, and all round for Edward Herbert, and how I used to look up to Allan Cunningham! for at that time the *London* had a goodly list of writers—a rare company. It is now defunct; and perhaps no ex-periodical might so appropriately be apostrophized with the Irish funereal question, 'Arrah, honey, why did you die?' Had not you an editor, and elegant prose writers, and beautiful poets, and broths of boys for criticism and classics, and wits and humorists—Elia, Cary, Procter, Cunningham, Bowring, Barton, Hazlitt, Elton, Hartley Coleridge, Talfourd, Soane, Horace Smith, Reynolds, Poole, Clare, and Thomas Benyon, with a power besides? Had n't you Lions' Heads with Traditional Tales? Had n't you an Opium Eater, and a Dwarf, and a Giant, and a Learned Lamb, and a Green Man? Had n't you a regular Drama, and a Musical Report, and a Report of Agriculture, and an Obituary, and a Price Current, and a current price, of only half-a-crown? Arrah, why did you die? Why, somehow, the contributors fell away, the concern went into other hands—worst of all, a new editor tried to put the belles-lettres in utilitarian envelopes; whereupon the circulation of the *Miscellany*, like that of poor LeFevre, got slower, slower, slower, and slower still—and then stopped forever! It was a sorry scattering of those old Londoners! Some went out of the country; one (Clare) went into it. Lamb retreated to Colebrooke. Mr. Cary presented himself to the British Museum. Reynolds and Barry took to engrossing when they should pen a stanza, and Thomas Benyon gave up literature.

"It is with mingled feelings of pride, pleasure and pain, that I revert to those old times, when the writers I had long known and admired in spirit were present to me in the flesh; when I had the delight of listening to their wit and wisdom from their own lips, of gazing on their faces, and grasping their right hands. Familiar figures rise before me, familiar voices ring in my ears, and, alas! amongst them are shapes that I must never see, sounds that I can never hear, again. Before my departure from England, I was one of the few who saw the grave close over the remains of one whom to know as a friend was to love as a relation. Never did a better soul



go to a better world ! Never, perhaps (giving the lie direct to the common imputation of envy, malice and hatred, amongst the brotherhood), never did an author descend — to quote his favorite Sir T. Browne — into ‘the land of the mole and the pismire’ so hung with golden opinions, and honored and regretted with such sincere eulogies and elegies, by his contemporaries. To HIM, the first of these, my reminiscences, is eminently due, for I lost in him not only a dear and kind friend, but an invaluable critic,—one whom, were such literary adoptions in modern use, I might well name, as Cotton called Walton, my ‘father.’

“I was sitting, one morning, beside our editor, busily correcting proofs, when a visitor was announced, whose name, grumbled by a low, ventriloquial voice, like Tom Pipes calling from the hold through the hatchway, did not resound distinctly on my tympanum. However, the door opened, and in came a stranger, a figure remarkable at a glance, with a fine head on a small, spare body, supported by two almost immaterial legs. He was clothed in sables, of a bygone fashion, but there was something wanting, or something present about him, that certified he was neither a divine, nor a physician, nor a schoolmaster; from a certain neatness and sobriety in his dress, coupled with his sedate bearing, he might have been taken, but that such a costume would be anomalous, for a *Quaker* in black. He looked still more like (what he really was) a literary modern antique, a new-old author, a living anachronism, contemporary at once with Burton the elder and Colman the younger. Meanwhile, he advanced with rather a peculiar gait, his walk was plantigrade, and, with a cheerful ‘How d’ye,’ and one of the blandest, sweetest smiles that ever brightened a manly countenance, held out two fingers to the editor. The two gentlemen in black soon fell into discourse; and, whilst they conferred, the Lavater principle within me set to work upon the interesting specimen thus presented to its speculations. It was a striking, intellectual face, full of wiry lines, physiognomical quips and cranks, that gave it great character. There was much earnestness about the brows, and a deal of speculation in the eyes, which were brown and bright, and ‘quick in turning;’ the nose, a decided one, though of no established order; and there was a handsome smartness about the mouth. Altogether, it was no common face — none of those *willow-pattern* ones, which nature



turns out by thousands at her potteries; — but more like a chance specimen of the Chinese ware, one to the set — unique, antique, quaint. No one who had once seen it could pretend not to know it again. It was no face to lend its countenance to any confusion of persons in a Comedy of Errors. You might have sworn to it piece-meal — a separate affidavit for every feature. In short, his face was as original as his figure; his figure, as his character; his character, as his writings; his writings, the most original of the age. After the literary business had been settled, the editor invited his contributor to dinner, adding, ‘We shall have a hare —’

‘And — and — and — and many friends!’

“The hesitation in the speech, and the readiness of the allusion, were alike characteristic of the individual, whom his familiars will perchance have recognized already as the delightful essayist, the capital critic, the pleasant wit and humorist, the delicate-minded and large-hearted Charles Lamb! He was shy, like myself, with strangers; so that, despite my yearnings, our first meeting scarcely amounted to an introduction. We were both at dinner, amongst the hare’s many friends; but our acquaintance got no further, in spite of a desperate attempt on my part to attract his notice. His complaint of the Decay of Beggars presented another chance; I wrote on coarse paper, and in ragged English, a letter of thanks to him, as if from one of his mendicant clients, but it produced no effect. I had given up all hope, when, one night, sitting sick and sad in my bed-room, racked with the rheumatism, the door was suddenly opened, the well-known quaint figure in black walked in without any formality, and, with a cheerful ‘Well, boy, how are you?’ and the bland, sweet smile, extended the two fingers. They were eagerly clutched, of course, and from that hour we were firm friends.”

In 1826 Hood made a collection of his contributions to the *London Magazine*, which, with some other pieces, was issued under the title of *Whims and Oddities*. His first book had been published anonymously. It was styled *Odes and Addresses to Great People*, and was written in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Reynolds. This work had introduced Hood to the public as a humorist of no common power; a reputation which had been increased by his productions in the *Magazine* — a journal of which the *Westminster Review*



said, with great truth, that it was during its short life cleverly supported by a knot of men whom a too ardent love of the ancient and quaint and homely in literature, hurried into sundry faults of taste, which the sectarian influence of coterie intercourse confused into mannerism.

Hood's National Tales appeared in 1827, and was followed by a volume containing *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, *Hero and Leander*, *Lycus the Centaur*, and other poems. In 1829 he commenced the *Comic Annual*, which was continued for nine years. For one year he edited *The Gem*, in which *The Dream of Eugene Aram* first appeared; afterwards, issued in a separate *brochure*, with designs by W. Harvey. In 1834 he published *Tylney Hall*, a novel with which we remember to have been very much entertained, and which, we think, never enjoyed the favor to which it was entitled by its merits. In 1836 he published a new edition of his *Whims and Oddities in Prose and Verse*; and in 1838 a selection of his contributions to the *Comic Annual*, with new matter, in a series of monthly numbers, under the title of *Hood's Own*. Ill health now compelled him to go to the continent to recruit; and while in Belgium he published his pleasant little volume, *Up the Rhine*. During his absence an article on his works appeared in the *Westminster Review*, from which we extract the following description of Hood as he appeared in social life:

"We began by stating our conviction that few writers were so imperfectly understood as he of the '*Comic Annual*' is; few, we may add, have been more sparingly known in the world of society. Hood has never sought the tinsel honors of *Lionship*. A shape of slight figure, with pale and pensive countenance, may, indeed, have flitted through society occasionally, without causing any remark; none of the *Lady Worrymores* or *Capel Loffits*, who make themselves ridiculous, and their literary *protégés* disrespectful, by their senseless ecstasies, — even dreaming that that slight figure was moving to and fro to gather simples of humor and folly and absurdity, but not in the spirit of a *Sycorax*, — that the rarest conceit could twinkle through the spectacles which give a decent gravity to those eyes, or that the most luxuriant whimsies and the most irresistible repartees could drop, rich as oil, if not always sweet as honey, from the corners of that impassive-looking mouth. But we know better; and, as the



sea divides him from us, may say as much without any fear of our friend interposing to prevent us. We have sat by his side through the 'small hours,' listening to tales of ghosts, remembered, improved or improvised, — such as night-watchers in the nineteenth century are rarely permitted to enjoy. We have heard him — apart from the listening circle — accompany the long-winded tale of a traveller with such a running fire of notes and comments *aside* as the brethren of the Row would give gold to gather and print. We have watched him so provoke the component members of a social rubber in that moment of intense interest when the game hung on a card, that odd tricks have been forgotten, trumps wasted, and all four hands thrown down, in an universal paroxysm. We have seen his Yorick spirit sending forth its sparkling bubbles, in despite of trial and vicissitude; — for may we not allude to these, when in his preface to his last new undertaking our friend has himself pointed thereat? His education as an engraver has given him an eye of singular keenness, — his genius a fancy ever ready, and a wit rarely blunt, rarely indebted to others for its weapon; and these are as much manifested in his daily intercourse with his friends as in his more ceremonious commerce with the public. There is not a page in all his works more thoroughly humorous than the account we once heard him deliver of a hurried labor at the 'Comic Annual,' when, at the eleventh hour, like Mozart over the overture to *Don Giovanni*, he fell asleep, and continued (he declares) to dictate, for some good ten minutes, ere his amanuensis, who had been plying the pen for half an hour, herself scarcely less somnolent, discerned the least change in his diction, the least abatement of his fluency. There is no dilemma recounted by Mrs. Twigg, or Mrs. Jones, half so diverting as those with details of which his familiar letters from the continent are filled. But with these the world will perhaps one day be edified; and it would be unfair, by attempting them in feebler phrase, to forestall the new 'Pilgrim of the Rhine.' "

Mrs. S. C. Hall's reminiscences of the poet relate to about the same period of his life:

"I remember the first time I met him was at one of the pleasant *soirées* of the painter Martin; for a moment I turned away — as many have done — disappointed, for the countenance, in repose, was of melancholy rather than of mirth; there was something calm, even



to solemnity, in the upper portion of the face, which, in public, was seldom relieved by the eloquent play of the mouth, or the occasional sparkle of the observant eye; and it was a general remark among his acquaintances, that he was too quiet for 'the world.' There are many wit-watchers to be found in society, who think there is nothing in a man, unless, like a sounding-board, he make a great noise at a small touch; who consider themselves aggrieved, unless an 'author' open at once like a book, and speak as he writes; this vulgar notion, like others of the same stamp, creeps into good society, or what is so considered, and I have seen both Hook and Hood 'set,' as a pointer sets a partridge, by persons who glitter in evanescent light simply by repeating what such men have said. Mr. Hook, perhaps, liked this celebrity, — this sitting and staring, this lion-hunt, — so different from the heart-worship paid to veritable greatness. Mr. Hood did not; he was too sensitive, too refined, to endure it; the dislike to being pointed at as the 'man who was funny' kept him out of a crowd, where there were always numbers who really honored his genius, and loved him for his gentle and domestic virtues. It was only among his friends that his playful fancy flourished, or that he yielded to its influence; although, strictly speaking, 'social' in all his feelings, he never sought to stimulate his wit by the false poison of draughts of wine; nor was he ever more cheerful than when at his own fireside he enjoyed the companionship of his dear and devoted wife. He was playful as a child; and his imagination, pure as bright, frolicked with nature, whom he loved too well ever to outrage or insult by slight or misrepresentation. And yet he was city born, and city bred, — born in the unpoetic district of 'the Poultry,' — though born, as it were, to letters, for his father was a bookseller."

On the return of Hood to England, he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and, on retiring from it in 1843, he published the best of his writings in prose and verse in that journal, with some additions, with the title of "Whimsicalities." In 1844 he started *Hood's Magazine*, his last periodical, and continued to contribute to its pages until within a month before his death. In his later days he was an occasional contributor to *Punch*, where his celebrated *Song of the Shirt* made its first appearance.

Hood died on the third of May, 1845, leaving a widow and two children. He died a poor man. He had no money-making faculty.



He could delight the world with his genius, but he did not make a good commercial use of it. With all his talents and fame, he did not manage to coin them into gold. Soon after his death a subscription was commenced for the benefit of his family. The project was communicated to the public in a single paragraph, which will be read with melancholy interest :

“THE LATE THOMAS HOOD. — This distinguished writer, who has, for upwards of twenty years, entertained the public with a constant succession of comic and humoristic works, *in the whole range of which not a single line of immoral tendency, or calculated to pain an individual, can be pointed out*, whose poems and serious writings rank among the noblest modern contributions of our national literature, and whose pen was ever the ready and efficient advocate of the unfortunate and the oppressed (as recently, for instance, in the admirable ‘Song of the Shirt,’ which gave so remarkable an impulse to the movement on behalf of the distressed needlewomen), has left, by his death, a widow and two children in straitened and precarious circumstances, with no other means of subsistence than a small pension, terminable on the failure of the widow’s life, barely sufficient to supply a family of three with common necessities, and totally inadequate for the education and advancement of the orphan children. Even this scanty resource has been, of necessity, forestalled to a considerable extent during the last five months, in order to meet the heavy sick-room and funeral expenses. Under these circumstances, a subscription for the family has been set on foot. The admirers of Thomas Hood throughout the country will, it is hoped, take this opportunity of publicly testifying their recognition of his genius and their sense of his personal worth.”

Of his latter days an affecting account was given in the *Literary Gazette*, shortly after his death :

“Thomas Hood died on Saturday morning. A spirit of true philanthropy has departed from its earthly tenement; the light of a curious and peculiar wit has been extinguished; the feeling and pathos of a natural poet have descended into the grave; and left those who knew, admired, and loved these qualities, to feel and de-



plore the loss of him in whom they were so preëminently united. Yet we can hardly say that we lament his death. Poor Hood! his sportive humor, like the rays from a crackling fire in a dilapidated building, had long played among the fractures of a ruined constitution, and flashed upon the world through the flaws and rents of a shattered wreck. Yet, infirm as was the fabric, the equal mind was never disturbed to the last. He contemplated the approach of death with a composed philosophy, and a resigned soul. It had no terrors for him. A short while ago we sat for hours by his bed-side in general and cheerful conversation, as when in social and healthful intercourse. Then he spoke of the certain and unavoidable event about to take place with perfect unreserve, unruffled calmness; and the lesson and example *how to die* was never given in a more impressive and consolatory manner than by Thomas Hood. His bodily sufferings had made no change in his mental character. He was the same as in his publications, — at times lively and jocular, at times serious and affecting; and upon the one great subject of a death-bed hope, he declared himself, as throughout life, opposed to canters and hypocrites, — a class he had always detested and written against; while he set the highest price upon sincere Christianity, whose works of charity and mercy bore witness to the integrity and purity of the faith professed. ‘Our common friend,’ he said, ‘Mrs. E——, I love; for she is truly *religious*, and not a *pious*, woman.’ He seemed anxious that his sentiments on the momentous question should not be misrepresented; and that his animosity against the pretended should not be misconstrued into a want of just estimation for the real.

“Another subject upon which he dwelt with much earnestness and gratitude, was the grant of a pension of one hundred pounds a year to his wife. ‘There is, after all,’ he observed, ‘much of good to counterbalance the bad in this world. I have now a better opinion of it than I once had, when pressed by wrongs and injuries.’ Two autograph letters from Sir Robert Peel, relating to this pension, gave him intense gratification, and were indeed most honorable to the heart of the writer, whose warmth in the expression of personal solicitude for himself and his family, and of admiration for his productions (with which Sir Robert seemed to be well acquainted), we firmly believe imparted more delight to the dying man than even the prospect that those so dear to him would not be left destitute. In his



answer to the minister's first communication, he had alluded to the tendency of his writings ever being on the side of humanity and order, and not of the modern school, to separate society into two classes, the rich and poor, and to inflame hatred on the one side, and fear on the other. This avowal appeared, from the reply which acknowledged its truth, to have been very acceptable to the premier, from whom the gift had emanated."

On the 18th July, 1854, a monument was raised to the memory of Hood; and in the sketch of the proceedings on this occasion, and the speech of Mr. Monckton Milnes, which we copy from the *London Times*, we find a fit conclusion to this brief account of his life. Mr. Milnes observed :

"I have been asked to come here to-day to say a few words before we open to your view the monument which has been erected to the memory of Hood. It is now some years since we laid our friend below us in this pleasant place, where he rests after a long illness — after a life of noble struggle with much adversity, and of nothing but good to his fellow-men. It is now thought advisable that a few words should be said before that ceremony takes place. It is rather a habit of our neighbors the French than of ourselves, to make eulogistic orations at the tombs of our friends. I do not think the habit in general is pleasing to our taste; but there are reasons why, on the present occasion, it may not be unbecoming. At the same time, it is very difficult to perform this duty, because we must feel that, if ever there was a character of simplicity and humility, it was that of the late Mr. Thomas Hood; and it would not become us, on the present occasion, to indulge in eulogies which, if he were here himself, would be distasteful to him; for he was a man who ever retired from the crowd, and who loved, as he has said in his own classical and beautiful language :

‘To kneel remote upon the simple sod,  
And sue, in *formâ pauperis*, to God.’

Our German friends call a cemetery of this kind ‘God’s field,’ and we must not desecrate it by vain and pompous eulogies over a fellow-mortal. All we can do is to commit him, with all his errors, to the mercy of God, and at the same time to keep his memory dear and his fame bright among us. This is the purpose of the friends of Mr. Thomas Hood who have raised this structure. Some of them were



familiar with him from his youth — the eyes of others never lit upon his person. It would be invidious to single out any of these friends of the poet ; but I may mention the name of one lady who is well known to us all, Miss Eliza Cook, to whose exertions, in all quarters of society, the erection of this monument is very much owing. Some, too, have contributed to it who did not appreciate him during his lifetime ; — to them may be applicable his beautiful lines :

‘Farewell ! we did not know thy worth ;  
But thou art gone, and now ’t is prized.  
So angels walked unknown on earth,  
But when they flew were recognized.’

“He was a poet — a poet in the true sense of the word ; but at the same time I by no means think that his poetical powers were of so great and remarkable a character that his reputation would have become such as it is if it had been confined to his poetical works alone. By his poetical works I mean those developments of pure imagination, which are more interesting to literary men than they can be to the world in general. In all these works we recognize not only the lyrical facilities which enable many a youth to throw out good poetry, but the refined taste and cultivated mind of mature years. But his fame — that for which he is chiefly known to us — belongs to him as an English humorist ; and, in using that word, I use no word inapplicable to the occasion or unworthy of his fame. It is the boast of our literature, as distinguished from that of all other nations, that from the earliest times of its history we find humoristic writers who delighted the age in which they lived and those which succeeded them. In that category we may place Shakspeare himself, and we may draw, downwards, a long genealogical list of humorists, ending with the names of Charles Lamb, Sydney Smith, and Thomas Hood. I do not know whether my opinions in this matter may be peculiar ; but I have often thought that if I were to pray to Heaven for a gift to be given to any person in whose moral and intellectual welfare I was especially interested, it would be that he might have the gift of humor. The gift of humor is, as it were, the balance of all the faculties. It enables a man to see the strong contrasts of life around him ; it prevents him being too much devoted to his own knowledge, and too proud of his own imagina-



tion, and it also disposes him to submit, with a wise and pious patience, to the vicissitudes of his daily existence. It is thus that humorists, such as Hood has been, and as Dickens is now, are great benefactors of our species, not only on account of the amusement which they give us, but because they are great moral teachers. The humorous writings of Mr. Thomas Hood have instructed you many years, and will instruct your children after you. I should mention, however, that this combination of poetry and humor does not produce, in all persons, the same blessed effects that it has produced here. In some cases it has degenerated into impatient satire and fierce revolt against the better feelings of humanity. In such a mind as that of Swift, it produced these evil effects; but in such a mind as Hood's, it produced directly the contrary: it generated a noble and generous sympathy with the wants and desires of his fellow-creatures; and it is for this combination of poetical genius and humor and earnest philanthropy, that his name has grown up to become, as it were, a proverb for great wit united with deep and solemn sympathies. We recognize, ladies and gentlemen, these rare merits of Mr. Thomas Hood in the productions of his mature life, such as 'The Bridge of Sighs,' and 'The Song of the Shirt,'—verses which appear occasionally, and only occasionally, in literature, and which seem like products of the acme of the human mind—such products as the prison-song of Lovelace, the elegy of Gray, the sea-songs of Campbell, 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' and the 'May Queen' of Alfred Tennyson—poems which, though they cost their authors much less trouble than many of their less successful works, are, nevertheless, the anchors (so to speak) of their world-wide fame. These beautiful poems of Mr. Thomas Hood have had a deep moral effect on different classes of society. If there are among those poems, and others of Mr. Thomas Hood, some expressions of stern indignation—if there are some passages which may seem almost exceptions to the general amiability of his character—it is that he wished to enforce the moral, that

' Evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as want of heart.'

I do not think, therefore, that there was any levity in his character because he was an humorist. I do not think, because you find in his



works that with his rich wit and his great possessions of language he delighted to play with words as if, almost, they were fireworks, there was a want of gravity or seriousness in his composition. In a poem of his which is a perfect *reportorium* of wit and spirit, he seems conscious of this himself, for he writes to the effect that —

‘However critics may take offence,  
A double meaning gives double sense.’

And there are, no doubt, certain subtle faculties about us which enable us to find such great pleasure in the combination of this agility of diction with seriousness of purpose. Ladies and gentlemen who have raised this monument, I was informed by a friend of mine, and a dear friend of his, who remained with him to the last — Mr. Ward — that Mr. Thomas Hood was in very great disease and suffering, that he was laboring under some pecuniary difficulties — that his mind was not easy on those points, and that it would be a great relief to him to obtain some assistance, if he could do so by any honorable means, for he was determined to employ no other. I went on that occasion to Sir R. Peel, from whom I met with the most perfect sympathy as regarded the object I had in view; and it was to me a most interesting fact that that great man, governing the destinies of this mighty nation, and engaged as he was in the gravest pursuits, could nevertheless be drawn, by the force of human sympathy, to take a deep interest in this simple man of letters. What was done on that occasion was sufficient for the purpose. I will ask you, therefore, in looking upon this bust, to regard it as a memorial not only of the interest of his friends, but as a memorial of national interest for a national name. It consists, as you perceive, of a plain bust upon a pedestal. I have always thought that a man's bust is the best monument which could be raised to him; it is that which is most calculated to show people who come after him what he really was, and it is less dumb and less vacant than the monuments which we see mostly around us. It is perfectly true that, generally speaking, we find that busts represent the dead when we could wish they represented the living; it is perfectly true, also, that in our everyday walk among living busts we see men of genius, whom we do not recognize, and whose services and virtues we do not honor; and, after all, this may, perhaps, be but a poor acknowledgment of the



worth of the poet and humorist; but still here it is, and we have raised it, and I trust all will feel that in so doing we have not done honor to him, but to ourselves. I remember that at the time of his fatal illness I was very much haunted with the recollection of some lines of his, which, I dare say, some of you remember. They are contained in a little poem called *The Death-bed* —

‘ We watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

‘ So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

‘ Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied —  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

‘ For when the morn came dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had  
Another morn than ours.’

Thomas Hood has now another morn than ours — may that morn have brightened into perfect day! May his spirit look down with gratification upon us who have raised this modest homage to him — may he look down with pleasure on those he has left behind him, and who inherit his honor and his name — and may we all bear home with us the consoling reflection, that the fame of which a wise and honest man should be ambitious is not that of acquiring wealth power, or even earning clamorous applause, but the attaining of such homage as we are now paying to one who among us was a brother and a friend — one who may make us at the same time thankful to the age in which it has pleased Providence to cast our lot, and grateful to the race and country of which we are common citizens and men.”

The monument consists of a large bronze bust of Hood, elevated on a handsome pedestal of polished red granite. On a slab beneath



the bust is his own self-inscribed epitaph — “He sang ‘The Song of the Shirt’;” and upon the projecting front of the pedestal the inscription is carved — “In memory of *Thomas Hood*, born 23d of May, 1798; died 3d of May, 1845; erected by public subscription A.D. 1854.” On the sides of the pedestal are medallions illustrating “The Bridge of Sighs” and “The Dream of Eugene Aram.” The monument is the work of Mr. Matthew Noble. It is simple in design, and correctly executed, and looks well in the midst of the medley of monuments with which Kensal-green is filling. But, independently of any consideration of that kind, this must ever be one of the chief treasures of the place.



THE PLEA  
OF  
THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.



TO CHARLES LAMB.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I thank my literary fortune that I am not reduced, like many better wits, to barter dedications, for the hope or promise of patronage, with some nominally great man; but that where true affection points, and honest respect, I am free to gratify my head and heart by a sincere inscription. An intimacy and dearness, worthy of a much earlier date than our acquaintance can refer to, direct me at once to your name - and with this acknowledgment of your ever kind feeling towards me, I desire to record a respect and admiration for you as a writer, which no one acquainted with our literature, save Elia himself, will think disproportionate or misplaced. If I had not these better reasons to govern me, I should be guided to the same selection by your intense yet critical relish for the works of our great Dramatist, and for that favorite play in particular which has furnished the subject of my verses.

It is my design, in the following Poem, to celebrate by an allegory that immortality which Shakspeare has conferred on the Fairy mythology by his *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But for him, those pretty children of our childhood would leave barely their names to our maturer years; they belong, as the mites upon the plum, to the bloom of fancy, a thing generally too frail and beautiful to withstand the rude handling of Time: but the Poet has made this most perishable part of the mind's creation equal to the most enduring; he has so intertwined the Elfins with human sympathies, and linked them by so many delightful associations with the productions of nature, that they are as real to the mind's eye as their green magical circles to the outer sense.

It would have been a pity for such a race to go extinct, even though they were but as the butterflies that hover about the leaves and blossoms of the visible world.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours, most truly,

T. HOOD.



THE  
PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

---

'T WAS in that mellow season of the year  
When the hot Sun singes the yellow leaves  
Till they be gold, and with a broader sphere  
The Moon looks down on Ceres and her sheaves;  
When more abundantly the spider weaves,  
And the cold wind breathes from a chillier clime;  
That forth I fared, on one of those still eves,  
Touched with the dewy sadness of the time,  
To think how the bright months had spent their prime

So that, wherever I addressed my way,  
I seemed to track the melancholy feet  
Of him that is the Father of Decay,  
And spoils at once the sour weed and the sweet; —  
Wherefore regretfully I made retreat  
To some unwasted regions of my brain,  
Charmed with the light of summer and the heat,  
And bade that bounteous season bloom again,  
And sprout fresh flowers in mine own domain.

It was a shady and sequestered scene,  
Like those famed gardens of Boccaccio,  
Planted with his own laurels ever green,  
And roses that for endless summer blow;



And there were fountain springs to overflow  
Their marble basins; and cool green arcades  
Of tall overarching sycamores, to throw  
Athwart the dappled path their dancing shades;  
With timid coney's cropping the green blades.

And there were crystal pools, peopled with fish,  
Argent and gold; and some of Tyrian skin,  
Some crimson-barred; — and ever at a wish  
They rose obsequious till the wave grew thin  
As glass upon their backs, and then dived in,  
Quenching their ardent scales in watery gloom;  
Whilst others with fresh hues rowed forth to win  
My changeable regard, — for so we doom  
Things born of thought to vanish or to bloom.

And there were many birds of many dyes,  
From tree to tree still faring to and fro,  
And stately peacocks with their splendid eyes,  
And gorgeous pheasants with their golden glow,  
Like Iris just bedabbled in her bow,  
Besides some vocalists, without a name,  
That oft on fairy errands come and go,  
With accents magical; — and all were tame,  
And pecked at my hand where'er I came.

And for my sylvan company, in lieu  
Of Pampinea with her lively peers,  
Sate Queen Titania with her pretty crew,  
All in their liveries quaint, with elfin gears;  
For she was gracious to my childish years,  
And made me free of her enchanted round;  
Wherefore this dreamy scene she still endears,  
And plants her court upon a verdant mound,  
Fenced with umbrageous woods and groves profound.



"Ah, me," she cries, "was ever moonlight seen  
So clear and tender for our midnight trips?  
Go some one forth, and with a trump convene  
My lieges all!" — Away the goblin skips  
A pace or two apart, and deftly strips  
The ruddy skin from a sweet rose's cheek,  
Then blows the shuddering leaf between his lips,  
Making it utter forth a shrill small shriek,  
Like a frayed bird in the gray owlet's beak.

And, lo! upon my fixed delighted ken  
Appeared the loyal Fays. Some by degrees  
Crept from the primrose-buds that opened then,  
And some from bell-shaped blossoms like the bees,  
Some from the dewy meads, and rushy leas,  
Flew up like chafers when the rustics pass;  
Some from the rivers, others from tall trees  
Dropped, like shed blossoms, silent to the grass,  
Spirits and elfins small, of every class.

Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,  
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain;  
And stealthy Mab, queen of old realms romantic,  
Came too, from distance, in her tiny wain,  
Fresh dripping from a cloud — some bloomy rain,  
Then circling the bright Moon, had washed her car,  
And still bedewed it with a various stain:  
Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,  
Who bears all fairy embassies afar.

But Oberon, that night elsewhere exiled,  
Was absent, whether some distempered spleen  
Kept him and his fair mate unreconciled,  
Or warfare with the Gnome (whose race had been



Sometimes obnoxious), kept him from his queen,  
And made her now peruse the starry skies  
Prophetical with such an absent mien;  
Howbeit, the tears stole often to her eyes,  
And oft the Moon was incensed with her sighs —

Which made the elves sport drearily, and soon  
Their hushing dances languished to a stand,  
Like midnight leaves when, as the Zephyrs swoon,  
All on their drooping stems they sink unfanned,—  
So into silence drooped the fairy band,  
To see their empress dear so pale and still,  
Crowding her softly round on either hand,  
As pale as frosty snow-drops, and as chill,  
To whom the sceptred dame reveals her ill

“Alas!” quoth she, “ye know our fairy lives  
Are leased upon the fickle faith of men;  
Not measured out against fate’s mortal knives  
Like human gossamers, we perish when  
We fade, and are forgot in worldly ken,—  
Though poesy has thus prolonged our date,  
Thanks be to the sweet Bard’s auspicious pen  
That rescued us so long! — howbeit of late  
I feel some dark misgivings of our fate.

“And this dull day my melancholy sleep  
Hath been so thronged with images of woe,  
That even now I cannot choose but weep  
To think this was some sad prophetic show  
Of future horror to befall us so,—  
Of mortal wreck and uttermost distress,—  
Yea, our poor empire’s fall and overthrow,—  
For this was my long vision’s dreadful stress,  
And when I waked my trouble was not less.



“ Whenever to the clouds I tried to seek,  
Such leaden weight dragged these Icarian wings,  
My faithless wand was wavering and weak,  
And slimy toads had trespassed in our rings —  
The birds refused to sing for me — all things  
Disowned their old allegiance to our spells ;  
The rude bees pricked me with their rebel stings ;  
And, when I passed, the valley-lily’s bells  
Rang out, methought, most melancholy knells.

“ And ever on the faint and flagging air  
A doleful spirit with a dreary note  
Cried in my fearful ear, ‘ Prepare ! prepare ! ’  
Which soon I knew came from a raven’s throat,  
Perched on a cypress-bough not far remote,—  
A cursed bird, too crafty to be shot,  
That alway cometh with his soot-black coat  
To make hearts dreary : — for he is a blot  
Upon the book of life, as well ye wot ! —

“ Wherefore some while I bribed him to be mute,  
With bitter acorns stuffing his foul maw,  
Which barely I appeased, when some fresh bruit  
Startled me all aheap ! — and soon I saw  
The horriddest shape that ever raised my awe,—  
A monstrous giant, very huge and tall,  
Such as in elder times, devoid of law,  
With wicked might grieved the primeval ball,  
And this was sure the deadliest of them all !

“ Gaunt was he as a wolf of Languedoc,  
With bloody jaws, and frost upon his crown ;  
So from his barren poll one hoary lock  
Over his wrinkled front fell far adown,



Well-nigh to where his frosty brows did frown  
Like jagged icicles at cottage eaves ;  
And for his coronal he wore some brown  
And bristled ears gathered from Ceres' sheaves,  
Entwined with certain sere and russet leaves.

" And, lo ! upon a mast reared far aloft,  
He bore a very bright and crescent blade,  
The which he waved so dreadfully, and oft,  
In meditative spite, that, sore dismayed,  
I crept into an acorn-cup for shade ;  
Meanwhile the horrid effigy went by :  
I trow his look was dreadful, for it made  
The trembling birds betake them to the sky,  
For every leaf was lifted by his sigh.

" And ever, as he sighed, his foggy breath  
Blurred out the landscape like a flight of smoke :  
Thence knew I this was either dreary Death  
Or Time, who leads all creatures to his stroke.  
Ah, wretched me ! " — Here, even as she spoke,  
The melancholy Shape came gliding in,  
And leaned his back against an antique oak,  
Folding his wings, that were so fine and thin,  
They scarce were seen against the Dryad's skin.

Then what a fear seized all the little rout !  
Look how a flock of panicked sheep will stare —  
And huddle close — and start — and wheel about,  
Watching the roaming mongrel here and there,—  
So did that sudden Apparition scare  
All close aheap those small affrighted things ;  
Nor sought they now the safety of the air,  
As if some leaden spell withheld their wings ;  
But who can fly that ancientest of Kings ?



Whom now the Queen, with a forestalling tear  
And previous sigh, beginneth to entreat,  
Bidding him spare, for love, her lieges dear :  
“ Alas ! ” quoth she, “ is there no nodding wheat  
Ripe for thy crooked weapon, and more meet, —  
Or withered leaves to ravish from the tree, —  
Or crumbling battlements for thy defeat ?  
Think but what vaunting monuments there be  
Builded in spite and mockery of thee.

“ O, fret away the fabric walls of Fame,  
And grind down marble Caesars with the dust :  
Make tombs inscriptionless — raze each high name,  
And waste old armors of renown with rust :  
Do all of this, and thy revenge is just :  
Make such decays the trophies of thy prime,  
And check Ambition’s overweening lust,  
That dares exterminating war with Time, —  
But we are guiltless of that lofty crime.

“ Frail, feeble sprites ! — the children of a dream !  
Leased on the sufferance of fickle men,  
Like motes dependent on the sunny beam,  
Living but in the sun’s indulgent ken,  
And when that light withdraws, withdrawing then ; ---  
So do we flutter in the glance of youth  
And fervid fancy, — and so perish when  
The eye of faith grows aged ; — in sad truth,  
Feeling thy sway, O Time ! though not thy tooth !

“ Where be those old divinities forlorn,  
That dwelt in trees, or haunted in a stream ?  
Alas ! their memories are dimmed and torn,  
Like the remainder tatters of a dream :



So will it fare with our poor thrones, I deem ; —  
For us the same dark trench Oblivion delves,  
That holds the wastes of every human scheme.  
O, spare us then,—and these our pretty elves,  
We soon, alas ! shall perish of ourselves ! ”

Now as she ended, with a sigh, to name  
Those old Olympians, scattered by the whirl  
Of fortune's giddy wheel and brought to shame,  
Methought a scornful and malignant curl  
Showed on the lips of that malicious churl,  
To think what noble havocs he had made :  
So that I feared he all at once would hurl  
The harmless fairies into endless shade,—  
Howbeit he stopped a while to whet his blade.

Pity it was to hear the elfins' wail  
Rise up in concert from their mingled dread ;  
Pity it was to see them, all so pale,  
Gaze on the grass as for a dying bed ; —  
But Puck was seated on a spider's thread,  
That hung between two branches of a brier,  
And 'gan to swing and gambol heels o'er head,  
Like any Southwark tumbler on a wire,  
For him no present grief could long inspire.

Meanwhile the Queen with many piteous drops,  
Falling like tiny sparks full fast and free,  
Bedews a pathway from her throne ; — and stops  
Before the foot of her arch enemy,  
And with her little arms enfolds his knee,  
That shows more gristly from that fair embrace ;  
But she will ne'er depart. “ Alas ! ” quoth she,  
“ My painful fingers I will here enlace  
Till I have gained your pity for our race.



“What have we ever done to earn this grudge,  
And hate — (if not too humble for thy hating?) —  
Look o’er our labors and our lives, and judge  
If there be any ills of our creating;  
For we are very kindly creatures, dating  
With nature’s charities still sweet and bland: —  
O, think this murder worthy of debating!” —  
Herewith she makes a signal with her hand,  
To beckon some one from the Fairy band.

Anon I saw one of those elfin things,  
Clad all in white like any chorister,  
Come fluttering forth on his melodious wings,  
That made soft music at each little stir,  
But something louder than a bee’s demur  
Before he lights upon a bunch of broom,  
And thus ’gan he with Saturn to confer,—  
And, O, his voice was sweet, touched with the gloom  
Of that sad theme that argued of his doom!

Quoth he, “We make all melodies our care,  
That no false discords may offend the Sun,  
Music’s great master — tuning everywhere  
All pastoral sounds and melodies, each one  
Duly to place and season, so that none  
May harshly interfere. We rouse at morn  
The shrill sweet lark; and when the day is done,  
Hush silent pauses for the bird forlorn,  
That singeth with her breast against a thorn.

“We gather in loud choirs the twittering race,  
That make a chorus with their single note;  
And tend on new-fledged birds in every place,  
That duly they may get their tunes by rote;



And oft, like echoes, answering remote,  
We hide in thickets from the feathered throng,  
And strain in rivalry each throbbing throat,  
Singing in shrill responses all day long,  
Whilst the glad truant listens to our song.

“Wherefore, great King of Years, as thou dost love  
The raining music from a morning cloud,  
When vanished larks are carolling above,  
To wake Apollo with their pipings loud ; —  
If ever thou hast heard in leafy shroud  
The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell,  
Show thy sweet mercy on this little crowd,  
And we will muffle up the sheepfold bell  
Whene’er thou listenest to Philomel.”

Then Saturn thus : “Sweet is the merry lark,  
That carols in man’s ear so clear and strong ;  
And youth must love to listen in the dark  
That tuneful elegy of Tereus’ wrong ;  
But I have heard that ancient strain too long,  
For sweet is sweet but when a little strange,  
And I grow weary for some newer song ;  
For wherefore had I wings, unless to range  
Through all things mutable from change to change ?

“But wouldst thou hear the melodies of Time,  
Listen when sleep and drowsy darkness roll  
Over hushed cities, and the midnight chime  
Sounds from their hundred clocks, and deep bells toll  
Like a last knell over the dead world’s soul,  
Saying, Time shall be final of all things,  
Whose late, last voice must elegize the whole,—  
O, then I clap aloft my brave broad wings,  
And make the wide air tremble while it rings !”



Then next a fair Eve-Fay made meek address,  
Saying, "We be the handmaids of the Spring,  
In sign whereof, May, the quaint broideress,  
Hath wrought her samplers on our gauzy wing.  
We tend upon buds' birth and blossoming,  
And count the leafy tributes that they owe —  
As, so much to the earth — so much to fling  
In showers to the brook — so much to go  
In whirlwinds to the clouds that made them grow.

"The pastoral cowslips are our little pets,  
And daisy stars, whose firmament is green;  
Pansies, and those veiled nuns, meek violets,  
Sighing to that warm world from which they screen;  
And golden daffodils, plucked for May's Queen;  
And lonely harebells, quaking on the heath;  
And Hyacinth, long since a fair youth seen,  
Whose tuneful voice, turned fragrance in his breath,  
Kissed by sad Zephyr, guilty of his death.

"The widowed primrose weeping to the moon,  
And saffron crocus in whose chalice bright  
A cool libation hoarded for the noon  
Is kept — and she that purifies the light,  
The virgin lily, faithful to her white,  
Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame;  
And the most dainty rose, Aurora's spright,  
Our every godchild, by whatever name —  
Spare us our lives, for we did nurse the same!"

Then that old Mower stamped his heel, and struck  
His hurtful scythe against the harmless ground,  
Saying, "Ye foolish imps, when am I stuck  
With gaudy buds, or like a wooer crowned



With flowery chaplets, save when they are found  
Withered? — Whenever have I plucked a rose,  
Except to scatter its vain leaves around?  
For so all gloss of beauty I oppose,  
And bring decay on every flower that blows.

“Or when am I so wroth as when I view  
The wanton pride of Summer; — how she decks  
The birth-day world with blossoms ever new,  
As if Time had not lived, and heaped great wrecks  
Of years on years? — O, then I bravely vex  
And catch the gay Months in their gaudy plight,  
And slay them with the wreaths about their necks,  
Like foolish heifers in the holy rite,  
And raise great trophies to my ancient might!”

Then saith another, “We are kindly things,  
And like her offspring nestle with the dove,—  
Witness these hearts embroidered on our wings,  
To show our constant patronage of love: —  
We sit at even, in sweet bowers above  
Lovers, and shake rich odors on the air,  
To mingle with their sighs; and still remove  
The startling owl, and bid the bat forbear  
Their privacy, and haunt some other where.

“And we are near the mother when she sits  
Beside her infant in its wicker bed;  
And we are in the fairy scene that flits  
Across its tender brain: sweet dreams we shed,  
And whilst the tender little soul is fled  
Away, to sport with our young elves, the while  
We touch the dimpled cheek with roses red,  
And tickle the soft lips until they smile,  
So that their careful parents they beguile.



O, then, if ever thou hast breathed a vow  
At Love's dear portal, or at pale moon-rise  
Crushed the dear curl on a regardful brow  
That did not frown thee from thy honey prize --  
If ever thy sweet son sat on thy thighs,  
And wooed thee from thy careful thoughts within  
To watch the harmless beauty of his eyes,  
Or glad thy fingers on his smooth soft skin,  
For love's dear sake, let us thy pity win !"

Then Saturn fiercely thus : " What joy have I  
In tender babes, that have devoured mine own,  
Whenever to the light I heard them cry,  
Till foolish Rhea cheated me with stone ?  
Whereon, till now, is my great hunger shown,  
In monstrous dints of my enormous tooth ;  
And, — but the peopled world is too full grown  
For hunger's edge, — I would consume all youth  
At one great meal, without delay or ruth !

" For I am well-nigh crazed and wild to hear  
How boastful fathers taunt me with their breed,  
Saying, ' We shall not die nor disappear,  
But in these other selves, ourselves succeed,  
Even as ripe flowers pass into their seed  
Only to be renewed from prime to prime,'  
All of which boastings I am forced to read,  
Besides a thousand challenges to Time  
Which bragging lovers have compiled in rhyme.

" Wherefore, when they are sweetly met o' nights,  
There will I steal, and with my hurried hand  
Startle them suddenly from their delights  
Before their next encounter hath been planned,



Ravishing hours in little minutes spanned ;  
But when they say farewell, and grieve apart,  
Then like a leaden statue I will stand,  
Meanwhile their many tears incrust my dart,  
And with a ragged edge cut heart from heart."

Then next a merry Woodsman, clad in green,  
Stept vanward from his mates, that idly stood  
Each at his proper ease, as they had been  
Nursed in the liberty of old Shérwood,  
And wore the livery of Robin Hood,  
Who wont in forest shades to dine and sup, —  
So came this chief right frankly, and made good  
His haunch against his axe, and thus spoke up,  
Doffing his cap, which was an acorn's cup :

" We be small foresters and gay, who tend  
On trees and all their furniture of green,  
Training the young boughs airily to bend,  
And show blue snatches of the sky between ; —  
Or knit more close intricacies, to screen  
Birds' crafty dwellings as may hide them best,  
But most the timid blackbird's — she, that seen,  
Will bear black poisonous berries to her nest,  
Lest man should cage the darlings of her breast.

" We bend each tree in proper attitude,  
And founting willows train in silvery falls ;  
We frame all shady roofs and arches rude,  
And verdant aisles leading to Dryads' halls,  
Or deep recesses where the Echo calls ; —  
We shape all plummy trees against the sky,  
And carve tall elms' Corinthian capitals, —  
When sometimes, as our tiny hatchets ply,  
Men say, the tapping woodpecker is nigh.



“ Sometimes we scoop the squirrel’s hollow cell,  
And sometimes carve quaint letters on trees’ rind,  
That haply some lone musing wight may spell  
Dainty Aminta,— gentle Rosalind,—  
Or chastest Laura,— sweetly called to mind  
In sylvan solitudes, ere he lies down ;—  
And sometimes we enrich gray stems, with twined  
And vagrant ivy,— or rich moss, whose brown  
Burns into gold as the warm sun goes down.

“ And, lastly, for mirth’s sake and Christmas cheer,  
We bear the seedling berries, for increase,  
To graft the Druid oaks, from year to year,  
Careful that mistletoe may never cease ;—  
Wherefore, if thou dost prize the shady peace  
Of sombre forests, or to see light break  
Through sylvan cloisters, and in spring release  
Thy spirit amongst leaves from careful ake,  
Spare us our lives for the Green Dryad’s sake.”

Then Saturn, with a frown : “ Go forth, and fell  
Oak for your coffins, and thenceforth lay by  
Your axes for the rust, and bid farewell  
To all sweet birds, and the blue peeps of sky  
Through tangled branches, for ye shall not spy  
The next green generation of the tree ;  
But hence with the dead leaves, whene’er they fly,—  
Which in the bleak air I would rather see,  
Than flights of the most tuneful birds that be.

“ For I dislike all prime, and verdant pets,  
Ivy except, that on the aged wall  
Preys with its worm-like roots, and daily frets  
The crumbled tower it seems to league withal,



King-like, worn down by its own coronal : —  
Neither in forest haunts love I to won,  
Before the golden plumage 'gins to fall,  
And leaves the brown bleak limbs with few leaves on,  
Or bare — like Nature in her skeleton.

“For then sit I amongst the crooked boughs,  
Wooing dull Memory with kindred sighs;  
And there in rustling nuptials we espouse,  
Smit by the sadness in each other's eyes; —  
But Hope must have green bowers and blue skies,  
And must be courted with the gauds of spring;  
Whilst Youth leans godlike on her lap, and cries,  
What shall we always do, but love and sing? —  
And Time is reckoned a discarded thing.”

Here in my dream it made me fret to see  
How Puck, the antic, all this dreary while  
Had blithely jested with calamity,  
With mistimed mirth mocking the doleful style  
Of his sad comrades, till it raised my bile  
To see him so reflect their grief aside,  
Turning their solemn looks to half a smile —  
Like a straight stick shown crooked in the tide; —  
But soon a novel advocate I spied.

Quoth he, “We teach all natures to fulfil  
Their fore-appointed crafts, and instincts meet, —  
The bee's sweet alchemy, — the spider's skill, —  
The pismire's care to garner up his wheat, —  
And rustic masonry to swallows fleet, —  
The lapwing's cunning to preserve her nest, —  
But most that lesser pelican, the sweet  
And shrilly ruddock, with its bleeding breast,  
Its tender pity of poor babes distress.



" Sometimes we cast our shapes, and in sleek skins  
Delve with the timid mole, that aptly delves  
From our example; so the spider spins,  
And eke the silk-worm, patterned by ourselves :  
Sometimes we travail on the summer shelves  
Of early bees, and busy toils commence,  
Watched of wise men, that know not we are elves,  
But gaze and marvel at our stretch of sense,  
And praise our human-like intelligence.

" Wherefore, by thy delight in that old tale,  
And plaintive dirges the late robins sing,  
What time the leaves are scattered by the gale,  
Mindful of that old forest burying ; —  
As thou dost love to watch each tiny thing,  
For whom our craft most curiously contrives,  
If thou hast caught a bee upon the wing,  
To take his honey-bag, — spare us our lives,  
And we will pay the ransom in full hives."

" Now by my glass," quoth Time, " ye do offend  
In teaching the brown bees that careful lore,  
And frugal ants, whose millions would have end,  
But they lay up for need a timely store,  
And travail with the seasons evermore ;  
Whereas Great Mammoth long hath passed away,  
And none but I can tell what hide he wore ;  
Whilst purblind men, the creatures of a day,  
In riddling wonder his great bones survey."

Then came an elf, right beauteous to behold,  
Whose coat was like a brooklet that the sun  
Hath all embroidered with its crooked gold,  
It was so quaintly wrought and overrun



With spangled tracteries,—most meet for one  
That was a warden of the pearly streams;—  
And as he stept out of the shadows dun,  
His jewels sparkled in the pale moon's gleams,  
And shot into the air their pointed beams.

Quoth he, "We bear the gold and silver keys  
Of bubbling springs and fountains, that below  
Course through the veiny earth,—which, when they freeze  
Into hard crysolites, we bid to flow,  
Creeping like subtle snakes, when, as they go,  
We guide their windings to melodious falls,  
At whose soft murmurings so sweet and low  
Poets have turned their smoothest madrigals,  
To sing to ladies in their banquet-halls.

"And when the hot sun with his steadfast heat  
Parches the river god,—whose dusty urn  
Drips miserly, till soon his crystal feet  
Against his pebbly floor wax faint and burn,  
And languid fish, unpoised, grow sick and yearn,—  
Then scoop we hollows in some sandy nook,  
And little channels dig, wherein we turn  
The thread-worn rivulet, that all forsook  
The Naiad-lily, pining for her brook.

"Wherefore, by thy delight in cool green meads,  
With living sapphires daintily inlaid,—  
In all soft songs of waters and their reeds,—  
And all reflections in a streamlet made,  
Haply of thy own love, that, disarrayed,  
Kills the fair lily with a livelier white,—  
By silver trouts upspringing from green shade,  
And winking stars reduplicate at night,  
Spare us, poor ministers to such delight."



Howbeit his pleading and his gentle looks  
Moved not the spiteful Shade : — Quoth he, “ Your taste  
Shoots wide of mine, for I despise the brooks  
And slavish rivulets that run to waste  
In noontide sweats, or, like poor vassals, haste  
To swell the vast dominion of the sea,  
In whose great presence I am held disgraced,  
And neighbored with a king that rivals me  
In ancient might and hoary majesty.

“ Whereas I ruled in chaos, and still keep  
The awful secrets of that ancient dearth,  
Before the briny fountains of the deep  
Brimmed up the hollow cavities of earth ; —  
I saw each trickling Sea-God at his birth,  
Each pearly Naiad with her oozy locks,  
And infant Titans of enormous girth,  
Whose huge young feet yet stumbled on the rocks  
Stunning the early world with frequent shocks.

“ Where now is Titan, with his cumbrous brood,  
That scared the world ! — By this sharp scythe they fell,  
And half the sky was curdled with their blood :  
So have all primal giants sighed farewell.  
No Wardens now by sedgy fountains dwell,  
Nor pearly Naiads. All their days are done  
That strove with Time, untimely, to excel ;  
Wherefore I razed their progenies, and none  
But my great shadow intercepts the sun ! ”

Then saith the timid Fay, “ O, mighty Time !  
Well hast thou wrought the cruel Titans’ fall,  
For they were stained with many a bloody crime :  
Great giants work great wrongs, — but we are small,



For Love goes lowly ; — but Oppression 's tall,  
And with surpassing strides goes foremost still  
Where Love indeed can hardly reach at all ;  
Like a poor dwarf o'erburthened with good will,  
That labors to efface the tracks of ill.

“ Man even strives with Man, but we eschew  
The guilty feud, and all fierce strifes abhor ;  
Nay, we are gentle as sweet heaven's dew,  
Beside the red and horrid drops of war,  
Weeping the cruel hates men battle for,  
Which worldly bosoms nourish in our spite :  
For in the gentle breast we ne'er withdraw,  
But only when all love hath taken flight,  
And youth's warm gracious heart is hardened quite.

“ So are our gentle natures intertwined  
With sweet humanities, and closely knit  
In kindly sympathy with human kind.  
Witness how we befriend, with elfin-wit,  
All hopeless maids and lovers, — nor omit  
Magical succors unto hearts forlorn : —  
We charm man's life, and do not perish it ; —  
So judge us by the helps we showed this morn  
To one who held his wretched days in scorn.

“ 'T was nigh sweet Amwell ; — for the Queen had tasked  
Our skill to-day amidst the silver Lea,  
Whereon the noontide sun had not yet basked ;  
Wherefore some patient man we thought to see,  
Planted in moss-grown rushes to the knee,  
Beside the cloudy margin cold and dim ; —  
Howbeit no patient fisherman was he  
That cast his sudden shadow from the brim,  
Making us leave our toils to gaze on him.



“ His face was ashy pale, and leaden care  
Had sunk the levelled arches of his brow,  
Once bridges for his joyous thoughts to fare  
Over those melancholy springs and slow,  
That from his piteous eyes began to flow,  
And fell anon into the chilly stream ;  
Which, as his mimicked image showed below,  
Wrinkled his face with many a needless seam,  
Making grief sadder in its own esteem.

“ And, lo ! upon the air we saw him stretch  
His passionate arms ; and, in a wayward strain,  
He ’gan to elegize that fellow-wretch  
That with mute gestures answered him again,  
Saying, ‘ Poor slave, how long wilt thou remain  
Life’s sad weak captive in a prison strong,  
Hoping with tears to rust away thy chain,  
In bitter servitude to worldly wrong ? —  
Thou wearest that mortal livery too long ! ’

“ This, with mere spleenful speeches and some tears,  
When he had spent upon the imaged wave,  
Speedily I convened my elfin peers  
Under the lily-cups, that we might save  
This woful mortal from a wilful grave  
By shrewd diversions of his mind’s regret,  
Seeing he was mere Melancholy’s slave,  
That sank wherever a dark cloud he met,  
And straight was tangled in her secret net.

“ Therefore, as still he watched the water’s flow,  
Daintily we transformed, and with bright fins  
Came glancing through the gloom ; some from below  
Rose like dim fancies when a dream begins,



Snatching the light upon their purple skins ;  
Then under the broad leaves made slow retire :  
One like a golden galley bravely wins  
Its radiant course,—another glows like fire,—  
Making that wayward man our pranks admire.

“ And so he banished thought, and quite forgot  
All contemplation of that wretched face ;  
And so we wiled him from that lonely spot  
Along the river’s brink ; till, by Heaven’s grace,  
He met a gentle haunter of the place,  
Full of sweet wisdom gathered from the brooks,  
Who there discussed his melancholy case  
With wholesome texts learned from kind Nature’s books,  
Meanwhile he newly trimmed his lines and hooks.”

Herewith the Fairy ceased. Quoth Ariel now —

“ Let me remember how I saved a man,  
Whose fatal noose was fastened on a bough,  
Intended to abridge his sad life’s span ;  
For haply I was by when he began  
His stern soliloquy in life’s dispraise,  
And overheard his melancholy plan,  
How he had made a vow to end his days,  
And therefore followed him in all his ways,

“ Through brake and tangled copse, for much he loathed  
All populous haunts, and roamed in forests rude  
To hide himself from man. But I had clothed  
My delicate limbs with plumes, and still pursued  
Where only foxes and wild cats intrude,  
Till we were come beside an ancient tree  
Late blasted by a storm. Here he renewed  
His loud complaints,—choosing that spot to be  
The scene of his last horrid tragedy.



“ It was a wild and melancholy glen,  
Made gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,  
Whose roots, like any bones of buried men,  
Pushed through the rotten sod for fear’s remark ;  
A hundred horrid stems, jagged and stark,  
Wrestled with crooked arms in hideous fray,  
Besides sleek ashes with their dappled bark,  
Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey,  
With many blasted oaks moss-grown and gray.

“ But here upon this final desperate clause  
Suddenly I pronounced so sweet a strain,  
Like a panged nightingale it made him pause,  
Till half the frenzy of his grief was slain,  
The sad remainder oozing from his brain  
In timely ecstasies of healing tears,  
Which through his ardent eyes began to drain ; —  
Meanwhile the deadly fates unclosed their shears : —  
So pity me and all my fated peers ! ”

Thus Ariel ended, and was some time hushed :  
When with the hoary shape a fresh tongue pleads,  
And red as rose the gentle Fairy blushed  
To read the record of her own good deeds : —  
“ It chanced,” quoth she, “ in seeking through the meads  
For honeyed cowslips, sweetest in the morn,  
Whilst yet the buds were hung with dewy beads,  
And Echo answered to the huntsman’s horn,  
We found a babe left in the swarths forlorn.

“ A little, sorrowful, deserted thing,  
Begot of love, and yet no love begetting ;  
Guiltless of shame, and yet for shame to wring ;  
And too soon banished from a mother’s petting,



To churlish nurture and the wide world's fretting,  
For alien pity and unnatural care ; —  
Alas ! to see how the cold dew kept wetting  
His childish coats, and dabbled all his hair,  
Like gossamers across his forehead fair.

“ His pretty pouting mouth, witless of speech,  
Lay half-way open like a rose-lipped shell ;  
And his young cheek was softer than a peach,  
Whereon his tears, for roundness, could not dwell,  
But quickly rolled themselves to pearls, and fell,  
Some on the grass, and some against his hand,  
Or haply wandered to the dimpled well,  
Which love beside his mouth had sweetly planned,  
Yet not for tears, but mirth and smilings bland.

“ Pity it was to see those frequent tears  
Falling regardless from his friendless eyes ;  
There was such beauty in those twin blue spheres,  
As any mother's heart might leap to prize ;  
Blue were they, like the zenith of the skies  
Softened betwixt two clouds, both clear and mild ; —  
Just touched with thought, and yet not over wise,  
They showed the gentle spirit of a child,  
Not yet by care or any craft defiled.

“ Pity it was to see the ardent sun  
Scorching his helpless limbs — it shone so warm ;  
For kindly shade or shelter he had none,  
Nor mother's gentle breast, come fair or storm.  
Meanwhile I bade my pitying mates transform  
Like grasshoppers, and then, with shrilly cries,  
All round the infant noisily we swarm,  
Haply some passing rustic to advise —  
Whilst providential Heaven our care espies,



“ And sends full soon a tender-hearted hind,  
Who, wondering at our loud unusual note,  
Strays curiously aside, and so doth find  
The orphan child laid in the grass remote,  
And laps the foundling in his russet coat,  
Who thence was nurtured in his kindly cot : —  
But how he prospered let proud London quote,  
How wise, how rich, and how renowned he got,  
And chief of all her citizens, I wot.

“ Witness his goodly vessels on the Thames,  
Whose holds were fraught with costly merchandise, —  
Jewels from Ind, and pearls for courtly dames,  
And gorgeous silks that Samarcand supplies :  
Witness that Royal Bourse he bade arise,  
The mart of merchants from the East and West ;  
Whose slender summit, pointing to the skies,  
Still bears, in token of his grateful breast,  
The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest —

“ The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest,  
That all the summer, with a tuneful wing,  
Makes merry chirpings in its grassy nest,  
Inspired with dew to leap and sing : —  
So let us also live, eternal King !  
Partakers of the green and pleasant earth : —  
Pity it is to slay the meanest thing,  
That, like a mote, shines in the smile of mirth : —  
Enough there is of joy’s decrease and dearth !

“ Enough of pleasure, and delight, and beauty,  
Perished and gone, and hasting to decay ; —  
Enough to sadden even thee, whose duty  
Or spite it is to havoc and to slay :



Too many a lovely race, razed quite away,  
Hath left large gaps in life and human loving : —  
Here then begin thy cruel war to stay,  
And spare fresh sighs, and tears, and groans, reproving  
Thy desolating hand for our removing.”

Now here I heard a shrill and sudden cry,  
And looking up, I saw the antic Puck  
Grappling with Time, who clutched him like a fly,  
Victim of his own sport,— the jester’s luck !  
He, whilst his fellows grieved, poor wight, had stuck  
His freakish gauds upon the Ancient’s brow,  
And now his ear, and now his beard, would pluck ;  
Whereas the angry churl had snatched him now,  
Crying, “ Thou impish mischief, who art thou ? ”

“ Alas ! ” quoth Puck, “ a little random elf,  
Born in the sport of nature, like a weed,  
For simple sweet enjoyment of myself,  
But for no other purpose, worth, or need ;  
And yet withal of a most happy breed ;  
And there is Robin Goodfellow besides,  
My partner dear in many a prankish deed  
To make dame Laughter hold her jolly sides,  
Like merry mummers twain on holy tides.

“ ’Tis we that bob the angler’s idle cork,  
Till even the patient man breathes half a curse ;  
We steal the morsel from the gossip’s fork,  
And curdling looks with secret straws disperse,  
Or stop the sneezing chanter at mid verse :  
And when an infant’s beauty prospers ill,  
We change, some mothers say, the child at nurse ;  
But any graver purpose to fulfil,  
We have not wit enough, and scarce the will.



" We never let the canker melancholy  
To gather on our faces like a rust,  
But gloss our features with some change of folly,  
Taking life's fabled miseries on trust,  
But only sorrowing when sorrow must :  
We ruminate no sage's solemn cud,  
But own ourselves a pinch of lively dust  
To frisk upon a wind,— whereas the flood  
Of tears would turn us into heavy mud.

" Beshrew those sad interpreters of nature,  
Who gloze her lively universal law,  
As if she had not formed our cheerful feature  
To be so tickled with the slightest straw !  
So let them vex their mumping mouths, and draw  
The corners downward, like a watery moon,  
And deal in gusty sighs and rainy flaw —  
We will not woo foul weather all too soon,  
Or nurse November on the lap of June.

" For ours are winging sprites, like any bird,  
That shun all stagnant settlements of grief ;  
And even in our rest our hearts are stirred,  
Like insects settled on a dancing leaf : —  
This is our small philosophy in brief,  
Which thus to teach hath set me all agape :  
But dost thou relish it ? O, hoary chief !  
Unclasp thy crooked fingers from my nape,  
And I will show thee many a pleasant scrape."

Then Saturn thus : — shaking his crooked blade  
O'erhead, which made aloft a lightning flash  
In all the fairies' eyes, dismally frayed !  
His ensuing voice came like the thunder crash —



Meanwhile the bolt shatters some pine or ash —  
“Thou feeble, wanton, foolish, fickle thing !  
Whom naught can frighten, sadden, or abash,—  
To hope my solemn countenance to wring  
To idiot smiles ! — but I will prune thy wing !

“Lo ! this most awful handle of my scythe  
Stood once a May-pole, with a flowery crown,  
Which rustics danced around, and maidens blithe,  
To wanton pipings ; — but I plucked it down,  
And robed the May Queen in a church-yard gown,  
Turning her buds to rosemary and rue ;  
And all their merry minstrelsy did drown,  
And laid each lusty leaper in the dew ; —  
So thou shalt fare — and every jovial crew ! ”

Here he lets go the struggling imp, to clutch  
His mortal engine with each grisly hand,  
Which frights the elfin progeny so much,  
They huddle in a heap, and trembling stand  
All round Titania, like the queen bee’s band,  
With sighs and tears and very shrieks of woe ! —  
Meanwhile, some moving argument I planned,  
To make the stern Shade merciful, — when, lo !  
He drops his fatal scythe without a blow !

For, just at need, a timely Apparition  
Steps in between, to bear the awful brunt ;  
Making him change his horrible position,  
To marvel at this comer, brave and blunt,  
That dares Time’s irresistible affront,  
Whose strokes have scarred even the gods of old ; —  
Whereas this seemed a mortal, at mere hunt  
For coney, lighted by the moonshine cold,  
Or stalker of stray deer, stealthy and bold.



Who, turning to the small assembled fays,  
Doffs to the lily queen his courteous cap,  
And holds her beauty for a while in gaze,  
With bright eyes kindling at this pleasant hap ;  
And thence upon the fair moon's silver map,  
As if in question of this magic chance,  
Laid like a dream upon the green earth's lap ;  
And then upon old Saturn turns askance,  
Exclaiming, with a glad and kindly glance : —

“ O, these be Fancy's revellers by night !  
Stealthy companions of the downy moth —  
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,  
Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth ; —  
These be the feasters on night's silver cloth, —  
The gnat with shrilly trump is their convener,  
Forth from their flowery chambers, nothing loth,  
With lulling tunes to charm the air serener,  
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

“ These be the pretty genii of the flowers,  
Daintily fed with honey and pure dew —  
Midsummer's phantoms in her dreaming hours,  
King Oberon, and all his merry crew,  
The darling puppets of romance's view ;  
Fairies, and sprites, and goblin elves, we call them,  
Famous for patronage of lovers true ; —  
No harm they act, neither shall harm befall them,  
So do not thus with crabbed frowns appall them.”

O, what a cry was Saturn's then ! — it made  
The fairies quake. “ What care I for their pranks,  
However they may lovers choose to aid,  
Or dance their roundelays on flowery banks ? —



Long must they dance before they earn my thanks,—  
So step aside, to some far safer spot,  
Whilst with my hungry scythe I mow their ranks,  
And leave them in the sun, like weeds, to rot,  
And with the next day's sun to be forgot."

Anon, he raised afresh his weapon keen ;  
But still the gracious Shade disarmed his aim,  
Stepping with brave alacrity between,  
And made his sere arm powerless and tame.  
His be perpetual glory, for the shame  
Of hoary Saturn in that grand defeat ! —  
But I must tell, how here Titania came  
With all her kneeling lieges, to entreat  
His kindly succor, in sad tones, but sweet.

Saying, " Thou seest a wretched queen before thee,  
The fading power of a failing land,  
Who for her kingdom kneeleth to implore thee,  
Now menaced by this tyrant's spoiling hand ;  
No one but thee can hopefully withstand  
That crooked blade, he longeth so to lift.  
I pray thee blind him with his own vile sand,  
Which only times all ruins by its drift,  
Or prune his eagle wings that are so swift.

" Or take him by that sole and grizzled tuft,  
That hangs upon his bald and barren crown ;  
And we will sing to see him so rebuffed,  
And lend our little mights to pull him down,  
And make brave sport of his malicious frown,  
For all his boastful mockery o'er men.  
For thou wast born, I know, for this renown,  
By my most magical and inward ken,  
That readeth even at Fate's forestalling pen.



“ Nay, by the golden lustre of thine eye,  
And by thy brow’s most fair and ample span,  
Thought’s glorious palace, framed for fancies high,  
And by thy cheek thus passionately wan,  
I know the signs of an immortal man,—  
Nature’s chief darling, an illustrious mate,  
Destined to foil old Death’s oblivious plan,  
And shine untarnished by the fogs of Fate,  
Time’s famous rival till the final date !

“ O, shield us, then, from this usurping Time,  
And we will visit thee in moonlight dreams ;  
And teach thee tunes, to wed unto thy rhyme,  
And dance about thee in all midnight gleams,  
Giving thee glimpses of our magic schemes,  
Such as no mortal’s eye hath ever seen ;  
And, for thy love to us in our extremes,  
Will ever keep thy chaplet fresh and green,  
Such as no poet’s wreath hath ever been !

“ And we’ll distil thee aromatic dews,  
To charm thy sense, when there shall be no flowers :  
And flavored syrups in thy drinks infuse,  
And teach the nightingale to haunt thy bowers,  
And with our games divert thy weariest hours,  
With all that elfin wits can e’er devise.  
And, this churl dead, there’ll be no hasting hours  
To rob thee of thy joys, as now joy flies : ” —  
Here she was stopped by Saturn’s furious cries.

Whom, therefore, the kind Shade rebukes anew,  
Saying, “ Thou haggard Sin, go forth, and scoop  
Thy hollow coffin in some church-yard yew,  
Or make the autumnal flowers turn pale, and droop



Or fell the bearded corn, till gleaners stoop  
Under fat sheaves,— or blast the piny grove ; —  
But here thou shalt not harm this pretty group,  
Whose lives are not so frail and feebly wove,  
But leased on Nature's loveliness and love.

“’T is these that free the small entangled fly,  
Caught in the venom’d spider’s crafty snare ; —  
These be the petty surgeons that apply  
The healing balsams to the wounded hare,  
Bedded in bloody fern, no creature’s care ! —  
These be providers for the orphan brood,  
Whose tender mother hath been slain in air,  
Quitting with gaping bill her darlings’ food,  
Hard by the verge of her domestic wood.

•  
“’T is these befriend the timid trembling stag,  
When, with a bursting heart beset with fears,  
He feels his saving speed begin to flag ;  
For then they quench the fatal taint with tears,  
And prompt fresh shifts in his alarum’d ears,  
So piteously they view all bloody morts ;  
Or if the gunner, with his arm, appears,  
Like noisy pyes and jays, with harsh reports,  
They warn the wild fowl of his deadly sports.

“ For these are kindly ministers of nature,  
To soothe all covert hurts and dumb distress ;  
Pretty they be, and very small of stature, —  
For mercy still consorts with littleness ; —  
Wherefore the sum of good is still the less,  
And mischief grossest in this world of wrong ; —  
So do these charitable dwarfs redress  
The ten-fold ravages of giants strong,  
To whom great malice and great might belong.



“Likewise to them are Poets much beholden  
For secret favors in the midnight glooms;  
Brave Spenser quaffed out of their goblets golden,  
And saw their tables spread of prompt mushrooms,  
And heard their horns of honeysuckle blooms  
Sounding upon the air most soothing soft,  
Like humming bees busy about the brooms,—  
And glanced this fair queen’s witchery full oft,  
And in her magic wain soared far aloft.

“Nay, I myself, though mortal, once was nursed  
By fairy gossips, friendly at my birth,  
And in my childish ear glib Mab rehearsed  
Her breezy travels round our planet’s girth,  
Telling me wonders of the moon and earth;  
My gramarye at her grave lap I conned,  
Where Puck hath been convened to make me mirth;  
I have had from Queen Titania tokens fond,  
And toyed with Oberon’s permitted wand.

“With figs and plums and Persian dates they fed me  
And delicate eates after my sunset meal,  
And took me by my childish hand, and led me  
By craggy rocks crested with keeps of steel,  
Whose awful bases deep dark woods conceal,  
Staining some dead lake with their verdant dyes:  
And when the West sparkled at Phœbus’ wheel,  
With fairy euphrasy they purged mine eyes,  
To let me see their cities in the skies.

“’T was they first schooled my young imagination  
To take its flights like any new-fledged bird,  
And showed the span of wingéd meditation  
Stretched wider than things grossly seen or heard.



With sweet swift Ariel how I soared and stirred  
The fragrant blooms of spiritual bowers !  
'T was they endeared what I have still preferred,  
Nature's blest attributes and balmy powers,  
Her hills and vales and brooks, sweet birds and flowers !

"Wherefore with all true loyalty and duty  
Will I regard them in my honoring rhyme,  
With love for love, and homages to beauty,  
And magic thoughts gathered in night's cool clime,  
With studious verse trancing the dragon Time,  
Strong as old Merlin's necromantic spells ;  
So these dear monarchs of the summer's prime  
Shall live unstartled by his dreadful yells,  
Till shrill larks warn them to their flowery cells."

Look how a poisoned man turns livid black,  
Drugged with a cup of deadly hellebore,  
That sets his horrid features all at rack,—  
So seemed these words into the ear to pour  
Of ghastly Saturn, answering with a roar  
Of mortal pain and spite and utmost rage,  
Wherewith his grisly arm he raised once more,  
And bade the clustered sinews all engage,  
As if at one fell stroke to wreck an age.

Whereas the blade flashed on the dinted ground,  
Down through his steadfast foe, yet made no scar  
On that immortal Shade, or death-like wound ;  
But Time was long benumbed, and stood ajar,  
And then with baffled rage took flight afar,  
To weep his hurt in some Cimmerian gloom,  
Or meaner fames (like mine) to mock and mar,  
Or sharp his scythe for royal strokes of doom,  
Whetting its edge on some old Cæsar's tomb.



Howbeit he vanished in the forest shade,  
Distantly heard as if some grumbling pard,  
And, like Narcissus, to a sound decayed; —  
Meanwhile the fays clustered the gracious Bard,  
The darling centre of their dear regard:  
Besides of sundry dances on the green,  
Never was mortal man so brightly starred,  
Or won such pretty homages, I ween.  
“Nod to him, ‘Elves!’” cries the melodious queen.

“Nod to him, Elves, and flutter round about him,  
And quite enclose him with your pretty crowd,  
And touch him lovingly, for that, without him,  
The silk-worm now had spun our dreary shroud; —  
But he hath all dispersed death’s tearful cloud,  
And Time’s dread effigy scared quite away:  
Bow to him, then, as though to me ye bowed,  
And his dear wishes prosper and obey  
Wherever love and wit can find a way!

“’Noint him with fairy dews of magic savors,  
Shaken from orient buds still pearly wet,  
Roses and spicy pinks, — and, of all favors,  
Plant in his walks the purple violet,  
And meadow-sweet under the hedges set,  
To mingle breaths with dainty eglantine  
And honeysuckles sweet, — nor yet forget  
Some pastoral flowery chaplets to entwine,  
To vie the thoughts about his brow benign

“Let no wild things astonish him or fear him,  
But tell them all how mild he is of heart,  
Till e’en the timid hares go frankly near him,  
And eke the dappled does, yet never start;



Nor shall their fawns into the thickets dart,  
Nor wrens forsake their nests among the leaves,  
Nor speckled thrushes flutter far apart; —  
But bid the sacred swallow haunt his eaves,  
To guard his roof from lightning and from thieves.

“Or when he goes the nimble squirrel’s visitor,  
Let the brown hermit bring his hoarded nuts,  
For, tell him, this is Nature’s kind Inquisitor; —  
Though man keeps cautious doors that conscience shuts  
For conscious wrong all curious quest rebuts, —  
Nor yet shall bees uncase their jealous stings,  
However he may watch their straw-built huts; —  
So let him learn the crafts of all small things,  
Which he will hint most aptly when he sings.”

Here she leaves off, and with a graceful hand  
Waves thrice three splendid circles round his head;  
Which, though deserted by the radiant wand,  
Wears still the glory which her waving shed,  
Such as erst crowned the old Apostle’s head;  
To show the thoughts there harbored were divine,  
And on immortal contemplations fed: —  
Goodly it was to see that glory shine  
Around a brow so lofty and benign! —

Goodly it was to see the elfin brood  
Contend for kisses of his gentle hand,  
That had their mortal enemy withstood,  
And stayed their lives, fast ebbing with the sand.  
Long while this strife engaged the pretty band;  
But now bold Chanticleer, from farm to farm,  
Challenged the dawn creeping o’er eastern land,  
And well the fairies knew that shrill alarm,  
Which sounds the knell of every elfish charm.



And soon the rolling mist, that 'gan arise  
From plashy mead and undiscovered stream,  
Earth's morning incense to the early skies,  
Crept o'er the failing landscape of my dream.  
Soon faded then the Phantom of my theme —  
A shapeless shade, that fancy disavowed,  
And shrank to nothing in the mist extreme.  
Then flew Titania, — and her little crowd,  
Like flocking linnets, vanished in a cloud.







HERO AND LEANDER.



TO S. T. COLERIDGE.

It is not with a hope my feeble praise  
Can add one moment's honor to thy own,  
That with thy mighty name I grace these lays;  
I seek to glorify myself alone:  
For that some precious favor thou hast shown  
To my endeavor in a bygone time,  
And by this token I would have it known  
Thou art my friend, and friendly to my rhyme!  
It is my dear ambition now to climb  
Still higher in thy thought,— if my bold pen  
May thrust on contemplations more sublime. —  
But I am thirsty for thy praise, for when  
We gain applauses from the great in name,  
We seem to be partakers of *their* fame.



## HERO AND LEANDER.

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O BARDS of old ! what sorrows have ye sung.  
And tragic stories, chronicled in stone,—  
Sad Philomel restored her ravished tongue,  
And transformed Niobe in dumbness shown ;  
Sweet Sappho on her love forever calls,  
And Hero on the drowned Leander falls !

Was it that spectacles of sadder plights  
Should make our blisses relish the more high ?  
Then all fair dames, and maidens, and true knights,  
Whose flourished fortunes prosper in Love's eye,  
Weep here, unto a tale of ancient grief,  
Traced from the course of an old bas-relief.

There stands Abydos ! —here is Sestos' steep,  
Hard by the gusty margin of the sea,  
Where sprinkling waves continually do leap ;  
And that is where those famous lovers be,  
A builded gloom shot up into the gray,  
As if the first tall watch-tower of the day.

Lo ! how the lark soars upward and is gone !  
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky,  
His voice is heard, though body there is none,  
And rain-like music scatters from on high ;  
But Love would follow with a falcon spite,  
To pluck the minstrel from his dewy height.



For Love hath framed a ditty of regrets,  
Tuned to the hollow sobbings on the shore,  
A vexing sense, that with like music frets,  
And chimes this dismal burthen o'er and o'er,  
Saying, Leander's joys are past and spent,  
Like stars extinguished in the firmament.

For ere the golden crevices of morn  
Let in those regal luxuries of light,  
Which all the variable east adorn,  
And hang rich fringes on the skirts of night,  
Leander, weaning from sweet Hero's side,  
Must leave a widow where he found a bride.

Hark ! how the billows beat upon the sand !  
Like pawing steeds impatient of delay ;  
Meanwhile their rider, lingering on the land,  
Dallies with Love, and holds farewell at bay  
A too short span.— How tedious slow is grief !  
But parting renders time both sad and brief.

“ Alas ! (he sighed) that this first glimpsing light,  
Which makes the wide world tenderly appear,  
Should be the burning signal for my flight,  
From all the world's best image, which is here ;  
Whose very shadow, in my fond compare,  
Shines far more bright than Beauty's self elsewhere.”

Their cheeks are white as blossoms of the dark,  
Whose leaves close up and show the outward pale,  
And those fair mirrors where their joys did spark,  
All dim and tarnished with a dreary veil,  
No more to kindle till the night's return,  
Like stars replenished at Joy's golden urn.



Even thus they creep into the spectral gray,  
That cramps the landscape in its narrow brim,  
As when two shadows by old Lethe stray,  
He clasping her and she entwining him;  
Like trees wind-parted that embrace anon,  
True love so often goes before 't is gone.

For what rich merchant but will pause in fear,  
To trust his wealth to the unsafe abyss?  
So Hero dotes upon her treasure here,  
And sums the loss with many an anxious kiss,  
Whilst her fond eyes grow dizzy in her head,  
Fear aggravating fear with shows of dread.

She thinks how many have been sunk and drowned,  
And spies their snow-white bones below the deep,  
Then calls huge congregated monsters round,  
And plants a rock wherever he would leap;  
Anon she dwells on a fantastic dream,  
Which she interprets of that fatal stream.

Saying, "That honeyed fly I saw was thee,  
Which lighted on a water-lily's cup,  
When, lo! the flower, enamored of my bee,  
Closed on him suddenly and locked him up,  
And he was smothered in her drenching dew;  
Therefore this day thy drowning I shall rue."

But next, remembering her virgin fame,  
She clips him in her arms and bids him go,  
But seeing him break loose repents her shame,  
And plucks him back upon her bosom's snow;  
And tears unfix her iced resolve again,  
As steadfast frosts are thawed by showers of rain.



O for a type of parting ! — Love to love  
Is like the fond attraction of two spheres,  
Which needs a godlike effort to remove,  
And then sink down their sunny atmospheres  
In rain and darkness on each ruined heart,  
Nor yet their melodies will sound apart.

So brave Leander sunders from his bride ;  
The wrenching pang disparts his soul in twain ,  
Half stays with her, half goes towards the tide, —  
And life must ache until they join again.  
Now wouldst thou know the wideness of the wound,  
Meté every step he takes upon the ground.

And for the agony and bosom-throe,  
Let it be measured by the wide vast air,  
For that is infinite, and so is woe,  
Since parted lovers breathe it everywhere.  
Look how it heaves Leander's laboring chest,  
Panting, at poise, upon a rocky crest !

From which he leaps into the scooping brine,  
That shocks his bosom with a double chill ;  
Because, all hours, till the slow sun's decline,  
That cold divorcer will betwixt them still ;  
Wherefore he likens it to Styx' foul tide,  
Where life grows death upon the other side.

Then sadly he confronts his two-fold toil  
Against rude waves and an unwilling mind,  
Wishing, alas ! with the stout rower's toil,  
That like a rower he might gaze behind,  
And watch that lonely statue he hath left  
On her bleak summit, weeping and bereft !



Yet turning oft, he sees her troubled locks  
Pursue him still the furthest that they may;  
Her marble arms that overstretch the rocks,  
And her pale passion'd hands that seem to pray  
In dumb petition to the gods above:  
Love prays devoutly when it prays for love!

Then with deep sighs he blows away the wave,  
That hangs superfluous tears upon his cheek,  
And bans his labor like a hopeless slave,  
That, chained in hostile galley, faint and weak,  
Plies on despairing through the restless foam,  
Thoughtful of his lost love, and far-off home.

The drowsy mist before him chill and dank,  
Like a dull lethargy o'erleans the sea,  
When he rows on against the utter blank,  
Steering as if to dim eternity,—  
Like Love's frail ghost departing with the dawn;  
A failing shadow in the twilight drawn.

And soon is gone,—or nothing but a faint  
And failing image in the eye of thought;  
That mocks his model with an after-paint,  
And stains an atom like the shape she sought;  
Then with her earnest vows she hopes to fee  
The old and hoary majesty of sea.

“O King of waves, and brother of high Jove,  
Preserve my sumless venture there afloat;  
A woman's heart, and its whole wealth of love,  
Are all embarked upon that little boat;  
Nay, but two loves, two lives, a double fate  
A perilous voyage for so dear a freight.



“If impious mariners be stained with crime,  
Shake not in awful rage thy hoary locks;  
Lay by thy storms until another time,  
Lest my frail bark be dashed against the rocks :  
Or rather smoothe thy deeps that he may fly  
Like Love himself, upon a seeming sky !

“Let all thy herded monsters sleep beneath,  
Nor gore him with crooked tusks, or wreathéd horns ;  
Let no fierce sharks destroy him with their teeth,  
Nor spine-fish wound him with their venoméd thorns ;  
But if he faint, and timely succor lack,  
Let ruthful dolphins rest him on their back.

“Let no false dimpling whirlpools suck him in,  
Nor slimy quicksands smother his sweet breath ;  
Let no jagged corals tear his tender skin,  
Nor mountain billows bury him in death ;”—  
And with that thought forestalling her own fears,  
She drowned his painted image in her tears.

By this, the climbing sun, with rest repaired  
Looked through the gold embrasures of the sky,  
And asked the drowsy world how she had fared ; —  
The drowsy world shone brightened in reply ;  
And smiling off her fogs, his slanting beam  
Spied young Leander in the middle stream.

His face was pallid, but the hectic morn  
Had hung a lying crimson on his cheeks,  
And slanderous sparkles in his eyes forlorn ;  
So death lies ambushed in consumptive streaks ;  
But inward grief was writhing o’er its task,  
As heart-sick jesters weep behind the mask.



He thought of Hero and the lost delight,  
Her last embracings, and the space between ;  
He thought of Hero and the future night,  
Her speechless rapture and enamored mien,  
When, lo ! before him, scarce two galleys' space,  
His thoughts confronted with another face !

Her aspect 's like a moon divinely fair,  
But makes the midnight darker that it lies on ;  
'T is so beclouded with her coal-black hair  
That densely skirts her luminous horizon,  
Making her doubly fair, thus darkly set,  
As marble lies advantaged upon jet.

She 's all too bright, too argent, and too pale,  
To be a woman ; — but a woman's double,  
Reflected on the wave so faint and frail,  
She tops the billows like an air-blown bubble ;  
Or dim creation of a morning dream,  
Fair as the wave-bleached lily of the stream.

The very rumor strikes his seeing dead :  
Great beauty like great fear first stuns the sense :  
He knows not if her lips be blue or red,  
Nor of her eyes can give true evidence :  
Like murder's witness swooning in the court,  
His sight falls senseless by its own report.

Anon resuming, it declares her eyes  
Are tinct with azure, like two crystal wells  
That drink the blue complexion of the skies,  
Or pearls out-peeping from their silvery shells :  
Her polished brow, it is an ample plain,  
To lodge vast contemplations of the main.



Her lips might corals seem, but corals near,  
Stray through her hair like blossoms on a bower ;  
And o'er the weaker red still domineer,  
And make it pale by tribute to more power ;  
Her rounded cheeks are of still paler hue,  
Touched by the bloom of water, tender blue.

Thus he beholds her rocking on the water,  
Under the glossy umbrage of her hair,  
Like pearly Amphitrite's fairest daughter,  
Naiad, or Nereid, or Siren fair,  
Mislodging music in her pitiless breast,  
A nightingale within a falcon's nest.

They say there be such maidens in the deep,  
Charming poor mariners, that all too near  
By mortal lullabies fall dead asleep,  
As drowsy men are poisoned through the ear ;  
Therefore Leander's fears begin to urge,  
This snowy swan is come to sing his dirge.

At which he falls into a deadly chill,  
And strains his eyes upon her lips apart ;  
Fearing each breath to feel that prelude shrill,  
Pierce through his marrow, like a breath-blown dart  
Shot sudden from an Indian's hollow cane,  
With mortal venom fraught, and fiery pain.

Here, then, poor wretch, how he begins to crowd  
A thousand thoughts within a pulse's space ;  
There seemed so brief a pause of life allowed,  
His mind stretched universal, to embrace  
The whole wide world, in an extreme farewell. —  
A moment's musing — but an age to tell.



For there stood Hero, widowed at a glance,  
The foreseen sum of many a tedious fact,  
Pale cheeks, dim eyes, and withered countenance,  
A wasted ruin that no wasting lacked ;  
Time's tragic consequents ere time began,  
A world of sorrow in a tear-drop's span.

A moment's thinking is an hour in words,—  
An hour of words is little for some woes ;  
Too little breathing a long life affords,  
For love to paint itself by perfect shows ;  
Then let his love and grief unwronged lie dumb,  
Whilst Fear, and that it fears, together come.

As when the crew, hard by some jutting cape,  
Struck pale and panicked by the billows' roar,  
Lay by all timely measures of escape,  
And let their bark go driving on the shore ;  
So frayed Leander, drifting to his wreck,  
Gazing on Scylla, falls upon her neck.

For he hath all forgot the swimmer's art,  
The rower's cunning, and the pilot's skill,  
Letting his arms fall down in languid part,  
Swayed by the waves, and nothing by his will,  
Till soon he jars against that glossy skin,  
Solid like glass, though seemingly as thin.

Lo ! how she startles at the warning shock  
And straightway girds him to her radiant breast,  
More like his safe smooth harbor than his rock ;  
Poor wretch, he is so faint and toil-opprest,  
He cannot loose him from his grappling foe,  
Whether for love or hate, she lets not go.



His eyes are blinded with the sleety brine,  
His ears are deafened with the wildering noise ;  
He asks the purpose of her fell design,  
But foamy waves choke up his struggling voice ;  
Under the ponderous sea his body dips,  
And Hero's name dies bubbling on his lips.

Look how a man is lowered to his grave ;  
A yearning hollow in the green earth's lap ;  
So he is sunk into the yawning wave,  
The plunging sea fills up the watery gap ;  
Anon he is all gone, and nothing seen,  
But likeness of green turf and hillocks green.

And where he swam the constant sun lies sleeping,  
Over the verdant plain that makes his bed ;  
And all the noisy waves go freshly leaping,  
Like gamesome boys over the church-yard dead ;  
The light in vain keeps looking for his face,  
Now screaming sea-fowl settle in his place.

Yet weep and watch for him, though all in vain !  
Ye moaning billows, seek him as ye wander !  
Ye gazing sunbeams, look for him again !  
Ye winds, grow hoarse with asking for Leander !  
Ye did but spare him for more cruel rape,  
Sea-storm and ruin in a female shape !

She says 't is love hath bribed her to this deed,  
The glancing of his eyes did so bewitch her.  
O bootless theft ! unprofitable meed !  
Love's treasury is sacked, but she no richer ;  
The sparkles of his eyes are cold and dead,  
And all his golden looks are turned to lead !



She holds the casket, but her simple hand  
Hath spilled its dearest jewel by the way ;  
She hath life's empty garment at command,  
But her own death lies covert in the prey ;  
As if a thief should steal a tainted vest,  
Some dead man's spoil, and sicken of his pest.

Now she compels him to her deeps below,  
Hiding his face beneath her plenteous hair,  
Which jealously she shakes all round her brow,  
For dread of envy, though no eyes are there  
But seals', and all brute tenants of the deep,  
Which heedless through the wave their journeys keep.

Down and still downward through the dusky green  
She bore him, murmuring with joyous haste  
In too rash ignorance, as he had been  
Born to the texture of that watery waste ;  
That which she breathed and sighed, the emerald wave,  
How could her pleasant home become his grave !

Down and still downward through the dusky green  
She bore her treasure, with a face too nigh  
To mark how life was altered in its mien,  
Or how the light grew torpid in his eye,  
Or how his pearly breath, unprisoned there,  
Flew up to join the universal air.

She could not miss the throbbings of his heart,  
Whilst her own pulse so wantoned in its joy ;  
She could not guess he struggled to depart,  
And when he strove no more, the hapless boy !  
She read his mortal stillness for content,  
Feeling no fear where only love was meant.



Soon she alights upon her ocean-floor,  
And straight unyokes her arms from her fair prize;  
Then on his lovely face begins to pore,  
As if to glut her soul; — her hungry eyes  
Have grown so jealous of her arms' delight;  
It seems, she hath no other sense but sight.

But, O, sad marvel! O, most bitter strange!  
What dismal magic makes his cheek so pale?  
Why will he not embrace, — why not exchange  
Her kindly kisses; — wherefore not exhale  
Some odorous message from life's ruby gates,  
Where she his first sweet embassy awaits?

Her eyes, poor watchers, fixed upon his looks,  
Are grappled with a wonder near to grief,  
As one, who pores on undeciphered books,  
Strains vain surmise, and dodges with belief;  
So she keeps gazing with a mazy thought,  
Framing a thousand doubts that end in naught.

Too stern inscription for a page so young,  
The dark translation of his look was death!  
But death was written in an alien tongue,  
And learning was not by to give it breath;  
So one deep woe sleeps buried in its seal,  
Which Time, untimely, hasteth to reveal.

Meanwhile she sits unconscious of her hap,  
Nursing Death's marble effigy, which there  
With heavy head lies pillowed in her lap,  
And elbows all unhinged; — his sleeking hair  
Creeps o'er her knees, and settles where his hand  
Leans with lax fingers crooked against the sand;



And there lies spread in many an oozy trail,  
Like glossy weeds hung from a chalky base,  
That shows no whiter than his brow is pale;  
So soon the wintry death had bleached his face  
Into cold marble,—with blue chilly shades,  
Showing wherein the freezy blood pervades.

And o'er his steadfast cheek a furrowed pain  
Hath set, and stiffened like a storm in ice,  
Showing by drooping lines the deadly strain  
Of mortal anguish;—yet you might gaze twice  
Ere Death it seemed, and not his cousin, Sleep,  
That through those creviced lids did underpeep.

But all that tender bloom about his eyes,  
Is Death's own violets, which his utmost rite  
It is to scatter when the red rose dies;  
For blue is chilly, and akin to white:  
Also he leaves some tinges on his lips,  
Which he hath kissed with such cold frosty nips.

"Surely," quoth she, "he sleeps, the senseless thing,  
Oppressed and faint with toiling in the stream!"  
Therefore she will not mar his rest, but sing  
So low, her tune shall mingle with his dream;  
Meanwhile, her lily fingers tasks to twine  
His uncrisped locks uncurling in the brine.

"O lovely boy!"—thus she attuned her voice,—  
"Welcome, thrice welcome, to a sea-maid's home,  
My love-mate thou shalt be, and true heart's choice;  
How have I longed such a twin-self should come,—  
A lonely thing, till this sweet chance befell,  
My heart kept sighing like a hollow shell.



"Here thou shalt live beneath this secret dome,  
An ocean-bower; defended by the shade  
Of quiet waters, a cool emerald gloom  
To lap thee all about. Nay, be not frayed,  
Those are but shady fishes that sail by  
Like antic clouds across my liquid sky!

"Look how the sunbeam burns upon their scales,  
And shows rich glimpses of their Tyrian skins;  
They flash small lightnings from their vigorous tails,  
And winking stars are kindled at their fins;  
These shall divert thee in thy weariest mood,  
And seek thy hand for gamesomeness and food.

"Lo! those green pretty leaves with tassel bells,  
My flowerets those, that never pine for drowth;  
Myself did plant them in the dappled shells,  
That drink the wave with such a rosy mouth,—  
Pearls wouldst thou have beside? crystals to shine?  
I had such treasures once,— now they are thine.

"Now, lay thine ear against this golden sand,  
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,  
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land,—  
Is't not a rich and wondrous melody?  
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone  
I heard the languages of ages gone!

"I too can sing when it shall please thy choice,  
And breathe soft tunes through a melodious shell,  
Though heretofore I have but set my voice  
To some long sighs, grief harmonized, to tell  
How desolate I fared; — but this sweet change  
Will add new notes of gladness to my range!



"Or bid me speak, and I will tell thee tales,  
Which I have framed out of the noise of waves;  
Ere now, I have communed with senseless gales,  
And held vain colloquies with barren caves;  
But I could talk to thee whole days and days,  
Only to word my love a thousand ways.

"But if thy lips will bless me with their speech,  
Then ope, sweet oracles! and I'll be mute;  
I was born ignorant for thee to teach,  
Nay, all love's lore to thy dear looks impute;  
Then ope thine eyes, fair teachers, by whose light  
I saw to give away my heart aright!"

But cold and deaf the sullen creature lies,  
Over her knees, and with concealing clay  
Like hoarding Avarice locks up his eyes,  
And leaves her world impoverished of day;  
Then at his cruel lips she bends to plead,  
But there the door is closed against her need.

Surely he sleeps,—so her false wits infer!  
Alas! poor sluggard, ne'er to wake again!  
Surely he sleeps, yet without any stir  
That might denote a vision in his brain;  
Or if he does not sleep, he feigns too long,  
Twice she hath reached the ending of her song.

Therefore, 't is time she tells him to uncover  
Those radiant jesters, and disperse her fears,  
Whereby her April face is shaded over,  
Like rainy clouds just ripe for showering tears;  
Nay, if he will not wake, so poor she gets,  
Herself must rob those locked up cabinets.



With that she stoops above his brow, and bids  
Her busy hands forsake his tangled hair,  
And tenderly lift up those coffer-lids,  
That she may gaze upon the jewels there,  
Like babes that pluck an early bud apart,  
To know the dainty color of its heart.

Now, picture one, soft creeping to a bed,  
Who slowly parts the fringe-hung canopies,  
And then starts back to find the sleeper dead ;  
So she looks in on his uncovered eyes,  
And seeing all within so drear and dark,  
Her own bright soul dies in her like a spark.

Backward she falls, like a pale prophetess,  
Under the swoon of holy divination :  
And what had all surpassed her simple guess,  
She now resolves in this dark revelation ;  
Death's very mystery,—oblivious death ; —  
Long sleep,—deep night, and an entranced breath.

Yet life, though wounded sore, not wholly slain,  
Merely obscured, and not extinguished, lies ;  
Her breath that stood at ebb, soon flows again,  
Heaving her hollow breast with heavy sighs,  
And light comes in and kindles up the gloom,  
To light her spirit from its transient tomb.

Then like the sun, awakened at new dawn,  
With pale bewildered face she peers about,  
And spies blurred images obscurely drawn,  
Uncertain shadows in a haze of doubt ;  
But her true grief grows shapely by degrees,  
A perished creature lying on her knees.



And now she knows how that old Murther preys,  
Whose quarry on her lap lies newly slain :  
How he roams all abroad and grimly slays,  
Like a lean tiger in Love's own domain ;  
Parting fond mates,—and oft in flowery lawns  
Bereaves mild mothers of their milky fawns.

O, too dear knowledge ! O, pernicious earning !  
Foul curse engraven upon beauty's page !  
Even now the sorrow of that deadly learning  
Ploughs up her brow, like an untimely age,  
And on her cheek stamps verdict of death's truth  
By canker blights upon the bud of youth !

For as unwholesome winds decay the leaf,  
So her cheeks' rose is perished by her sighs,  
And withers in the sickly breath of grief ;  
Whilst unacquainted rheum bedims her eyes,  
Tears, virgin tears, the first that ever leapt  
From those young lids, now plentifully wept.

Whence being shed, the liquid crystalline  
Drops straightway down, refusing to partake  
In gross admixture with the baser brine,  
But shrinks and hardens into pearls opaque,  
Hereafter to be worn on arms and ears ;  
So one maid's trophy is another's tears !

O, foul Arch-Shadow, thou old cloud of Night,  
(Thus in her frenzy she began to wail,)  
Thou blank oblivion — blotter out of light,  
Life's ruthless murderer, and dear Love's bale !  
Why hast thou left thy havoc incomplete,  
Leaving me here, and slaying the more sweet ?



Lo ! what a lovely ruin thou hast made !  
Alas ! alas ! thou hast no eyes to see,  
And blindly slew'st him in misguided shade.  
Would I had lent my doting sense to thee !  
But now I turn to thee, a willing mark,  
Thine arrows miss me in the aimless dark !

“ O, doubly cruel ! — twice misdoing spite,  
But I will guide thee with my helping eyes,  
Or walk the wide world through, devoid of sight,  
Yet thou shalt know me by my many sighs.  
Nay, then thou shouldst have spared my rose, false Death,  
And known Love's flower by smelling his sweet breath ;

“ Or, when thy furious rage was round him dealing,  
Love should have grown from touching of his skin ;  
But like cold marble thou art all unfeeling,  
And hast no ruddy springs of warmth within,  
And being but a shape of freezing bone,  
Thy touching only turned my love to stone !

“ And here, alas ! he lies across my knees,  
With cheeks still colder than the stilly wave,  
The light beneath his eyelids seems to freeze ;  
Here then, since Love is dead and lacks a grave,  
O, come and dig it in my sad heart's core —  
That wound will bring a balsam for its sore !

“ For art thou not a sleep where sense of ill  
Lies stingless, like a sense benumbed with cold,  
Healing all hurts only with sleep's good-will ?  
So shall I slumber, and perchance behold  
My living love in dreams, — O, happy night,  
That lets me company his banished spright !



"O, poppy death! — sweet poisoner of sleep;  
Where shall I seek for thee, oblivious drug,  
That I may steep thee in my drink, and creep  
Out of life's coil? Look, Idol! how I hug  
Thy dainty image in this strict embrace,  
And kiss this clay-cold model of thy face!

"Put out, put out these sun-consuming lamps!  
I do but read my sorrows by their shine;  
O, come and quench them with thy oozy damps,  
And let my darkness intermix with thine;  
Since love is blinded, wherefore should I see?  
Now love is death,—death will be love to me!

"Away, away, this vain complaining breath,  
It does but stir the troubles that I weep;  
Let it be hushed and quieted, sweet Death;  
The wind must settle ere the wave can sleep,—  
Since love is silent I would fain be mute;  
O, Death, be gracious to my dying suit!"

Thus far she pleads, but pleading naught avails her,  
For Death, her sullen burthen, deigns no heed;  
Then with dumb craving arms, since darkness fails her,  
She prays to heaven's fair light, as if her need  
Inspired her there were gods to pity pain,  
Or end it,—but she lifts her arms in vain!

Poor gilded Grief! the subtle light by this  
With mazy gold creeps through her watery mine,  
And, diving downward through the green abyss,  
Lights up her palace with an amber shine;  
There, falling on her arms,—the crystal skin  
Reveals the ruby tide that fares within.



Look how the fulsome beam would hang a glory  
On her dark hair, but the dark hairs repel it ;  
Look how the perjured glow suborns a story  
On her pale lips, but lips refuse to tell it ;  
Grief will not swerve from grief, however told  
On coral lips, or characterized in gold ;

Or else, thou maid ! safe anchored on Love's neck,  
Listing the hapless doom of young Leander,  
Thou wouldst not shed a tear for that old wreck,  
Sitting secure where no wild surges wander ;  
Whereas the woe moves on with tragic pace,  
And shows its sad reflection in thy face.

Thus having travelled on, and tracked the tale,  
Like the due course of an old bas-relief,  
Where Tragedy pursues her progress pale,  
Brood here a while upon that sea-maid's grief,  
And take a deeper imprint from the frieze  
Of that young Fate, with Death upon her knees.

Then whilst the melancholy Muse withal  
Resumes her music in a sadder tone,  
Meanwhile the sunbeam strikes upon the wall,  
Conceive that lovely siren to live on,  
Even as Hope whispered, the Promethean light  
Would kindle up the dead Leander's spright.

"'T is light," she says, "that feeds the glittering stars,  
And those were stars set in his heavenly brow ;  
But this salt cloud, this cold sea-vapor, mars  
Their radiant breathing, and obscures them now ;  
Therefore I'll lay him in the clear blue air,  
And see how these dull orbs will kindle there."



Swiftly as dolphins glide, or swifter yet,  
With dead Leander in her fond arms' fold,  
She cleaves the meshes of that radiant net  
The sun hath twined above of liquid gold,  
Nor slacks till on the margin of the land  
She lays his body on the glowing sand.

There, like a pearly waif, just past the reach  
Of foamy billows he lies cast. Just then,  
Some listless fishers, straying down the beach,  
Spy out this wonder. Thence the curious men,  
Low crouching, creep into a thicket brake,  
And watch her doings till their rude hearts ache.

First she begins to chafe him till she faints,  
Then falls upon his mouth with kisses many,  
And sometimes pauses in her own complaints  
To list his breathing, but there is not any,—  
Then looks into his eyes where no light dwells;  
Light makes no pictures in such muddy wells.

The hot sun parches his discovered eyes,  
The hot sun beats on his discolored limbs,  
The sand is oozy whereupon he lies,  
Soiling his fairness; — then away she swims,  
Meaning to gather him a daintier bed,  
Plucking the cool fresh weeds, brown, green, and red.

But, simple-witted thief, while she dives under  
Another robs her of her amorous theft;  
The ambushed fishermen creep forth to plunder,  
And steal the unwatched treasure she has left;  
Only his void impression dints the sands:  
Leander is purloined by stealthy hands!



Lo ! how she shudders off the beaded wave !  
Like Grief all over tears, and senseless falls,  
His void imprint seems hollowed for her grave ;  
Then, rising on her knees, looks round and calls  
On Hero ! Hero ! — having learned this name  
Of his last breath, she calls him by the same.

Then with her frantic hands she rends her hairs,  
And casts them forth, sad keepsakes, to the wind,  
As if in plucking those she plucked her cares ;  
But grief lies deeper, and remains behind  
Like a barbed arrow, rankling in her brain,  
Turning her very thoughts to throbs of pain.

Anon her tangled locks are left alone,  
And down upon the sand she meekly sits,  
Hard by the foam, as humble as a stone,  
Like an enchanted maid beside her wits,  
That ponders with a look serene and tragic,  
Stunned by the mighty mystery of magic.

Or think of Ariadne's utter trance,  
Crazed by the flight of that disloyal traitor,  
Who left her gazing on the green expanse  
That swallowed up his track,— yet this would mate her  
Even in the cloudy summit of her woe,  
When o'er the far sea-brim she saw him go.

For even so she bows, and bends her gaze  
O'er the eternal waste, as if to sum  
Its waves by weary thousands all her days,  
Dismally doomed ! meanwhile the billows come,  
And coldly dabble with her quiet feet,  
Like any bleaching stones they wont to greet.



And thence into her lap have boldly sprung,  
Washing her weedy tresses to and fro,  
That round her crouching knees have darkly hung;  
But she sits careless of waves' ebb and flow,  
Like a lone beacon on a desert coast,  
Showing where all her hope was wrecked and lost.

Yet whether in the sea or vaulted sky,  
She knoweth not her love's abrupt resort,  
So like a shape of dreams he left her eye,  
Winking with doubt. Meanwhile, the churls' report  
Has thronged the beach with many a curious face,  
That peeps upon her from its hiding-place.

And here a head, and there a brow half seen,  
Dodges behind a rock. Here on his hands  
A mariner his crumpled cheeks doth lean  
Over a rugged crest. Another stands,  
Holding his harmful arrow at the head,  
Still checked by human caution and strange dread.

One stops his ears,—another close beholder  
Whispers unto the next his grave surmise;  
This crouches down,—and just above his shoulder,  
A woman's pity saddens in her eyes,  
And prompts her to befriend that lonely grief,  
With all sweet helps of sisterly relief.

And down the sunny beach she paces slowly,  
With many doubtful pauses by the way;  
Grief hath an influence so hushed and holy,—  
Making her twice attempt, ere she can lay  
Her hand upon that sea-maid's shoulder white,  
Which makes her startle up in wild affright.



And, like a seal, she leaps into the wave,  
That drowns the shrill remainder of her scream ;  
Anon the sea fills up the watery cave,  
And seals her exit with a foamy seam,—  
Leaving those baffled gazers on the beach,  
Turning in uncouth wonder each to each.

Some watch, some call, some see her head emerge,  
Wherever a brown weed falls through the foam ;  
Some point to white eruptions of the surge : —  
But she is vanished to her shady home,  
Under the deep, inscrutable,— and there  
Weeps in a midnight made of her own hair.

Now here the sighing winds, before unheard,  
Forth from their cloudy caves begin to blow,  
Till all the surface of the deep is stirred,  
Like to the panting grief it hides below ;  
And heaven is covered with a stormy rack  
Soiling the waters with its inky black.

The screaming fowl resigns her finny prey,  
And labors shoreward with a bending wing,  
Rowing against the wind her toilsome way ;  
Meanwhile, the curling billows chafe, and fling  
Their dewy frost still further on the stones,  
That answer to the wind with hollow groans.

And here and there a fisher's far-off bark  
Flies with the sun's last glimpse upon its sail,  
Like a bright flame amid the waters dark,  
Watched with the hope and fear of maidens pale,  
And anxious mothers that upturn their brows,  
Freighting the gusty wind with frequent vows,



For that the horrid deep has no sure track  
To guide love safe into his homely haven.  
And, lo ! the storm grows blacker in its wrath,  
O'er the dark billow brooding like a raven,  
That bodes of death and widow's sorrowing,  
Under the dusty covert of his wing.

And so day ended. But no vesper spark  
Hung forth its heavenly sign ; but sheets of flame  
Played round the savage features of the dark,  
Making night horrible. That night, there came  
A weeping maiden to high Sestos' steep,  
And tore her hair and gazed upon the deep.

And waved aloft her bright and ruddy torch,  
Whose flame the boastful wind so rudely fanned,  
That oft it would recoil, and basely scorch  
The tender covert of her sheltering hand ;  
Which yet, for love's dear sake, disdained retire,  
And, like a glorying martyr, braved the fire.

For that was love's own sign and beacon guide  
Across the Hellespont's wide weary space,  
Wherein he nightly struggled with the tide ;  
Look what a red it forges on her face,  
As if she blushed at holding such a light,  
Even in the unseen presence of the night !

Whereas her tragic cheek is truly pale,  
And colder than the rude and ruffian air  
That howls into her ear a horrid tale  
Of storm, and wreck, and uttermost despair,  
Saying, " Leander floats amid the surge,  
And those are dismal waves that sing his dirge."



And, hark ! — a grieving voice, trembling and faint,  
Blends with the hollow sobbings of the sea ;  
Like the sad music of a siren's plaint,  
But shriller than Leander's voice should be,  
Unless the wintry death had changed its tone,—  
Wherefore she thinks she hears his spirit moan.

For now, upon each brief and breathless pause  
Made by the raging winds, it plainly calls  
On Hero ! Hero ! — whereupon she draws  
Close to the dizzy brink, that ne'er appalls  
Her brave and constant spirit to recoil,  
However the wild billows toss and toil.

“ O ! dost thou live under the deep, deep sea ?  
I thought such love as thine could never die ;  
If thou hast gained an immortality  
From the kind pitying sea-god, so will I ;  
And this false cruel tide, that used to sever  
Our hearts, shall be our common home forever !

“ There we will sit and sport upon one billow,  
And sing our ocean-ditties all the day,  
And lie together on the same green pillow,  
That curls above us with its dewy spray ;  
And ever in one presence live and dwell,  
Like two twin pearls within the self-same shell.”

One moment, then, upon the dizzy verge  
She stands ; — with face upturned against the sky ;  
A moment more, upon the foamy surge  
She gazes, with a calm despairing eye ;  
Feeling that awful pause of blood and breath  
Which life endures when it confronts with death ; —



Then from the giddy steep she madly springs,  
Grasping her maiden robes, that vainly kept  
Panting abroad, like unavailing wings,  
To save her from her death.— The sea-maid wept,  
And in a crystal cave her corse enshrined ;  
No meaner sepulchre should Hero find !







LYCUS, THE CENTAUR.







## LYCUS, THE CENTAUR.

FROM AN UNROLLED MANUSCRIPT OF APOLLONIUS CURIUS.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Lycus, detained by Circe in her magical dominion, is beloved by a Water Nymph, who, desiring to render him immortal, has recourse to the Sorceress. Circe gives her an incantation to pronounce, which should turn Lycus into a horse ; but the horrible effect of the charm causing her to break off in the midst, he becomes a Centaur.

Who hath ever been lured and bound by a spell  
To wander, foredoomed, in that circle of hell  
Where Witchery works with her will like a god,  
Works more than the wonders of time at a nod,—  
At a word,— at a touch,— at a flash of the eye ;  
But each form is a cheat, and each sound is a lie,  
Things born of a wish — to endure for a thought,  
Or last for long ages — to vanish to naught,  
Or put on new semblance ? O Jove, I had given  
The throne of a kingdom to know if that heaven  
And the earth and its streams were of Circe, or whether  
They kept the world's birth-day and brightened together !  
For I loved them in terror, and constantly dreaded  
That the earth where I trod, and the cave where I bedded,  
The face I might dote on, should live out the lease  
Of the charm that created, and suddenly cease :  
And I gave me to slumber, as if from one dream  
To another — each horrid — and drank of the stream



Like a first taste of blood, lest as water I quaffed  
Swift poison, and never should breathe from the draught,—  
Such drink as her own monarch-husband drained up  
When he pledged her, and Fate closed his eyes in the cup.  
And I plucked of the fruit with held breath, and a fear  
That the branch would start back and scream out in my ear;  
For once, at my suppering, I plucked in the dusk  
An apple, juice-gushing and fragrant of musk;  
But by daylight my fingers were crimsoned with gore,  
And the half-eaten fragment was flesh at the core;  
And once — only once — for the love of its blush,  
I broke a bloom-bough, but there came such a gush  
On my hand, that it fainted away in weak fright,  
While the leaf-hidden woodpecker shrieked at the sight;  
And, O! such an agony thrilled in that note,  
That my soul, startling up, beat its wings in my throat,  
As it longed to be free of a body whose hand  
Was doomed to work torments a Fury had planned!

There I stood without stir, yet how willing to flee,  
As if rooted and horror-turned into a tree,—  
O! for innocent death,—and, to suddenly win it,  
I drank of the stream, but no poison was in it;  
I plunged in its waters, but ere I could sink  
Some invisible fate pulled me back to the brink;  
I sprang from the rock, from its pinnacle height,  
But fell on the grass with a grasshopper's flight;  
I ran at my fears — they were fears and no more,  
For the bear would not mangle my limbs, nor the boar,  
But moaned,—all their brutalized flesh could not smother  
The horrible truth,—we were kin to each other!

They were mournfully gentle, and grouped for relief,  
All foes in their skin, but all friends in their grief:



The leopard was there,—baby-mild in its feature;  
And the tiger, black-barred, with the gaze of a creature  
That knew gentle pity; the bristle-backed boar,  
His innocent tusks stained with mulberry gore;  
And the laughing hyena — but laughing no more;  
And the snake, not with magical orbs to devise  
Strange death, but with woman's attraction of eyes;  
The tall ugly ape, that still bore a dim shine  
Through his hairy eclipse of a manhood divine;  
And the elephant stately, with more than its reason,  
How thoughtful in sadness! but this is no season  
To reckon them up, from the lag-bellied toad  
To the mammoth, whose sobs shook his ponderous load.  
There were woes of all shapes, wretched forms, when I came,  
That hung down their heads with a human-like shame;  
The elephant hid in the boughs, and the bear  
Shed over his eyes the dark veil of his hair;  
And the womanly soul, turning sick with disgust,  
Tried to vomit herself from her serpentine crust;  
While all groaned their groans into one at their lot,  
As I brought them the image of what they were not.

Then rose a wild sound of the human voice choking  
Through vile brutal organs — low tremulous croaking;  
Cries swallowed abruptly — deep animal tones  
Attuned to strange passion, and full-uttered groans;  
All shuddering weaker, till hushed in a pause  
Of tongues in mute motion and wide-yawning jaws;  
And I guessed that those horrors were meant to tell o'er  
The tale of their woes, but the silence told more  
That writhed on their tongues; and I knelt on the sod,  
And prayed with my voice to the cloud-stirring God,  
For the sad congregation of supplicants there,  
That upturned to his heaven brute faces of prayer;



And I ceased, and they uttered a moaning so deep,  
That I wept for my heart-ease,— but they could not weep,  
And gazed with red eyeballs, all wistfully dry,  
At the comfort of tears in a stag's human eye.  
Then I motioned them round, and, to soothe their distress,  
I caressed, and they bent them to meet my caress,  
Their necks to my arm, and their heads to my palm,  
And with poor grateful eyes suffered meekly and calm  
Those tokens of kindness, withheld by hard fate  
From returns that might chill the warm pity to hate ;  
So they passively bowed — save the serpent, that leapt  
To my breast like a sister, and pressingly crept  
In embrace of my neck, and with close kisses blistered  
My lips in rash love,— then drew backward, and glistened  
Her eyes in my face, and, loud hissing affright,  
Dropt down, and swift started away from my sight !

This sorrow was theirs, but thrice wretched my lot,  
Turned brute in my soul, though my body was not  
When I fled from the sorrow of womanly faces,  
That shrouded their woe in the shade of lone places,  
And dashed off bright tears till their fingers were wet,  
And then wiped their lids with long tresses of jet :  
But I fled — though they stretched out their hands, all  
    entangled  
With hair, and blood-stained of the breasts they had man-  
    gled,—  
Though they called — and perchance but to ask had I seen  
Their loves, or to tell the vile wrongs that had been :  
But I stayed not to hear, lest the story should hold  
Some hell-form of words, some enchantment, once told,  
Might translate me in flesh to a brute ; and I dreaded  
To gaze on their charms, lest my faith should be wedded



With some pity,— and love in that pity perchance,—  
To a thing not all lovely ; for once at a glance  
Methought, where one sat, I descried a bright wonder  
That flowed like a long silver rivulet under  
The long fenny grass, with so lovely a breast,  
Could it be a snake-tail made the charm of the rest ?

So I roamed in that circle of Horrors, and Fear  
Walked with me, by hills, and in valleys, and near  
Clustered trees for their gloom — not to shelter from heat —  
But lest a brute shadow should grow at my feet ;  
And besides that full oft in the sunshiny place  
Dark shadows would gather like clouds on its face,  
In the horrible likeness of demons, (that none  
Could see, like invisible flames in the sun ;)  
But grew to one monster that seized on the light,  
Like the dragon that strangles the moon in the night ;  
Fierce sphinxes, long serpents, and asps of the South ;  
Wild birds of huge beak, and all horrors that drouth  
Engenders of slime in the land of the pest,  
Vile shapes without shape, and foul bats of the West,  
Bringing Night on their wings ; and the bodies wherein  
Great Brahma imprisons the spirits of sin,  
Many-handed, that blent in one phantom of fight  
Like a Titan, and threatfully warred with the light ;  
I have heard the wild shriek that gave signal to close,  
When they rushed on that shadowy Python of foes,  
That met with sharp beaks and wide gaping of jaws,  
With flappings of wings, and fierce grasping of claws,  
And whirls of long tails : — I have seen the quick flutter  
Of fragments dissevered,— and necks stretched to utter  
Long screamings of pain,— the swift motion of blows,  
And wrestling of arms — to the flight at the close,



When the dust of the earth startled upward in rings,  
And flew on the whirlwind that followed their wings.

Thus they fled — not forgotten — but often to grow  
Like fears in my eyes, when I walked to and fro  
In the shadows, and felt from some beings unseen  
The warm touch of kisses, but clean or unclean  
I knew not, nor whether the love I had won  
Was of heaven or hell — till one day in the sun,  
In its very noon-blaze, I could fancy a thing  
Of beauty, but faint as the cloud-mirrors fling  
On the gaze of the shepherd that watches the sky,  
Half-seen, and half-dreamed in the soul of his eye.  
And when in my musings I gazed on the stream,  
In motionless trances of thought, there would seem  
A face like that face, looking upward through mine;  
With its eyes full of love, and the dim-drownéd shine  
Of limbs and fair garments, like clouds in that blue  
Serene : — there I stood for long hours but to view  
Those fond earnest eyes that were ever uplifted  
Towards me, and winked as the water-weed drifted  
Between ; but the fish knew that presence, and plied  
Their long curvy tails, and swift darted aside.

There I gazed for lost time, and forgot all the things  
That once had been wonders — the fishes with wings,  
And the glimmer of magnified eyes that looked up  
From the glooms of the bottom like pearls in a cup,  
And the huge endless serpent of silvery gleam,  
Slow winding along like a tide in the stream.  
Some maid of the waters, some Naiad, methought  
Held me dear in the pearl of her eye — and I brought  
My wish to that fancy ; and often I dashed  
My limbs in the water, and suddenly splashed



The cool drops around me, yet clung to the brink,  
Chilled by watery fears, how that Beauty might sink  
With my life in her arms to her garden, and bind me  
With its long tangled grasses, or cruelly wind me  
In some eddy to hum out my life in her ear,  
Like a spider-caught bee,—and in aid of that fear  
Came the tardy remembrance — O, falsest of men!  
Why was not that beauty remembered till then?  
My love, my safe love, whose glad life would have run  
Into mine — like a drop — that our fate might be one,  
That now, even now,—may-be,—clasped in a dream,  
That form which I gave to some jilt of the stream,  
And gazed with fond eyes that her tears tried to smother  
On a mock of those eyes that I gave to another!

Then I rose from the stream, but the eyes of my mind,  
Still full of the tempter, kept gazing behind  
On her crystalline face, while I painfully leapt  
To the bank, and shook off the cursed waters, and wept  
With my brow in the reeds; and the reeds to my ear  
Bowed, bent by no wind, and in whispers of fear,  
Growing small with large secrets, foretold me of one  
That loved me,—but O to fly from her, and shun  
Her love like a pest — though her love was as true  
To mine as her stream to the heavenly blue;  
For why should I love her with love that would bring  
All misfortune, like Hate, on so joyous a thing?  
Because of her rival,—even Her whose witch-face  
I had slighted, and therefore was doomed in that place  
To roam, and had roamed, where all horrors grew rank,  
Nine days ere I wept with my brow on that bank;  
Her name be not named, but her spite would not fail  
To our love like a blight; and they told me the tale



Of Scylla, and Picus, imprisoned to speak  
His shrill-screaming woe through a woodpecker's beak.

Then they ceased—I had heard as the voice of my star  
That told me the truth of my fortunes—thus far  
I had read of my sorrow, and lay in the hush  
Of deep meditation,—when, lo! a light crush  
Of the reeds, and I turned and looked round in the night  
Of new sunshine, and saw, as I sipped of the light  
Narrow-winking, the realized nymph of the stream,  
Rising up from the wave with the bend and the gleam  
Of a fountain, and o'er her white arms she kept throwing  
Bright torrents of hair, that went flowing and flowing  
In falls to her feet, and the blue waters rolled  
Down her limbs like a garment, in many a fold,  
Sun-spangled, gold-broidered, and fled far behind,  
Like an infinite train. So she came and reclined  
In the reeds, and I hungered to see her unseal  
The buds of her eyes that would ope and reveal  
The blue that was in them; and they oped and she raised  
Two orbs of pure crystal, and timidly gazed  
With her eyes on my eyes; but their color and shine  
Was of that which they looked on, and mostly of mine—  
For she loved me,—except when she blushed, and they sank,  
Shame-humbled, to number the stones on the bank,  
Or her play-idle fingers, while lisping she told me  
How she put on her veil, and in love to behold me  
Would wing through the sun till she fainted away  
Like a mist, and then flew to her waters and lay  
In love-patience long hours, and sore dazzled her eyes  
In watching for mine 'gainst the midsummer skies.  
But now they were healed,—O my heart, it still dances  
When I think of the charm of her changeable glances,



And my image how small when it sank in the deep  
Of her eyes where her soul was,— Alas ! now they weep,  
And none knoweth where. In what stream do her eyes  
Shed invisible tears ? Who beholds where her sighs  
Flow in eddies, or see the ascents of the leaf  
She has plucked with her tresses ? Who listens her grief  
Like a far fall of waters, or hears where her feet  
Grow emphatic among the loose pebbles, and beat  
Them together ? Ah ! surely her flowers float adown  
To the sea unaccepted, and little ones drown  
For need of her mercy,— even he whose twin-brother  
Will miss him forever ; and the sorrowful mother  
Imploresth in vain for his body to kiss  
And cling to, all dripping and cold as it is,  
Because that soft pity is lost in hard pain !  
We loved,— how we loved ! — for I thought not again  
Of the woes that were whispered like fears in that place  
If I gave me to beauty. Her face was the face  
Far away, and her eyes were the eyes that were drowned  
For my absence,— her arms were the arms that sought round,  
And clasped me to naught ; for I gazed and became  
Only true to my falsehood, and had but one name  
For two loves, and called ever on *Ægle*, sweet maid  
Of the sky-loving waters,— and was not afraid  
Of the sight of her skin ; — for it never could be  
Her beauty and love were misfortunes to me !

Thus our bliss had endured for a time-shortened space,  
Like a day made of three, and the smile of her face  
Had been with me for joy,— when she told me indeed  
Her love was self-tasked with a work that would need  
Some short hours, for in truth 't was the veriest pity  
Our love should not last, and then sang me a ditty



Of one with warm lips that should love her, and love her  
When suns were burnt dim and long ages past over.  
So she fled with her voice, and I patiently nested  
My limbs in the reeds, in still quiet, and rested  
Till my thoughts grew extinct, and I sank in a sleep  
Of dreams,—but their meaning was hidden too deep  
To be read what their woe was;—but still it was woe  
That was writ on all faces that swam to and fro  
In that river of night;—and the gaze of their eyes  
Was sad,—and the bend of their brows,—and their cries  
Were seen, but I heard not. The warm touch of tears  
Travelled down my cold cheeks, and I shook till my fears  
Awaked me, and, lo! I was couched in a bower,  
The growth of long summers reared up in an hour!  
Then I said, in the fear of my dream, I will fly  
From this magic, but could not, because that my eye  
Grew love-idle among the rich blooms; and the earth  
Held me down with its coolness of touch, and the mirth  
Of some bird was above me,—who, even in fear,  
Would startle the thrush? and methought there drew near  
A form as of Ægle,—but it was not the face  
Hope made, and I knew the witch-Queen of that place,  
Even Circe the Cruel, that came like a Death  
Which I feared, and yet fled not, for want of my breath.  
There was thought in her face, and her eyes were not raised  
From the grass at her foot, but I saw, as I gazed,  
Her spite—and her countenance changed with her mind,  
As she planned how to thrall me with beauty, and bind  
My soul to her charms,—and her long tresses played  
From shade into shine and from shine into shade,  
Like a day in mid-autumn,—first fair, O how fair!  
With long snaky locks of the adder-black hair



That clung round her neck,— those dark locks that I prize,  
For the sake of a maid that once loved me with eyes  
Of that fathomless hue,— but they changed as they rolled  
And brightened, and suddenly blazed into gold  
That she combed into flames, and the locks that fell down  
Turned dark as they fell, but I slighted their brown,  
Nor loved, till I saw the light ringlets shed wild,  
That innocence wears when she is but a child ;  
And her eyes,— O, I ne'er had been witched with their shine,  
Had they been any other, my Ægle, than thine !

Then I gave me to magic, and gazed till I maddened  
In the full of their light,— but I saddened and saddened  
The deeper I looked,— till I sank on the snow  
Of her bosom, a thing made of terror and woe,  
And answered its throb with a shudder of fears,  
And hid my cold eyes from her eyes with my tears,  
And strained her white arms with the still languid weight  
Of a fainting distress. There she sat like the Fate  
That is nurse unto Death, and bent over in shame  
To hide me from her — the true Ægle — that came  
With the words on her lips the false witch had forgiven  
To make me immortal — for now I was even  
At the portals of Death, who but waited the hush  
Of world-sounds in my ear to cry welcome, and rush  
With my soul to the banks of his black-flowing river.  
O, would it had flown from my body forever,  
Ere I listened those words, when I felt, with a start,  
The life-blood rush back in one throb to my heart,  
And saw the pale lips where the rest of that spell  
Had perished in horror — and heard the farewell  
Of that voice that was drowned in the dash of the stream !  
How fain had I followed, and plunged with that scream



Into death, but my being indignantly lagged  
Through the brutalized flesh that I painfully dragged  
Behind me : — “ O, Circe ! O, mother of spite !  
Speak the last of that curse ! and imprison me quite  
In the husk of a brute, — that no pity may name  
The man that I was, — that no kindred may claim  
The monster I am ! Let me utterly be  
Brute-buried, and Nature’s dishonor with me  
Uninscribed ! ” — But she listened my prayer, that was  
praise

To her malice, with smiles, and advised me to gaze  
On the river for love, — and perchance she would make  
In pity a maid without eyes for my sake,  
And she left me like Scorn. . . Then I asked of the wave  
What monster I was ; and it trembled and gave  
The true shape of my grief, and I turned with my face  
From all waters forever, and fled through that place,  
Till with horror more strong than all magic I passed  
Its bounds, and the world was before me at last.

There I wandered in sorrow, and shunned the abodes  
Of men, that stood up in the likeness of gods,  
But I saw from afar the warm shine of the sun  
On their cities, where man was a million, not one ;  
And I saw the white smoke of their altars ascending,  
That showed where the hearts of the many were blending,  
And the wind in my face brought shrill voices that came  
From the trumpets that gathered whole bands in one fame  
As a chorus of man, — and they streamed from the gates  
Like a dusky libation poured out to the Fates.  
But at times there were gentler processions of peace,  
That I watched with my soul in my eyes till their cease,



There were women ! there men ! but to me a third sex  
I saw them all dots — yet I loved them as specks :  
And oft, to assuage a sad yearning of eyes,  
I stole near the city, but stole covert-wise,  
Like a wild beast of love, and perchance to be smitten  
By some hand that I rather had wept on than bitten !  
O, I once had a haunt near a cot where a mother  
Daily sat in the shade with her child, and would smother  
Its eyelids in kisses, and then in its sleep  
Sang dreams in its ear of its manhood, while deep  
In a thicket of willows I gazed o'er the brooks  
That murmured between us, and kissed them with looks ;  
But the willows unbosomed their secret, and never  
I returned to a spot I had startled forever,  
Though I oft longed to know, but could ask it of none,  
Was the mother still fair, and how big was her son.

For the haunters of fields they all shunned me by flight,  
The men in their horror, the women in fright ;  
None ever remained save a child once that sported  
Among the wild bluebells, and painfully courted  
The breeze ; and beside him a speckled snake lay  
Tight strangled, because it had hissed him away  
From the flower at his finger ; he rose and drew near  
Like a Son of Immortals, one born to no fear,  
But with strength of black locks and with eyes azure bright  
To grow to large manhood of merciful might.  
He came, with his face of bold wonder, to feel  
The hair of my side, and to lift up my heel,  
And questioned my face with wide eyes ; but when under  
My lids he saw tears, — for I wept at his wonder,  
He stroked me, and uttered such kindness then,  
That the once love of women, the friendship of men



In past sorrow, no kindness e'er came like a kiss  
On my heart in its desolate day such as this ;  
And I yearned at his cheeks in my love, and down bent,  
And lifted him up in my arms with intent  
To kiss him,— but he, cruel-kindly, alas !  
Held out to my lips a plucked handful of grass !  
Then I dropt him in horror, but felt as I fled  
The stone he indignantly hurled at my head,  
That dissevered my ear, but I felt not, whose fate  
Was to meet more distress in his love than his hate !

Thus I wandered, companioned of grief and forlorn,  
Till I wished for that land where my being was born ;  
But what was that land with its love, where my home  
Was self-shut against me ; for why should I come  
Like an after-distress to my gray-bearded father,  
With a blight to the last of his sight ? — let him rather  
Lament for me dead, and shed tears in the urn  
Where I was not, and still in fond memory turn  
To his son even such as he left him. O, how  
Could I walk with the youth once my fellows, but now  
Like gods to my humbled estate ? — or how bear  
The steeds once the pride of my eyes and the care  
Of my hands ? Then I turned me self-banished, and came  
Into Thessaly here, where I met with the same  
As myself. I have heard how they met by a stream  
In games, and were suddenly changed by a scream  
That made wretches of many, as she rolled her wild eyes  
Against heaven, and so vanished.— The gentle and wise  
Lose their thoughts in deep studies, and others their ill  
In the mirth of mankind where they mingle them still.



## THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT.

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ALAS! that breathing Vanity should go  
Where Pride is buried,—like its very ghost,  
Uprisen from the naked bones below,  
In novel flesh, clad in the silent boast  
Of gaudy silk that flutters to and fro,  
Shedding its chilling superstition most  
On young and ignorant natures — as it wont  
To haunt the peaceful church-yard of Bedfont!

Each Sabbath morning, at the hour of prayer,  
Behold two maidens, up the quiet green  
Shining, far distant, in the summer air  
That flaunts their dewy robes and breathes between  
Their downy plumes,—sailing as if they were  
Two far-off ships,—until they brush between  
The church-yard's humble walls, and watch and wait  
On either side of the wide-opened gate.

And there they stand — with haughty necks before  
God's holy house, that points towards the skies —  
Frowning reluctant duty from the poor,  
And tempting homage from unthoughtful eyes:  
And Youth looks lingering from the temple door,  
Breathing its wishes in unfruitful sighs,  
With pouting lips,—forgetful of the grace,  
Of health, and smiles, on the heart-conscious face;—



Because that Wealth, which has no bliss beside,  
May wear the happiness of rich attire ;  
And those two sisters, in their silly pride,  
May change the soul's warm glances for the fire  
Of lifeless diamonds ; — and for health denied, —  
With art, that blushes at itself, inspire  
Their languid cheeks — and flourish in a glory  
That has no life in life, nor after-story.

The aged priest goes shaking his gray hair  
In meekest censuring, and turns his eye  
Earthward in grief, and heavenward in prayer,  
And sighs, and clasps his hands, and passes by.  
Good-hearted man ! what sullen soul would wear  
Thy sorrow for a garb, and constantly  
Put on thy censure, that might win the praise  
Of one so gay in goodness and in days ?

Also the solemn clerk partakes the shame  
Of this ungodly shine of human pride,  
And sadly blends his reverence and blame  
In one grave bow, and passes with a stride  
Impatient : — many a red-hooded dame  
Turns her pained head, but not her glance, aside  
From wanton dress, and marvels o'er again,  
That Heaven hath no wet judgments for the vain.

“I have a lily in the bloom at home,”  
Quoth one, “and by the blessed Sabbath day  
I'll pluck my lily in its pride, and come  
And read a lesson upon vain array ; —  
And when stiff silks are rustling up, and some  
Give place, I'll shake it in proud eyes and say —  
Making my reverence, — ‘Ladies, an you please,  
King Solomon's not half so fine as these.’”



Then her meek partner, who has nearly run

His earthly course,—“Nay, Goody, let your text  
Grow in the garden.—We have only one—

Who knows that these dim eyes may see the next?  
Summer will come again, and summer sun,

And lilies too,—but I were sorely vexed  
To mar my garden, and cut short the blow  
Of the last lily I may live to grow.”

“The last!” quoth she, “and though the last it were—

Lo! those two wantons, where they stand so proud,  
With waving plumes, and jewels in their hair,

And painted cheeks, like Dagoes to be bowed  
And curtsied too! — last Sabbath, after prayer,

I heard the little Tomkins ask aloud  
If they were angels — but I made him know  
God’s bright ones better, with a bitter blow!”

So speaking they pursue the pebbly walk

That leads to the white porch the Sunday throng, —  
Hand-coupled urchins in restrained talk,

And anxious pedagogue that chastens wrong,  
And posied church-warden with solemn stalk,

And gold-bedizened beadle flames along,  
And gentle peasant clad in buff and green,  
Like a meek cowslip in the spring serene;

And blushing maiden, — modestly arrayed

In spotless white, — still conscious of the glass;  
And she, the lonely widow, that hath made

A sable covenant with grief, — alas!  
She veils her tears under the deep, deep shade,

While the poor kindly-hearted, as they pass,  
Bend to unclouded childhood, and caress  
Her boy, — so rosy! — and so fatherless!



Thus, as good Christians ought, they all draw near  
The fair white temple, to the timely call  
Of pleasant bells that tremble in the ear.—

Now the last frock, and scarlet hood, and shawl,  
Fade into dusk, in the dim atmosphere

Of the low porch, and heaven has won them all,  
Saving those two, that turn aside and pass,  
In velvet blossom, where all flesh is grass.

Ah me! to see their silken manors trailed  
In purple luxuries — with restless gold,—  
Flaunting the grass where widowhood has wailed  
In blotted black,—over the heapy mould  
Panting wave-wantonly! They never quailed  
How the warm vanity abused the cold;  
Nor saw the solemn faces of the gone  
Sadly uplooking through transparent stone :

But swept their dwellings with unquiet light,  
Shocking the awful presence of the dead;  
Where gracious natures would their eyes benight,  
Nor wear their being with a lip too red,  
Nor move too rudely in the summer bright  
Of sun, but put staid sorrow in their tread,  
Meting it into steps, with inward breath,  
In very pity to bereavéd death.

Now in the church, time-sobered minds resign  
To solemn prayer, and the loud chanted hymn, —  
With glowing picturings of joys divine  
Painting the mist-light where the roof is dim;  
But youth looks upward to the window shine,  
Warming with rose and purple and the swim  
Of gold, as if thought-tinted by the stains  
Of gorgeous light through many-colored panes ;



Soiling the virgin snow wherein God hath

Enrobed his angels,— and with absent eyes  
Hearing of heaven, and its directed path,

Thoughtful of slippers,—and the glorious skies  
Clouding with satin,— till the preacher's wrath

Consumes his pity, and he glows, and cries  
With a deep voice that trembles in its might,  
And earnest eyes grown eloquent in light :

“ O, that the vacant eye would learn to look

On very beauty, and the heart embrace  
True loveliness, and from this holy book

Drink the warm-breathing tenderness and grace  
Of love indeed ! O, that the young soul took

Its virgin passion from the glorious face  
Of fair religion, and addressed its strife  
To win the riches of eternal life !

“ Doth the vain heart love glory that is none,

And the poor excellence of vain attire ?

O go, and drown your eyes against the sun,

The visible ruler of the starry quire,  
Till boiling gold in giddy eddies run,

Dazzling the brain with orbs of living fire ;  
And the faint soul down darkens into night,  
And dies a burning martyrdom to light.

“ O go, and gaze,— when the low winds of even

Breathe hymns, and Nature's many forests nod  
Their gold-crowned heads ; and the rich blooms of heaven

Sun-ripened give their blushes up to God ;  
And mountain-rocks and cloudy steeps are riven

By founts of fire, as smitten by the rod  
Of heavenly Moses,— that your thirsty sense  
May quench its longings of magnificence !



“ Yet suns shall perish — stars shall fade away —  
Day into darkness — darkness into death —  
Death into silence ; the warm light of day,  
The blooms of summer, the rich glowing breath  
Of even — all shall wither and decay,  
Like the frail furniture of dreams beneath  
The touch of morn — or bubbles of rich dyes  
That break and vanish in the aching eyes.”

They hear, soul-blushing, and repentant shed  
Unwholesome thoughts in wholesome tears, and pour  
Their sin to earth, — and with low drooping head  
Receive the solemn blessing, and implore  
Its grace — then soberly, with chastened tread,  
They meekly press towards the gusty door,  
With humbled eyes that go to graze upon  
The lowly grass — like him of Babylon.

The lowly grass ! — O, water-constant mind !  
Fast-ebbing holiness ! — soon-fading grace  
Of serious thought, as if the gushing wind  
Through the low porch had washed it from the face  
Forever ! — How they lift their eyes to find  
Old vanities ! — Pride wins the very place  
Of meekness, like a bird, and flutters now  
With idle wings on the curl-conscious brow !

And, lo ! with eager looks they seek the way  
Of old temptation at the lowly gate ;  
To feast on feathers, and on vain array,  
And painted cheeks, and the rich glistening state  
Of jewel-sprinkled locks. — But where are they,  
The graceless haughty ones that used to wait  
With lofty neck, and nods, and stiffened eye ? —  
None challenge the old homage bending by.



In vain they look for the ungracious bloom  
Of rich apparel where it glowed before,—  
For vanity has faded all to gloom,  
And lofty Pride has stiffened to the core,  
For impious Life to tremble at its doom,—  
Set for a warning token evermore,  
Whereon, as now, the giddy and the wise  
Shall gaze with lifted hands and wondering eyes.

The aged priest goes on each Sabbath morn,  
But shakes not sorrow under his gray hair ;  
The solemn clerk goes lavendered and shorn,  
Nor stoops his back to the ungodly pair ; —  
And ancient lips, that puckered up in scorn,  
Go smoothly breathing to the house of prayer ;  
And in the garden-plot, from day to day,  
The lily blooms its long white life away.

And where two haughty maidens used to be,  
In pride of plume, where plummy Death had trod,  
Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,  
Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod ; —  
There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see  
Two sombre Peacocks. — Age, with sapient nod  
Marking the spot, still tarries to declare  
How they once lived, and wherefore they are there.



## THE TWO SWANS.

A FAIRY TALE.

IMMORTAL Imogen, crowned queen above  
The lilies of thy sex, vouchsafe to hear  
A fairy dream in honor of true love —  
True above ills, and frailty, and all fear —  
Perchance a shadow of his own career  
Whose youth was darkly prisoned and long twined  
By serpent-sorrow, till white Love drew near,  
And sweetly sang him free, and round his mind  
A bright horizon threw, wherein no grief may wind.

I saw a tower builded on a lake,  
Mocked by its inverse shadow, dark and deep —  
That seemed a still intenser night to make,  
Wherein the quiet waters sunk to sleep,—  
And, whatso'er was prisoned in that keep,  
A monstrous Snake was warden : — round and round  
In sable ringlets I beheld him creep  
Blackest amid black shadows to the ground,  
Whilst his enormous head the topmost turret crowned.

From whence he shot fierce light against the stars,  
Making the pale moon paler with affright ;  
And with his ruby eye out-threatened Mars —  
That blazed in the mid-heavens, hot and bright —



Nor slept, nor winked, but with a steadfast spite  
Watched their wan looks and tremblings in the skies;  
And, that he might not slumber in the night,  
The curtain-lids were plucked from his large eyes,  
So he might never drowse, but watch his secret prize.

Prince or princess in dismal durance pent,  
Victims of old Enchantment's love or hate,  
Their lives must all in painful sighs be spent,  
Watching the lonely waters soon and late,  
And clouds that pass and leave them to their fate,  
Or company their grief with heavy tears:—  
Meanwhile that Hope can spy no golden gate  
For sweet escapement, but in darksome fears  
They weep and pine away as if immortal years.

No gentle bird with gold upon its wing  
Will perch upon the grate — the gentle bird  
Is safe in leafy dell, and will not bring  
Freedom's sweet key-note and commission word  
Learned of a fairy's lips, for pity stirred —  
Lest while he trembling sings, untimely guest!  
Watched by that cruel Snake and darkly heard,  
He leave a widow on her lonely nest,  
To press in silent grief the darlings of her breast.

No gallant knight, adventurous, in his bark,  
Will seek the fruitful perils of the place,  
To rouse with dipping oar the waters dark  
That bear the serpent-image on their face.  
And Love, brave Love! though he attempt the base,  
Nerved to his loyal death, he may not win  
His captive lady from the strict embrace  
Of that foul Serpent, clasping her within  
His sable folds — like Eve enthralled by the old Sin.



But there is none — no knight in panoply,  
Nor Love, intrenched in his strong steely coat :  
No little speck — no sail — no helper nigh,  
No sign — no whispering — no splash of boat : —  
The distant shores show dimly and remote,  
Made of a deeper mist, — serene and gray, —  
And slow and mute the cloudy shadows float  
Over the gloomy wave, and pass away,  
Chased by the silver beams that on their marges play.

And bright and silvery the willows sleep  
Over the shady verge — no mad winds tease  
Their hoary heads ; but quietly they weep  
There sprinkling leaves — half fountains and half trees  
There lilies be — and fairer than all these,  
A solitary Swan her breast of snow  
Launches against the wave that seems to freeze  
Into a chaste reflection, still below  
Twin-shadow of herself wherever she may go.

And forth she paddles in the very noon  
Of solemn midnight like an elfin thing,  
Charmed into being by the argent moon —  
Whose silver light for love of her fair wing  
Goes with her in the shade, still worshipping  
Her dainty plumage : — all around her grew  
A radiant circlet, like a fairy ring ;  
And all behind, a tiny little clue  
Of light, to guide her back across the waters blue.

And sure she is no meaner than a fay,  
Redeemed from sleepy death, for beauty's sake,  
By old ordainment : — silent as she lay,  
Touched by a moonlight wand I saw her wake,



And cut her leafy slough, and so forsake  
The verdant prison of her lily peers,  
That slept amidst the stars upon the lake —  
A breathing shape — restored to human fears,  
And new-born love and grief — self-conscious of her tears.

And now she clasps her wings around her heart,  
And near that lonely isle begins to glide  
Pale as her fears, and oftentimes with a start  
Turns her impatient head from side to side  
In universal terrors — all too wide  
To watch ; and often to that marble keep  
Upturns her pearly eyes, as if she spied  
Some foe, and crouches in the shadows steep  
That in the gloomy wave go diving fathoms deep.

And well she may, to spy that fearful thing  
All down the dusky walls in circlets wound !  
Alas ! for what rare prize, with many a ring  
Girding the marble casket round and round ?  
His folded tail, lost in the gloom profound,  
Terribly darkeneth the rocky base ;  
But on the top his monstrous head is crowned  
With prickly spears, and on his doubtful face  
Gleam his unwearied eyes, red watchers of the place.

Alas ! of the hot fires that nightly fall,  
No one will scorch him in those orbs of spite,  
So he may never see beneath the wall  
That timid little creature, all too bright,  
That stretches her fair neck, slender and white,  
Invoking the pale moon, and vainly tries  
Her throbbing throat, as if to charm the night  
With song — but, hush — it perishes in sighs,  
And there will be no dirge, sad swelling though she dies !



She droops — she sinks — she leans upon the lake,  
Fainting again into a lifeless flower ;  
But soon the chilly springs anoint and wake  
Her spirit from its death, and with new power  
She sheds her stifled sorrows in a shower  
Of tender song, timed to her falling tears —  
That wins the shady summit of that tower,  
And, trembling all the sweeter for its fears,  
Fills with imploring moan that cruel monster's ears.

And, lo ! the scaly beast is all deprest,  
Subdued like Argus by the might of sound —  
What time Apollo his sweet lute address  
To magic converse with the air, and bound  
The many monster eyes, all slumber-drowned : —  
So on the turret-top that watchful snake  
Pillows his giant head, and lists profound,  
As if his wrathful spite would never wake,  
Charmed into sudden sleep for Love and Beauty's sake !

His prickly crest lies prone upon his crown,  
And thirsty lip from lip disparted flies,  
To drink that dainty flood of music down —  
His scaly throat is big with pent-up sighs —  
And whilst his hollow ear entrancéd lies,  
His looks for envy of the charmed sense  
Are fain to listen, till his steadfast eyes,  
Stung into pain by their own impotence,  
Distil enormous tears into the lake immense.

O, tuneful Swan ! O, melancholy bird !  
Sweet was that midnight miracle of song,  
Rich with ripe sorrow, needful of no word  
To tell of pain, and love, and love's deep wrong —



Hinting a piteous tale — perchance how long  
Thy unknown tears were mingled with the lake,  
What time disguised thy leafy mates among —  
And no eye knew what human love and ache  
Dwelt in those dewy leaves, and heart so nigh to break.

Therefore no poet will ungently touch  
The water-lily, on whose eyelids dew  
Trembles like tears; but ever hold it such  
As human pain may wander through and through,  
Turning the pale leaf paler in its hue —  
Wherein life dwells, transfigured, not entombed,  
By magic spells. Alas! who ever knew  
Sorrow in all its shapes, leafy and plumed,  
Or in gross husks of brutes eternally inhumed?

And now the wingéd song has scaled the height  
Of that dark dwelling, builded for despair,  
And soon a little casement flashing bright  
Widens self-opened into the cool air —  
That music like a bird may enter there  
And soothe the captive in his stony cage;  
For there is naught of grief, or painful care,  
But plaintive song may happily engage  
From sense of its own ill, and tenderly assuage.

And forth into the light, small and remote,  
A creature, like the fair son of a king,  
Draws to the lattice in his jewelled coat  
Against the silver moonlight glistening,  
And leans upon his white hand listening  
To that sweet music that with tenderer tone  
Salutes him, wondering what kindly thing  
Is come to soothe him with so tuneful moan,  
Singing beneath the walls as if for him alone!



And while he listens, the mysterious song,  
Woven with timid particles of speech,  
Twines into passionate words that grieve along  
The melancholy notes, and softly teach  
The secrets of true love,— that trembling reach  
His earnest ear, and through the shadows dun  
He missions like replies, and each to each  
Their silver voices mingle into one,  
Like blended streams that make one music as they run

“ Ah ! Love, my hope is swooning in my heart,—  
Ay, sweet, my cage is strong and hung full high —  
Alas ! our lips are held so far apart,  
Thy words come faint, they have so far to fly ! —  
If I may only shun that serpent eye,—  
Ah me ! that serpent eye doth never sleep ; —  
Then, nearer thee, Love’s martyr, I will die ! —  
Alas, alas ! that word has made me weep !  
For Pity’s sake remain safe in thy marble keep !

“ My marble keep ! it is my marble tomb —  
Nay, sweet ! but thou hast there thy living breath --  
Aye to expend in sighs for this hard doom ; —  
But I will come to thee and sing beneath,  
And nightly so beguile this serpent wreath ; —  
Nay, I will find a path from these despairs.  
Ah, needs then thou must tread the back of death,  
Making his stony ribs thy stony stairs.—  
Behold his ruby eye, how fearfully it glares ! ”

Full sudden at these words the princely youth  
Leaps on the scaly back that slumbers, still  
Unconscious of his foot, yet not for ruth,  
But numbed to dulness by the fairy skill



Of that sweet music, (all more wild and shrill  
For intense fear,) that charmed him as he lay —  
Meanwhile the lover nerves his desperate will,  
Held some short throbs by natural dismay,  
Then down, down the serpent-track begins his darksome way

Now dimly seen — now toiling out of sight,  
Eclipsed and covered by the envious wall ;  
Now fair and spangled in the sudden light,  
And clinging with wide arms for fear of fall ;  
Now dark and sheltered by a kindly pall  
Of dusky shadow from his wakeful foe ;  
Slowly he winds adown — dimly and small,  
Watched by the gentle swan that sings below,  
Her hope increasing, still, the larger he doth grow.

But nine times nine the serpent folds embrace  
The marble walls about — which he must tread  
Before his anxious foot may touch the base :  
Long is the dreary path, and must be sped !  
But Love, that holds the mastery of dread,  
Braces his spirit, and with constant toil  
He wins his way, and now, with arms outspread,  
Impatient plunges from the last long coil :  
So may all gentle Love ungentle Malice foil.

The song is hushed, the charm is all complete,  
And two fair Swans are swimming on the lake :  
But scarce their tender bills have time to meet,  
When fiercely drops adown that cruel Snake —  
His steely scales a fearful rustling make,  
Like autumn leaves that tremble and foretell  
The sable storm ; — the plummy lovers quake —  
And feel the troubled waters pant and swell,  
Heaved by the giant bulk of their pursuer fell.



His jaws, wide yawning like the gates of Death,  
Hiss horrible pursuit — his red eyes glare  
The waters into blood — his eager breath  
Grows hot upon their plumes : — now, minstrel fair !  
She drops her ring into the waves, and there  
It widens all around, a fairy ring  
Wrought of the silver light — the fearful pair  
Swim in the very midst, and pant and cling  
The closer for their fears, and tremble wing to wing.

Bending their course over the pale gray lake,  
Against the pallid East, wherein light played  
In tender flushes, still the baffled Snake  
Circled them round continually, and bayed  
Hoarsely and loud, forbidden to invade  
The sanctuary ring — his sable mail  
Rolled darkly through the flood, and writhed and made  
A shining track over the waters pale,  
Lashed into boiling foam by his enormous tail.

And so they sailed into the distance dim,  
Into the very distance — small and white,  
Like snowy blossoms of the spring that swim  
Over the brooklets — followed by the spite  
Of that huge Serpent, that with wild affright  
Worried them on their course, and sore annoy,  
Till on the grassy marge I saw them 'light,  
And change, anon, a gentle girl and boy,  
Locked in embrace of sweet unutterable joy !

Then came the Morn, and with her pearly showers  
Wept on them, like a mother, in whose eyes  
Tears are no grief ; and from his rosy bowers  
The Oriental sun began to rise,



Chasing the darksome shadows from the skies ;  
Wherewith that sable Serpent far away  
Fled, like a part of night — delicious sighs  
From waking bosoms purified the day,  
And little birds were singing sweetly from each spray.



## THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

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'T WAS in the prime of summer time,  
An evening calm and cool,  
And four-and-twenty happy boys  
Came bounding out of school :  
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,  
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,  
And souls untouched by sin ;  
To a level mead they came, and there  
They drave the wickets in :  
Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,  
And shouted as they ran,—  
Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
As only boyhood can ;  
But the Usher sat remote from all,  
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;  
For a burning thought was in his brow,  
And his bosom ill at ease :  
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read  
The book between his knees !



Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,  
Nor ever glanced aside,  
For the peace of his soul he read that book  
In the golden eventide :  
Much study had made him very lean,  
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,  
With a fast and fervent grasp  
He strained the dusky covers close,  
And fixed the brazen hasp :  
“ O, God ! could I so close my mind,  
And clasp it with a clasp ! ”

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
Some moody turns he took,—  
Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
And past a shady nook,—  
And, lo ! he saw a little boy  
That pored upon a book !

“ My gentle lad, what is 't you read —  
Romance or fairy fable ?  
Or is it some historic page,  
Of kings and crowns unstable ? ”  
The young boy gave an upward glance,—  
“ It is ‘ The Death of Abel. ’ ”

The Usher took six hasty strides,  
As smit with sudden pain,—  
Six hasty strides beyond the place,  
Then slowly back again ;  
And down he sat beside the lad,  
And talked with him of Cain ;



And, long since then, of bloody men,  
Whose deeds tradition saves;  
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,  
And hid in sudden graves;  
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,  
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men  
Shriek upward from the sod,—  
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point  
To show the burial clod;  
And unknown facts of guilty acts  
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth  
Beneath the curse of Cain,—  
With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
And flames about their brain:  
For blood has left upon their souls  
Its everlasting stain!

“And well,” quoth he, “I know, for truth,  
Their pangs must be extreme,—  
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—  
Who spill life’s sacred stream!  
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought  
A murder, in a dream!

“One that had never done me wrong —  
A feeble man and old;  
I led him to a lonely field,—  
The moon shone clear and cold:  
Now here, said I, this man shall die.  
And I will have his gold!



“Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,  
And one with a heavy stone,  
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—  
And then the deed was done :  
There was nothing lying at my foot  
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
That could not do me ill ;  
And yet I feared him all the more,  
For lying there so still :  
There was a manhood in his look,  
That murder could not kill !

“And, lo ! the universal air  
Seemed lit with ghastly flame ; —  
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
Were looking down in blame :  
I took the dead man by his hand,  
And called upon his name !

“O, God ! it made me quake to see  
Such sense within the slain !  
But when I touched the lifeless clay,  
The blood gushed out amain !  
For every clot, a burning spot  
Was scorching in my brain !

“My head was like an ardent coal,  
My heart as solid ice ;  
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,  
Was at the devil's price :  
A dozen times I groaned ; the dead  
Had never groaned but twice !



“And now, from forth the frowning sky,  
From the heaven’s topmost height,  
I heard a voice — the awful voice  
Of the blood-avenging sprite : —  
‘Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead  
And hide it from my sight !’

‘I took the dreary body up,  
And cast it in a stream,—  
A sluggish water, black as ink,  
The depth was so extreme :—  
My gentle Boy, remember this  
Is nothing but a dream !

“Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,  
And vanished in the pool ;  
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,  
And washed my forehead cool,  
And sat among the urchins young,  
That evening, in the school.

“O, Heaven ! to think of their white souls,  
And mine so black and grim !  
I could not share in childish prayer,  
Nor join in evening hymn :  
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,  
’Mid holy cherubim !

“And peace went with them, one and all,  
And each calm pillow spread ;  
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain  
That lighted me to bed ;  
And drew my midnight curtains round,  
With fingers bloody red !



" All night I lay in agony,  
    In anguish dark and deep ;  
My fevered eyes I dared not close,  
    But stared aghast at Sleep :  
For Sin had rendered unto her  
    The keys of hell to keep !

" All night I lay in agony,  
    From weary chime to chime,  
With one besetting horrid hint,  
    That racked me all the time ;  
A mighty yearning, like the first  
    Fierce impulse unto crime !

" One stern tyrannic thought, that made  
    All other thoughts its slave ;  
Stronger and stronger every pulse  
    Did that temptation crave,—  
Still urging me to go and see  
    The Dead Man in his grave !

" Heavily I rose up, as soon  
    As light was in the sky,  
And sought the black accurséd pool  
    With a wild misgiving eye ;  
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,  
    For the faithless stream was dry.

" Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
    The dew-drop from its wing ;  
But I never marked its morning flight,  
    I never heard it sing :  
For I was stooping once again  
    Under the horrid thing.



“With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,  
I took him up and ran ; —  
There was no time to dig a grave  
Before the day began :  
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,  
I hid the murdered man !

“And all that day I read in school,  
But my thought was other where ;  
As soon as the mid-day task was done,  
In secret I was there :  
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
And still the corse was bare !

“Then down I cast me on my face,  
And first began to weep,  
For I knew my secret then was one  
That earth refused to keep :  
Or land or sea, though he should be  
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,  
Till blood for blood atones !  
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,  
And trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh,—  
The world shall see his bones !

“O, God ! that horrid, horrid dream  
Besets me now awake !  
Again — again, with dizzy brain,  
The human life I take ;  
And my red right hand grows raging hot,  
Like Cranmer's at the stake.



“And still no peace for the restless clay  
Will wave or mould allow ;  
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—  
It stands before me now !”  
The fearful Boy looked up, and saw  
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep  
The urchin eyelids kissed,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,  
Through the cold and heavy mist :  
And Eugene Aram walked between,  
With gyves upon his wrist.



## THE ELM TREE:

A DREAM IN THE WOODS.

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"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees."                      As You LIKE It.

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T WAS in a shady avenue,  
Where lofty elms abound—  
And from a tree  
There came to me  
A sad and solemn sound,  
That sometimes murmured overhead,  
And sometimes underground.

Amongst the leaves it seemed to sigh,  
Amid the boughs to moan;  
It muttered in the stem, and then  
The roots took up the tone;  
As if beneath the dewy grass  
The dead began to groan.

No breeze there was to stir the leaves;  
No bolts that tempests launch,  
To rend the trunk or rugged bark;  
No gale to bend the branch;  
No quake of earth to heave the roots,  
That stood so stiff and stanch.



No bird was preening up aloft,  
To rustle with its wing;  
No squirrel, in its sport or fear,  
From bough to bough to spring;  
The solid bole  
Had ne'er a hole  
To hide a living thing!

No scooping hollow cell to lodge  
A furtive beast or fowl,  
The martin, bat,  
Or forest cat  
That nightly loves to prowl,  
Nor ivy nook so apt to shroud  
The moping, snoring owl.

But still the sound was in my ear,  
A sad and solemn sound,  
That sometimes murmured overhead,  
And sometimes underground —  
'T was in a shady avenue  
Where lofty elms abound.

O, hath the Dryad still a tongue  
In this ungenial clime?  
Have sylvan spirits still a voice  
As in the classic prime —  
To make the forest voluble,  
As in the olden time?

The olden time is dead and gone;  
Its years have filled their sum —  
And even in Greece — her native Greece —  
The sylvan nymph is dumb —  
From ash, and beech, and aged oak,  
No classic whispers come.



From poplar, pine, and drooping birch,  
And fragrant linden trees ;  
No living sound  
E'er hovers round,  
Unless the vagrant breeze,  
The music of the merry bird,  
Or hum of busy bees.

But busy bees forsake the elm  
That bears no bloom aloft —  
The finch was in the hawthorn-bush,  
The blackbird in the croft ;  
And among the firs the brooding dove,  
That else might murmur soft.

Yet still I heard that solemn sound,  
And sad it was to boot,  
From every overhanging bough,  
And each minuter shoot ;  
From rugged trunk and mossy rind,  
And from the twisted root.

From these,— a melancholy moan ;  
From those,— a dreary sigh ;  
As if the boughs were wintry bare,  
And wild winds sweeping by —  
Whereas the smallest fleecy cloud  
Was steadfast in the sky.

No sign or touch of stirring air  
Could either sense observe —  
The zephyr had not breath enough  
The thistle-down to swerve,  
Or force the filmy gossamers  
To take another curve.



In still and silent slumber hushed  
All Nature seemed to be :  
From heaven above, or earth beneath,  
No whisper came to me —  
Except the solemn sound and sad  
From that MYSTERIOUS TREE !

A hollow, hollow, hollow sound,  
As is that dreamy roar  
When distant billows boil and bound  
Along a shingly shore —  
But the ocean brim was far aloof,  
A hundred miles or more.

No murmur of the gusty sea,  
No tumult of the beach,  
However they may foam and fret,  
The bounded sense could reach —  
Methought the trees in mystic tongue  
Were talking each to each ! —

Mayhap, rehearsing ancient tales  
Of greenwood love or guilt,  
Of whispered vows  
Beneath their boughs ;  
Or blood obscurely spilt ;  
Or of that near-hand mansion-house  
A royal Tudor built.

Perchance, of booty won or shared  
Beneath the starry cope —  
Or where the suicidal wretch  
Hung up the fatal rope ;  
Or Beauty kept an evil tryste,  
Ensnared by Love and Hope.



Of graves, perchance, untimely scooped  
At midnight dark and dank —  
And what is underneath the sod  
Whereon the grass is rank —  
Of old intrigues,  
And privy leagues,  
Tradition leaves in blank.

Of traitor lips that muttered plots —  
Of kin who fought and fell —  
God knows the undiscovered schemes,  
The arts and acts of hell,  
Performed long generations since,  
If trees had tongues to tell !

With wary eyes, and ears alert,  
As one who walks afraid,  
I wandered down the dappled path  
Of mingled light and shade —  
How sweetly gleamed that arch of blue  
Beyond the green arcade !

How cheerly shone the glimpse of heaven  
Beyond that verdant aisle !  
All overarched with lofty elms,  
That quenched the light, the while,  
As dim and chill  
As serves to fill  
Some old cathedral pile !

And many a gnarléd trunk was there,  
That ages long had stood,  
Till Time had wrought them into shapes  
Like Pan's fantastic brood ;  
Or still more foul and hideous forms  
That pagans carve in wood !



A crouching Satyr lurking here —  
And there a Goblin grim —  
As staring full of demon life  
As Gothic sculptor's whim —  
A marvel it had scarcely been  
To hear a voice from him !

Some whisper from that horrid mouth  
Of strange, unearthly tone ;  
Or wild infernal laugh, to chill  
One's marrow in the bone.  
But no — it grins like rigid Death,  
And silent as a stone !

As silent as its fellows be,  
For all is mute with them —  
The branch that climbs the leafy roof —  
The rough and mossy stem —  
The crooked root,  
And tender shoot,  
Where hangs the dewy gem.

One mystic tree alone there is,  
Of sad and solemn sound —  
That sometimes murmurs overhead,  
And sometimes underground —  
In all that shady avenue,  
Where lofty elms abound.

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PART II.

The scene is changed ! No green arcade,  
No trees all ranged a-row —



But scattered like a beaten host,  
Dispersing to and fro ;  
With here and there a sylvan corse,  
That fell before the foe.

The foe that down in yonder dell  
Pursues his daily toil ;  
As witness many a prostrate trunk,  
Bereft of leafy spoil,  
Hard by its wooden stump, whereon  
The adder loves to coil.

Alone he works — his ringing blows  
Have banished bird and beast ;  
The hind and fawn have cantered off  
A hundred yards at least ;  
And on the maple's lofty top  
The linnet's song has ceased.

No eye his labor overlooks,  
Or when he takes his rest ;  
Except the timid thrush that peeps  
Above her secret nest,  
Forbid by love to leave the young  
Beneath her speckled breast.

The woodman's heart is in his work,  
His axe is sharp and good :  
With sturdy arm and steady aim  
He smites the gaping wood ;  
From distant rocks  
His lusty knocks  
Reëcho many a rood.



His axe is keen, his arm is strong ;  
The muscles serve him well ;  
His years have reached an extra span,  
The number none can tell ;  
But still his life-long task has been  
The timber tree to fell.

Through summer's parching sultriness,  
And winter's freezing cold.  
From sapling youth  
To virile growth,  
And age's rigid mould,  
His energetic axe hath rung  
Within that forest old.

Aloft, upon his poising steel  
The vivid sunbeams glance —  
About his head and round his feet  
The forest shadows dance ;  
And bounding from his russet coat  
The acorn drops askance.

His face is like a Druid's face,  
With wrinkles furrowed deep,  
And tanned by scorching suns as brown  
As corn that's ripe to reap ;  
But the hair on brow, and cheek, and chin,  
Is white as wool of sheep.

His frame is like a giant's frame ;  
His legs are long and stark ;  
His arms like limbs of knotted yew ;  
His hands like rugged bark ;  
So he felleth still  
With right good will,  
As if to build an ark !



O ! well within *his* fatal path  
The fearful tree might quake  
Through every fibre, twig, and leaf,  
With aspen tremor shake ;  
Through trunk and root,  
And branch and shoot,  
A low complaining make !

• O ! well to *him* the tree might breathe  
A sad and solemn sound,  
A sigh that murmured overhead,  
And groans from underground ;  
As in that shady avenue  
Where lofty elms abound !

But calm and mute the maple stands,  
The plane, the ash, the fir,  
The elm, the beech, the drooping birch,  
Without the least demur ;  
And e'en the aspen's hoary leaf  
Makes no unusual stir.

The pines — those old gigantic pines,  
That writhe — recalling soon  
The famous human group that writhes  
With snakes in wild festoon —  
In ramous wrestlings interlaced  
A forest Laöcoon —

Like Titans of primeval girth  
By tortures overcome,  
Their brown enormous limbs they twine,  
Bedewed with tears of gum —  
Fierce agonies that ought to yell,  
But, like the marble, dumb.



Nay, yonder blasted elm that stands  
So like a man of sin,  
Who, frantic, flings his arms abroad  
To feel the worm within —  
For all that gesture, so intense,  
It makes no sort of din !

An universal silence reigns  
In rugged bark or peel,  
Except that very trunk which rings  
Beneath the biting steel —  
Meanwhile the woodman plies his axe  
With unrelenting zeal !

No rustic song is on his tongue,  
No whistle on his lips ;  
But with a quiet thoughtfulness  
His trusty tool he grips,  
And, stroke on stroke, keeps hacking out  
The bright and flying chips.

Stroke after stroke, with frequent dint  
He spreads the fatal gash ;  
Till, lo ! the remnant fibres rend,  
With harsh and sudden crash,  
And on the dull-resounding turf  
The jarring branches lash !

O ! now the forest trees may sigh,  
The ash, the poplar tall,  
The elm, the birch, the drooping beech,  
The aspens — one and all,  
With solemn groan  
And hollow moan  
Lament a comrade's fall !



A goodly elm, of noble girth,  
That, thrice the human span —  
While on their variegated course  
The constant seasons ran —  
Through gale, and hail, and fiery bolt,  
Had stood erect as man.

But now, like mortal man himself,  
Struck down by hand of God,  
Or heathen idol tumbled prone  
Beneath the Eternal's nod,  
In all its giant bulk and length  
It lies along the sod !

Ay, now the forest trees may grieve  
And make a common moan  
Around that patriarchal trunk  
So newly overthrown ;  
And with a murmur recognize  
A doom to be their own !

The echo sleeps : the idle axe,  
A disregarded tool,  
Lies crushing with its passive weight  
The toad's reputed stool —  
The woodman wipes his dewy brow  
Within the shadows cool.

No zephyr stirs : the ear may catch  
The smallest insect-hum ;  
But on the disappointed sense  
No mystic whispers come ;  
No tone of sylvan sympathy,  
The forest trees are dumb.



No leafy noise, nor inward voice,  
No sad and solemn sound,  
That sometimes murmurs overhead,  
And sometimes underground ;  
As in that shady avenue,  
Where lofty elms abound !

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## PART III.

The deed is done : the tree is low  
That stood so long and firm ;  
The woodman and his axe are gone,  
His toil has found its term ;  
And where he wrought the speckled thrush  
Securely hunts the worm.

The cony from the sandy bank  
Has run a rapid race,  
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern,  
To seek the open space ;  
And on its haunches sits erect  
To clean its furry face.

The dappled fawn is close at hand,  
The hind is browsing near,—  
And on the larch's lowest bough  
The ousel whistles clear ;  
But checks the note  
Within its throat,  
As choked with sudden fear !



With sudden fear her wormy quest  
The thrush abruptly quits —  
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern  
The startled cony flits ;  
And on the larch's lowest bough  
No more the ousel sits.

With sudden fear  
The dappled deer  
Effect a swift escape ;  
But well might bolder creatures start,  
And fly, or stand agape,  
With rising hair and curdled blood,  
To see so grim a Shape !

The very sky turns pale above ;  
The earth grows dark beneath ;  
The human terror thrills with cold,  
And draws a shorter breath —  
An universal panic owns  
The dread approach of DEATH !

With silent pace, as shadows come,  
And dark as shadows be,  
The grisly phantom takes his stand  
Beside the fallen tree,  
And scans it with his gloomy eyes,  
And laughs with horrid glee

A dreary laugh and desolate,  
Where mirth is void and null,  
As hollow as its echo sounds  
Within the hollow skull —  
"Whoever laid this tree along,  
His hatchet was not dull !



“The human arm and human tool  
Have done their duty well !  
But after sound of ringing axe  
Must sound the ringing knell ;  
When elm or oak  
Have felt the stroke  
My turn it is to fell !

“No passive unregarded tree,  
A senseless thing of wood,  
Wherein the sluggish sap ascends  
To swell the vernal bud —  
But conscious, moving, breathing trunks  
That throb with living blood !

“No forest monarch yearly clad  
In mantle green or brown ;  
That unrecorded lives, and falls  
By hand of rustic clown —  
But kings who don the purple robe,  
And wear the jewelled crown.

“Ah ! little recks the royal mind,  
Within his banquet-hall,  
While tapers shine and music breathes  
And beauty leads the ball,—  
He little recks the oaken plank  
Shall be his palace wall !

“Ah, little dreams the haughty peer,  
The while his falcon flies —  
Or on the blood-bedabbled turf  
The antlered quarry dies —  
That in his own ancestral park  
The narrow dwelling lies



“ But haughty peer and mighty king  
One doom shall overwhelm !  
The oaken cell  
Shall lodge him well  
Whose sceptre ruled a realm —  
While he who never knew a home  
Shall find it in the elm !

“ The tattered, lean, dejected wretch,  
Who begs from door to door,  
And dies within the cressy ditch,  
Or on the barren moor,  
The friendly elm shall lodge and clothe  
That houseless man and poor !

“ Yea, this recumbent rugged trunk,  
That lies so long and prone,  
With many a fallen acorn-cup,  
And mast and firry cone —  
This rugged trunk shall hold its share  
Of mortal flesh and bone !

“ A miser hoarding heaps of gold,  
But pale with ague-fears —  
A wife lamenting love's decay,  
With secret cruel tears,  
Distilling bitter, bitter drops  
From sweets of former years —

“ A man within whose gloomy mind  
Offence had darkly sunk,  
Who out of fierce Revenge's cup  
Hath madly, darkly drunk --  
Grief, Avarice, and Hate shall sleep  
Within this very trunk !



“ This massy trunk that lies along,  
And many more must fall —  
For the very knave  
Who digs the grave,  
The man who spreads the pall,  
And he who tolls the funeral bell,  
The elm shall have them all !

“ The tall abounding elm that grows  
In hedge-rows up and down :  
In field and forest, copse and park,  
And in the peopled town,  
With colonies of noisy rooks  
That nestle on its crown.

“ And well the abounding elm may grow  
In field and hedge so rife,  
In forest, copse, and wooded park,  
And 'mid the city's strife,  
For, every hour that passes by  
Shall end a human life ! ”

The phantom ends : the shade is gone ;  
The sky is clear and bright ;  
On turf, and moss, and fallen tree,  
There glows a ruddy light ;  
And bounding through the golden fern  
The rabbit comes to bite.

The thrush's mate beside her sits  
And pipes a merry lay ;  
The dove is in the evergreens ;  
And on the larch's spray  
The fly-bird flutters up and down,  
To catch its tiny prey.



The gentle hind and dappled fawn  
Are coming up the glade ;  
Each harmless furred and feathered thing  
Is glad, and not afraid —  
But on my saddened spirit still  
The shadow leaves a shade.

A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,  
As though by certain mark  
I knew the fore-appointed tree,  
Within whose rugged bark  
This warm and living frame shall find  
Its narrow house and dark.

That mystic tree which breathed to me  
A sad and solemn sound,  
That sometimes murmured overhead,  
And sometimes underground ;  
Within that shady avenue  
Where lofty elms abound.



# THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A ROMANCE.

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"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old,  
But something ails it now : the place is curst."

HART-LEAP WELL, BY WORDSWORTH.

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## PART I.

SOME dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,  
Unnatural and full of contradictions ;  
Yet others of our most romantic schemes  
Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground ;  
It might be merely by a thought's expansion ;  
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found  
An old deserted mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,  
A dwelling-place,—and yet no habitation ;  
A house,—but under some prodigious ban  
Of excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,  
Jarred by the gusty gales of many winters,  
That from its crumbled pedestal had flung  
One marble globe in splinters.



No dog was at the threshold, great or small ;  
No pigeon on the roof — no household creature —  
No cat demurely dozing on the wall —  
Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirred, to go or come ;  
No face looked forth from shut or open casement :  
No chimney smoked — there was no sign of home  
From parapet to basement.

With shattered panes the grassy court was starred ;  
The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after ;  
And through the ragged roof the sky shone, barred  
With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

The flower grew wild and rankly as the weed,  
Roses with thistles struggled for espial,  
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed  
Had overgrown the dial.

But, gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,  
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration ;  
All times and tides were lost in one long term  
Of stagnant desolation.

The wren had built within the porch, she found  
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough ;  
And on the lawn, — within its turfy mound, —  
The rabbit made his burrow.



The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted through  
The shrubby clumps, and frisked, and sat, and vanished  
But leisurely and bold, as if he knew  
His enemy was banished.

The wary crow,—the pheasant from the woods, —  
Lulled by the still and everlasting sameness,  
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,  
Fed with a “shocking tameness.”

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,  
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;  
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond  
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,  
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,  
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if  
To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard, except, from far away,  
The ringing of the whitewall's shrilly laughter,  
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,  
That Echo murmured after.

But Echo never mocked the human tongue;  
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,  
A secret curse on that old building hung,  
And its deserted garden.

The beds were all untouched by hand or tool;  
No footstep marked the damp and mossy gravel,  
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool  
For want of human travel.



The vine unpruned, and the neglected peach,  
Drooped from the wall with which they used to grapple ;  
And on the cankered tree, in easy reach,  
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shunned the ground,  
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring poacher :  
In spite of gaps that through the fences round  
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

The pear and quince lay squandered on the grass ;  
The mould was purple with unheeded showers  
Of bloomy plums — a wilderness it was  
Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers !

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,  
The gourd embraced the rose-bush in its ramble,  
The thistle and the stock together grew,  
The hollyhock and bramble.

The bear-bine with the lilac interlaced ;  
The sturdy burdock choked its slender neighbor,  
The spicy pink. . . All tokens were effaced  
Of human care and labor.

The very yew formality had trained  
To such a rigid pyramidal stature,  
For want of trimming had almost regained  
The raggedness of nature.



The fountain was a-dry — neglect and time  
Had marred the work of artisan and mason,  
And efts and croaking frogs, begot of slime,  
Sprawled in the ruined basin.

The statue, fallen from its marble base,  
Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten,  
Lay like the idol of some bygone race,  
Its name and rites forgotten.

On every side the aspect was the same,  
All ruined, desolate, forlorn and savage :  
No hand or foot within the precinct came  
To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

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PART II.

O, very gloomy is the house of woe,  
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,  
With all the dark solemnities which show  
That Death is in the dwelling !

O, very, very dreary is the room  
Where love, domestic love, no longer nestles,  
But, smitten by the common stroke of doom,  
The corpse lies on the trestles !



But house of woe, and hearse, and sable pall,  
The narrow home of the departed mortal,  
Ne'er looked so gloomy as that ghostly hall,  
With its deserted portal !

The centipede along the threshold crept,  
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,  
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,  
At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood ;  
The emmets of the steps had old possession,  
And marched in search of their diurnal food  
In undisturbed procession.

As undisturbed as the prehensile cell  
Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue ;  
For never foot upon that threshold fell,  
To enter or to issue.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

Howbeit, the door I pushed — or so I dreamed —  
Which slowly, slowly gaped, — the hinges creaking  
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed  
That Time himself was speaking.

But Time was dumb within that mansion old,  
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners  
That hung from the corroded walls, and told  
Of former men and manners.



Those tattered flags, that with the opened door  
Seemed the old wave of battle to remember,  
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor  
Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out — bird after bird —  
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,  
And seemed to mock the cry that she had heard  
Some dying victim utter !

A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof,  
And up the stair, and further still and further,  
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof  
It ceased its tale of murder !

Meanwhile the rusty armor rattled round,  
The banner shuddered, and the ragged streamer ;  
All things the horrid tenor of the sound  
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antlers, where the helmet hung and belt,  
Stirred as the tempest stirs the forest branches,  
Or as the stag had trembled when he felt  
The bloodhound at his haunches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame,  
And through its many gaps of destitution  
Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came,  
Like those of dissolution.

The wood-louse dropped, and rolled into a ball,  
Touched by some impulse occult or mechanic ;  
And nameless beetles ran along the wall  
In universal panic.



The subtle spider, that from overhead  
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,  
Suddenly turned, and up its slender thread  
Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall,  
Assuming features solemn and terrific,  
Hinted some tragedy of that old hall,  
Locked up in hieroglyphic.

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt,  
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid  
The banner of the BLOODY HAND shone out,  
So ominously vivid.

Some key to that inscrutable appeal,  
Which made the very frame of Nature quiver,  
And every thrilling nerve and fibre feel  
So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

If but a rat had lingered in the house,  
To lure the thought into a social channel !  
But not a rat remained, or tiny mouse,  
To squeak behind the panel.

Huge drops rolled down the walls, as if they wept ;  
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly  
The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept  
On that damp hearth and chilly.



For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there,  
Or glanced on coat of buff or knightly metal;  
The slug was crawling on the vacant chair,—  
The snail upon the settle.

The floor was redolent of mould and must,  
The fungus in the rotten seams had quickened;  
While on the oaken table coats of dust  
Perennially had thickened.

No mark of leathern jack or metal cann,  
No cup — no horn — no hospitable token,—  
All social ties between that board and man  
Had long ago been broken.

There was so foul a rumor in the air,  
The shadow of a presence so atrocious,  
No human creature could have feasted there,  
Even the most ferocious.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

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PART III.

'T is hard for human actions to account,  
Whether from reason or from impulse only —  
But some internal prompting bade me mount  
The gloomy stairs and lonely.



Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,  
With odors as from bones and relics carnal,  
Deprived of rite, and consecrated mould,  
The chapel vault, or charnel.

Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress  
Of every step so many echoes blended,  
The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to guess  
How many feet ascended.

The tempest with its spoils had drifted in,  
Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted,  
As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,  
With leaves that rankly rotted.

The air was thick — and in the upper gloom  
The bat — or something in its shape — was winging ;  
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,  
The death's-head moth was clinging.

That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound  
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly ;  
And with a grim significance flits round  
The taper burning blueely.

Such omens in the place there seemed to be,  
At every crooked turn, or on the landing,  
The straining eyeball was prepared to see  
Some apparition standing.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !



Yet no portentous shape the sight amazed;  
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid;  
But from their tarnished frames dark figures gazed,  
And faces spectre-pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies  
Within the compass of art's simulation;  
Their souls were looking through their painted eyes  
With awful speculation.

On every lip a speechless horror dwelt;  
On every brow the burthen of affliction;  
The old ancestral spirits knew and felt  
The house's malediction.

Such earnest woe their features overcast,  
They might have stirred, or sighed, or wept, or spoken,  
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,  
The stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,  
Except my steps in solitary clamber,  
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,  
From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,  
That old magnificence had richly furnished  
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,  
And carvings gilt and burnished.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,  
With Scripture history, or classic fable;  
But all had faded, save one ragged part,  
Where Cain was slaying Abel.



The silent waste of mildew and the moth  
Had marred the tissue with a partial ravage;  
But undecaying frowned upon the cloth  
Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale; the cloud a thing of doubt;  
Some hues were fresh, and some decayed and duller  
But still the BLOODY HAND shone strangely out  
With vehemence of color!

The BLOODY HAND that with a lurid stain  
Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token,  
Projected from the casement's painted pane,  
Where all beside was broken.

The BLOODY HAND significant of crime,  
That, glaring on the old heraldic banner,  
Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time,  
In such a wondrous manner!

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!

The death-watch ticked behind the panelled oak,  
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,  
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,  
The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,  
But through one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,  
The while some secret inspiration said,  
That chamber is the ghostly!



Across the door no gossamer festoon  
Swung pendulous — no web — no dusty fringes,  
No silky chrysalis or white cocoon  
About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunned the interdicted room,  
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banished,  
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom  
The very midge had vanished.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a bed,  
As if with awful aim direct and certain,  
To show the BLOODY HAND in burning red  
Embroidered on the curtain.

And yet no gory stain was on the quilt —  
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted;  
The floor alone retained the trace of guilt,  
Those boards obscurely spotted.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence  
With mazy doubles to the grated casement —  
O, what a tale they told of fear intense,  
Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of night  
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance?  
Had sought the door, the window, in his flight,  
Striving for dear existence?

What shrieking spirit in that bloody room  
Its mortal frame had violently quitted? —  
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,  
A ghostly shadow flitted.



Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,  
But painted on the air so very dimly,  
It hardly veiled the tapestry at all,  
Or portrait frowning grimly.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !



## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

---

“Drowned ! drowned !” — HAMLET.

---

ONE more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements ;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing ;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully ;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly ;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.



Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful :  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family —  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses ;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?  
Who was her mother ?  
Had she a sister ?  
Had she a brother ?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other ?

Alas for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun !  
O, it was pitiful !  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly



Feelings had changed :  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence ;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver ;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river :  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurled —  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran, —  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it — think of it,  
Dissolute man !  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;



Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, — kindly, —  
Smooth, and compose them ;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest. —  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness  
Her sins to her Saviour !



## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

---

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread —  
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the “ Song of the Shirt ! ”

“ Work ! work ! work !  
While the cock is crowing aloof !  
And work — work — work,  
Till the stars shine through the roof !  
It 's O ! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work !

“ Work — work — work  
Till the brain begins to swim !  
Work — work — work  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream !



“O, men, with sisters dear!  
O, men, with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you’re wearing out,  
But human creatures’ lives!  
Stitch — stitch — stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

“But why do I talk of death?  
That phantom of grisly bone,  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own —  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fasts I keep;  
O, God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work — work — work!  
My labor never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread — and rags.  
That shattered roof — and this naked floor —  
A table — a broken chair —  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

“Work — work — work!  
From weary chime to chime,  
Work — work — work,  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed  
As well as the weary hand.



“Work — work — work,  
In the dull December light,  
And work — work — work,  
When the weather is warm and bright —  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the spring.

“O ! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet,  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want,  
And the walk that costs a meal !

“O ! but for one short hour !  
A respite however brief !  
No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief !  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread !”

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread —  
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, —  
Would that its tone could reach the rich ! —  
She sang this “Song of the Shirt !”



## THE LADY'S DREAM.

---

THE lady lay in her bed,  
Her couch so warm and soft,  
But her sleep was restless and broken still ;  
For, turning often and oft  
From side to side, she muttered and moaned,  
And tossed her arms aloft.

At last she startled up,  
And gazed on the vacant air,  
With a look of awe, as if she saw  
Some dreadful phantom there —  
And then in the pillow she buried her face  
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,  
Her terror was so extreme ;  
And the light that fell on the brodered quilt  
Kept a tremulous gleam ;  
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried :  
“ O, me ! that awful dream !

“ That weary, weary walk,  
In the church-yard's dismal ground !  
And those horrible things, with shady wings,  
That came and flitted round, —  
Death, death, and nothing but death,  
In every sight and sound !



“ And, O ! those maidens young,  
Who wrought in that dreary room,  
With figures drooping and spectres thin,  
And cheeks without a bloom ; —  
And the voice that cried, ‘ For the pomp of pride,  
We haste to an early tomb !

“ ‘ For the pomp and pleasure of pride,  
We toil like Afric slaves,  
And only to earn a home, at last,  
Where yonder cypress waves ; ’ —  
And then they pointed — I never saw  
A ground so full of graves !

“ And still the coffins came,  
With their sorrowful trains and slow ;  
Coffin after coffin still,  
A sad and sickening show ;  
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt  
Of such a world of woe !

“ Of the hearts that daily break,  
Of the tears that hourly fall,  
Of the many, many troubles of life,  
That grieve this earthly ball —  
Disease, and Hunger, and Pain, and Want,  
But now I dreamt of them all !

“ For the blind and the cripple were there,  
And the babe that pined for bread,  
And the houseless man, and the widow poor  
Who begged — to bury the dead ;  
The naked, alas ! that I might have clad.  
The famished I might have fed !



“The sorrow I might have soothed,  
And the unregarded tears ;  
For many a thronging shape was there,  
From long-forgotten years,—  
Ay, even the poor rejected Moor,  
Who raised my childish fears !

“Each pleading look, that long ago  
I scanned with a heedless eye,  
Each face was gazing as plainly there  
As when I passed it by :  
Woe, woe for me if the past should be  
Thus present when I die !

“No need of sulphureous lake,  
No need of fiery coal,  
But only that crowd of human kind  
Who wanted pity and dole —  
In everlasting retrospect —  
Will wring my sinful soul !

“Alas ! I have walked through life  
Too heedless where I trod ;  
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,  
And fill the burial sod —  
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls  
Not unmarked of God !

“I drank the richest draughts ;  
And ate whatever is good —  
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,  
Supplied my hungry mood ;  
But I never remembered the wretched ones  
That starve for want of food !



"I dressed as the noble dress,  
In cloth of silver and gold,  
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,  
In many an ample fold ;  
But I never remembered the naked limbs  
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have healed !  
The human sorrow and smart !  
And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part :  
But evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart !"

She clasped her fervent hands,  
And the tears began to stream ;  
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,  
Remorse was so extreme ;  
And yet, O, yet, that many a dame  
Would dream the Lady's Dream !



## THE WORKHOUSE CLOCK.

AN ALLEGORY.

---

THERE 's a murmur in the air,  
A noise in every street —  
The murmur of many tongues,  
The noise of numerous feet —  
While round the workhouse door  
The laboring classes flock,  
For why ? — the overseer of the poor  
Is setting the workhouse clock.

Who does not hear the tramp  
Of thousands speeding along  
Of either sex and various stamp,  
Sickly, crippled, or strong,  
Walking, limping, creeping  
From court, and alley, and lane,  
But all in one direction sweeping,  
Like rivers that seek the main ?  
Who does not see them sally  
From mill, and garret, and room,  
In lane, and court, and alley,  
From homes in poverty's lowest valley,  
Furnished with shuttle and loom —  
Poor slaves of Civilization's galley —  
And in the road and footways rally,  
As if for the day of doom ?



Some, of hardly human form,  
Stunted, crooked, and crippled by toil ;  
Dingy with smoke and dust and oil,  
And smirched besides with vicious soil,  
Clustering, mustering, all in a swarm.  
Father, mother, and careful child,  
Looking as if it had never smiled —  
The seamstress, lean, and weary, and wan,  
With only the ghosts of garments on —  
The weaver, her fallow neighbor,  
The grim and sooty artisan ;  
Every soul — child, woman, or man,  
Who lives — or dies — by labor.

Stirred by an overwhelming zeal,  
And social impulse, a terrible throng !  
Leaving shuttle, and needle, and wheel,  
Furnace, and grindstone, spindle, and reel,  
Thread, and yarn, and iron, and steel —  
Yea, rest and the yet untasted meal —  
Gushing, rushing, crushing along,  
A very torrent of Man !  
Urged by the sighs of sorrow and wrong,  
Grown at last to a hurricane strong,  
Stop its course who can !  
Stop who can its onward course  
And irresistible moral force ;  
O ! vain and idle dream !  
For surely as men are all akin,  
Whether of fair or sable skin,  
According to Nature's scheme,  
That human movement contains within  
A blood-power stronger than steam.



Onward, onward, with hasty feet,  
They swarm — and westward still —  
Masses born to drink and eat,  
But starving amidst Whitechapel's meat,  
And famishing down Cornhill !  
Through the Poultry — but still unfed —  
Christian charity, hang your head !  
Hungry — passing the Street of Bread ;  
Thirsty — the Street of Milk ;  
Ragged — beside the Ludgate mart,  
So gorgeous, through mechanic art,  
With cotton, and wool, and silk !

At last, before that door  
That bears so many a knock  
Ere ever it opens to sick or poor,  
Like sheep they huddle and flock —  
And would that all the good and wise  
Could see the million of hollow eyes,  
With a gleam derived from hope and the skies,  
Upturned to the workhouse clock !

O ! that the parish powers,  
Who regulate labor's hours,  
The daily amount of human trial,  
Weariness, pain, and self-denial,  
Would turn from the artificial dial  
That striketh ten or eleven,  
And go, for once, by that older one  
That stands in the light of Nature's sun,  
And takes its time from Heaven !



## THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

---

A SPADE ! a rake ! a hoe !  
A pickaxe, or a bill !  
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
A flail, or what ye will —  
And here's a ready hand  
To ply the needful tool,  
And skilled enough, by lessons rough,  
In Labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,  
To lop or fell the tree,  
To lay the swarth on the sultry field,  
Or plough the stubborn lea ;  
The harvest stack to bind,  
The wheaten rick to thatch,  
And never fear in my pouch to find  
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm  
My fancies never roam ;  
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn  
Is on the hearth of home ;  
Where children huddle and crouch  
Through dark long winter days,



Where starving children huddle and crouch,  
To see the cheerful rays,  
A-glowing on the haggard cheek,  
And not in the haggard's blaze !

To Him who sends a drought  
To parch the fields forlorn,  
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,  
The blight to blast the corn,  
To Him I leave to guide  
The bolt in its crooked path,  
To strike the miser's rick, and show  
The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe !  
A pickaxe, or a bill !  
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
A flail, or what ye will —  
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,  
The market-team to drive,  
Or mend the fence by the cover-side,  
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,  
And then you need not fear  
That I shall snare his worship's hare,  
Or kill his grace's deer ;  
Break into his lordship's house,  
To steal the plate so rich ;  
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse  
To welter in the ditch.

Wherever Nature needs,  
Wherever Labor calls,



No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,  
To shun the workhouse walls;  
Where savage laws begrudge  
The pauper babe its breath,  
And doom a wife to a widow's life,  
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,  
With labor stiff and stark  
By lawful turn my living to earn,  
Between the light and dark;  
My daily bread and nightly bed,  
My bacon, and drop of beer —  
But all from the hand that holds the land,  
And none from the overseer !

No parish money, or loaf,  
No pauper badges for me,—  
A son of the soil by right of toil  
Entitled to my fee.  
No alms I ask, give me my task;  
Here are the arm, the leg,  
The strength, the sinews of a man,  
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,  
Though doomed by chance of birth  
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean  
Instead of the fat of the earth;  
To make such humble meals  
As honest labor can,  
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,  
And little thanks to man !



A spade! a rake! a hoe!  
A pickaxe, or a bill!  
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
A flail, or what ye will —  
Whatever the tool to ply,  
Here is a willing drudge,  
With muscle and limb, and woe to him  
Who does their pay begrudge!

Who every weekly score  
Docks labor's little mite,  
Bestows on the poor at the temple door,  
But robbed them over night.  
The very shilling he hoped to save,  
As health and morals fail,  
Shall visit me in the New Bastile  
The Spital, or the Gaol!



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

14\*







## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### FAIR INES.

O SAW ye not fair Ines ?  
She 's gone into the west,  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest :  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivalled bright ;  
And blesséd will the lover be  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek  
I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
That gallant cavalier,  
Who rode so gayly by thy side,  
And whispered thee so near ! —



Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
Descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen,  
And banners waved before :  
And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore ; —  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
— If it had been no more !

Alas, alas ! fair Ines,  
She went away with song,  
With music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng ;  
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,  
But only music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,  
To her you 've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines !  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before, —  
Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore !  
The smile that blest one lover's heart  
Has broken many more !



## THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

SUMMER is gone on swallows' wings,  
And earth has buried all her flowers :  
No more the lark, the linnet sings,  
But silence sits in faded bowers.  
There is a shadow on the plain  
Of Winter ere he comes again,—  
There is in woods a solemn sound  
Of hollow warnings whispered round,  
As Echo in her deep recess  
For once had turned a prophetess.  
Shuddering Autumn stops to list,  
And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,  
With clouded face, and hazel eyes  
That quench themselves, and hide in mist.

Yes, Summer 's gone like pageant bright ;  
Its glorious days of golden light  
Are gone — the mimic suns that quiver,  
Then melt in Time's dark-flowing river.  
Gone the sweetly-scented breeze  
That spoke in music to the trees ;  
Gone for damp and chilly breath,  
As if fresh blown o'er marble seas,  
Or newly from the lungs of Death. —  
Gone its virgin roses' blushes,  
Warm as when Aurora rushes  
Freshly from the god's embrace,  
With all her shame upon her face.  
Old Time hath laid them in the mould ;  
Sure he is blind as well as old,  
Whose hand relentless never spares  
Young cheeks so beauty-bright as theirs !



Gone are the flame-eyed lovers now  
From where so blushing-blest they tarried  
Under the hawthorn's blossom-bough,  
Gone; for Day and Night are married.  
All the light of love is fled: —  
Alas! that negro breasts should hide  
The lips that were so rosy red,  
At morning and at even-tide!

Delightful Summer! then adieu  
Till thou shalt visit us anew:  
But who without regretful sigh  
Can say adieu, and see thee fly?  
Not he that e'er hath felt thy power,  
His joy expanding like a flower  
That cometh after rain and snow,  
Looks up at heaven, and learns to glow: —  
Not he that fled from Babel-strife  
To the green Sabbath-land of life,  
To dodge dull Care 'mid clustered trees,  
And cool his forehead in the breeze, —  
Whose spirit, weary-worn perchance,  
Shook from its wings a weight of grief,  
And perched upon an aspen-leaf,  
For every breath to make it dance.

Farewell! — on wings of sombre stain,  
That blacken in the last blue skies,  
Thou fly'st; but thou wilt come again  
On the gay wings of butterflies.  
Spring at thy approach will sprout  
Her new Corinthian beauties out,  
Leaf-woven homes, where twitter-words  
Will grow to songs, and eggs to birds;



Ambitious buds shall swell to flowers,  
And April smiles to sunny hours.  
Bright days shall be, and gentle nights  
Full of soft breath and echo-lights,  
As if the god of sun-time kept  
His eyes half-open while he slept.  
Roses shall be where roses were,  
Not shadows, but reality ;  
As if they never perished there,  
But slept in immortality :  
Nature shall thrill with new delight,  
And Time's relumined river run  
Warm as young blood, and dazzling bright  
As if its source were in the sun !

But say, hath Winter then no charms ?  
Is there no joy, no gladness, warmth  
His aged heart ? no happy wiles  
To cheat the hoary one to smiles ?  
Onward he comes — the cruel North  
Pours his furious whirlwind forth  
Before him — and we breathe the breath  
Of famished bears that howl to death.  
Onward he comes from rocks that blanch  
O'er solid streams that never flow ;  
His tears all ice, his locks all snow,  
Just crept from some huge avalanche —  
A thing half-breathing and half-warm,  
As if one spark began to glow  
Within some statue's marble form,  
Or pilgrim stiffened in the storm.  
O ! will not Mirth's light arrows fail  
To pierce that frozen coat of mail ?



O ! will not joy but strive in vain  
To light up those glazed eyes again ?

No ! take him in, and blaze the oak,  
And pour the wine, and warm the ale ;  
His sides shall shake to many a joke,  
His tongue shall thaw in many a tale,  
His eyes grow bright, his heart be gay,  
And even his palsy charmed away.  
What heeds he then the boisterous shout  
Of angry winds that scold without,  
Like shrewish wives at tavern door ?  
What heeds he then the wild uproar  
Of billows bursting on the shore ?  
In dashing waves, in howling breeze,  
There is a music that can charm him ;  
When safe, and sheltered, and at ease,  
He hears the storm that cannot harm him.

But hark ! those shouts ! that sudden din  
Of little hearts that laugh within.  
O ! take him where the youngsters play,  
And he will grow as young as they !  
They come ! they come ! each blue-eyed Sport,  
The Twelfth-Night King and all his court —  
'T is Mirth fresh crowned with mistletoe !  
Music with her merry fiddles,  
Joy "on light fantastic toe,"  
Wit with all his jests and riddles,  
Singing and dancing as they go.  
And Love, young Love, among the rest,  
A welcome — nor unbidden guest.

But still for Summer dost thou grieve ?  
Then read our poets — they shall weave



A garden of green fancies still,  
Where thy wish may rove at will.  
They have kept for after treats  
The essences of summer sweets,  
And echoes of its songs that wind  
In endless music through the mind :  
They have stamped in visible traces  
The "thoughts that breathe," in words that shine —  
The flights of soul in sunny places —  
To greet and company with thine.  
These shall wing thee on to flowers —  
The past or future that shall seem  
All the brighter in thy dream  
For blowing in such desert hours.  
The summer never shines so bright  
As thought of in a winter's night ;  
And the sweetest, loveliest rose  
Is in the bud before it blows ;  
The dear one of the lover's heart  
Is painted to his longing eyes,  
In charms she ne'er can realize —  
But when she turns again to part.  
Dream thou then, and bind thy brow  
With wreath of fancy roses now,  
And drink of summer in the cup  
Where the Muse hath mixed it up ;  
The "dance, and song, and sun-burnt mirth,"  
With the warm nectar of the earth :  
Drink ! 't will glow in every vein,  
And thou shalt dream the winter through :  
Then waken to the sun again,  
And find thy summer vision true !



## ODE:

## AUTUMN.

I SAW old Autumn in the misty morn  
Stand shadowless like silence, listening  
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing  
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,  
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn; —  
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright  
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,  
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the songs of Summer? — With the sun,  
Oping the dusky eyelids of the South,  
Till shade and silence waken up as one,  
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.  
Where are the merry birds? — Away, away,  
On panting wings through the inclement skies,  
Lest owls should prey  
Undazzled at noon-day,

And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.  
Where are the blooms of Summer? — In the west,  
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,  
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest  
Like tearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers  
To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of Summer,— the green prime,—  
The many, many leaves all twinkling? — Three  
On the mossed elm; three on the naked lime  
Trembling,— and one upon the old oak tree!

Where is the Dryad's immortality? —  
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,  
Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through  
In the smooth holly's green eternity.



The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,  
The ants have brimmed their garner with ripe grain,  
And honey-bees have stored  
The sweets of summer in their luscious cells;  
The swallows all have winged across the main;  
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,  
And sighs her tearful spells  
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.

Alone, alone,  
Upon a mossy stone,  
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,  
With the last leaves for a love-rosary,  
Whilst all the withered world looks drearily,  
Like a dim picture of the drownéd past  
In the hushed mind's mysterious far away,  
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last  
Into that distance, gray upon the gray.

O, go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded  
Under the languid downfall of her hair:  
She wears a coronal of flowers faded  
Upon her forehead, and a face of care;—  
There is enough of withered everywhere  
To make her bower,—and enough of gloom;  
There is enough of sadness to invite,  
If only for the rose that died,— whose doom  
Is Beauty's,— she that with the living bloom  
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light;—  
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite  
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,—  
Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl;  
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,  
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!



## SONG.

FOR MUSIC.

A LAKE and a fairy boat  
 To sail in the moonlight clear,—  
 And merrily we would float  
 From the dragons that watch us here !

Thy gown should be snow-white silk ;  
 And strings of orient pearls,  
 Like gossamers dipped in milk,  
 Should twine with thy raven curls !

Red rubies should deck thy hands,  
 And diamonds should be thy dower —  
 But fairies have broke their wands,  
 And wishing has lost its power !

## BALLAD.

SPRING it is cheery,  
 Winter is dreary,  
 Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly ;  
 When he 's forsaken,  
 Withered and shaken,  
 What can an old man do but die ?

Love will not clip him,  
 Maids will not lip him,  
 Maud and Marian pass him by ;  
 Youth it is sunny,  
 Age has no honey,—  
 What can an old man do but die ?



June it was jolly,  
 O for its folly !  
 A dancing leg and a laughing eye ;  
 Youth may be silly,  
 Wisdom is chilly,—  
 What can an old man do but die ?

Friends they are scanty,  
 Beggars are plenty,  
 If he has followers, I know why ;  
 Gold 's in his clutches,  
 (Buying him crutches !) —  
 What can an old man do but die ?

## HYMN TO THE SUN.

GIVER of glowing light !  
 Though but a god of other days,  
 The kings and sages  
 Of wiser ages  
 Still live and gladden in thy genial rays.

King of the tuneful lyre,  
 Still poets' hymns to thee belong ;  
 Though lips are cold  
 Whereon of old  
 Thy beams all turned to worshipping and song !

Lord of the dreadful bow,  
 None triumph now for Python's death ;  
 But thou dost save  
 From hungry grave  
 The life that hangs upon a summer breath.



Father of rosy day,  
No more thy clouds of incense rise ;  
But waking flowers  
At morning hours  
Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.

God of the Delphic fane,  
No more thou listenest to hymns sublime ;  
But they will leave  
On winds at eve  
A solemn echo to the end of time.

---

## TO A COLD BEAUTY.

LADY, wouldst thou heiress be  
To Winter's cold and cruel part ?  
When he sets the rivers free,  
Thou dost still lock up thy heart ; —  
Thou that shouldst outlast the snow  
But in the whiteness of thy brow ?

Scorn and cold neglect are made  
For winter gloom and winter wind,  
But thou wilt wrong the summer air,  
Breathing it to words unkind, —  
Breath which only should belong  
To love, to sunlight, and to song !

When the little buds uncloze,  
Red, and white, and pied, and blue,  
And that virgin flower, the rose,  
Opes her heart to hold the dew,  
Wilt thou lock thy bosom up  
With no jewel in its cup ?



Let not cold December sit  
Thus in Love's peculiar throne;—  
Brooklets are not prisoned now,  
But crystal frosts are all agone,  
And that which hangs upon the spray,  
It is no snow, but flower of May!

---

## RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,  
Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,  
Deeply ripened;—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;  
Which were blackest none could tell,  
But long lashes veiled a light  
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim;—  
Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;  
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
Share my harvest and my home.



## THE SEA OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

——— METHOUGHT I saw

Life swiftly treading over endless space ;  
And, at her foot-print, but a bygone pace,  
The ocean-past, which, with increasing wave,  
Swallowed her steps like a pursuing grave.

Sad were my thoughts that anchored silently  
On the dead waters of that passionless sea,  
Unstirred by any touch of living breath :  
Silence hung over it, and drowsy Death,  
Like a gorged sea-bird, slept with folded wings  
On crowded carcasses — sad passive things  
That wore the thin gray surface like a veil  
Over the calmness of their features pale.

And there were spring-faced cherubs that did sleep  
Like water-lilies on that motionless deep,  
How beautiful ! with bright unruffled hair  
On sleek unfretted brows, and eyes that were  
Buried in marble tombs, a pale eclipse !  
And smile-bedimpled cheeks, and pleasant lips,  
Meekly apart, as if the soul intense  
Spake out in dreams of its own innocence :  
And so they lay in loveliness, and kept  
The birth-night of their peace, that Life even wept  
With very envy of their happy fronts ;  
For there were neighbor brows scarred by the brunts  
Of strife and sorrowing — where Care had set  
His crooked autograph, and marred the jet  
Of glossy locks, with hollow eyes forlorn,  
And lips that curled in bitterness and scorn —



Wretched,—as they had breathed of this world's pain,  
And so bequeathed it to the world again,  
Through the beholder's heart, in heavy sighs.  
So lay they garmented in torpid light,  
Under the pall of a transparent night,  
Like solemn apparitions lulled sublime  
To everlasting rest,—and with them Time  
Slept, as he sleeps upon the silent face  
Of a dark dial in a sunless place.

---

## AUTUMN.

THE autumn skies are flushed with gold,  
And fair and bright the rivers run ;  
These are but streams of winter cold,  
And painted mists that quench the sun.

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,  
In secret boughs no bird can shroud ;  
These are but leaves that take to wing,  
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms  
That on the cheerless valleys fall ;  
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,  
And tears of dew are on them all.

---

## BALLAD.

SHE'S up and gone, the graceless girl !  
And robbed my failing years ;  
My blood before was thin and cold,  
But now 't is turned to tears ;—



My shadow falls upon my grave ;  
So near the brink I stand,  
She might have staid a little yet,  
And led me by the hand !

Ay, call her on the barren moor,  
And call her on the hill,—  
'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,  
And plover's answer shrill ;  
My child is flown on wilder wings  
Than they have ever spread,  
And I may even walk a waste  
That widened when she fled.

Full many a thankless child has been,  
But never one like mine ;  
Her meat was served on plates of gold,  
Her drink was rosy wine ;  
But now she 'll share the robin's food,  
And sup the common rill,  
Before her feet will turn again  
To meet her father's will !

---

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER. I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away !



I remember, I remember  
The roses red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups,  
Those flowers made of light !  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birth-day,—  
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing ;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky :  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 't is little joy  
To know I 'm further off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

---

BALLAD.

SIGH on, sad heart, for Love's eclipse  
And Beauty's fairest queen,  
Though 't is not for my peasant lips  
To soil her name between :



A king might lay his sceptre down,  
But I am poor and naught,  
The brow should wear a golden crown  
That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,  
Whose sudden beams surprise,  
Might bid such humble hopes beware  
The glancing of her eyes;  
Yet looking once, I looked too long,  
And if my love is sin,  
Death follows on the heels of wrong,  
And kills the crime within.

Her dress seemed wove of lily leaves,  
It was so pure and fine,  
O lofty wears, and lowly weaves,  
But hoddan gray is mine;  
And homely hose must step apart,  
Where gartered princes stand,  
But may he wear my love at heart  
That wins her lily hand!

Alas! there's far from russet frize  
To silks and satin gowns,  
But I doubt if God made like degrees  
In courtly hearts and clowns.  
My father wronged a maiden's mirth,  
And brought her cheeks to blame,  
And all that's lordly of my birth  
Is my reproach and shame!

'Tis vain to weep,— 't is vain to sigh,  
'Tis vain this idle speech,  
For where her happy pearls do lie  
My tears may never reach;



Yet when I'm gone, e'en lofty pride  
May say of what has been,  
His love was nobly born and died,  
Though all the rest was mean !  
My speech is rude,— but speech is weak  
Such love as mine to tell,  
Yet had I words, I dare not speak,  
So, lady, fare thee well ;  
I will not wish thy better state  
Was one of low degree,  
But I must weep that partial fate  
Made such a churl of me.

---

## THE WATER LADY.

ALAS ! the moon should ever beam  
To show what man should never see ! —  
I saw a maiden on a stream,  
And fair was she !

I staid a while, to see her throw  
Her tresses back, that all beset  
The fair horizon of her brow  
With clouds of jet.

I staid a little while to view  
Her cheek, that wore in place of red  
The bloom of water, tender blue,  
Daintily spread.

I staid to watch, a little space,  
Her parted lips if she would sing ;  
The waters closed above her face  
With many a ring.



And still I staid a little more ;  
Alas ! she never comes again !  
I throw my flowers from the shore,  
And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away,  
I know that I must vainly pine ;  
For I am made of mortal clay,  
But she 's divine !

---

## THE EXILE.

THE swallow with summer  
Will wing o'er the seas,  
The wind that I sigh to  
Will visit thy trees,  
The ship that it hastens  
Thy ports will contain,  
But me — I must never  
See England again !

There 's many that weep there,  
But one weeps alone,  
For the tears that are falling  
So far from her own ;  
So far from thy own, love,  
We know not our pain ;  
If death is between us,  
Or only the main.

When the white cloud reclines  
On the verge of the sea,  
I fancy the white cliffs,  
And dream upon thee ;



But the cloud spread its wings  
 To the blue heaven and flies.  
 We never shall meet, love,  
 Except in the skies !

---

TO AN ABSENTEE.

O'ER hill, and dale, and distant sea,  
 Through all the miles that stretch between,  
 My thought must fly to rest on thee,  
 And would, though worlds should intervene.

Nay, thou art now so dear, methinks  
 The further we are forced apart,  
 Affection's firm elastic links  
 But bind the closer round the heart.

For now we sever each from each,  
 I learn what I have lost in thee ;  
 Alas ! that nothing less could teach  
 How great indeed my love should be !

Farewell ! I did not know thy worth ;  
 But thou art gone, and now 't is prized :  
 So angels walked unknown on earth,  
 But when they flew were recognized !

---

SONG.

THE stars are with the voyager  
 Wherever he may sail ;  
 The moon is constant to her time ;  
 The sun will never fail ;



But follow, follow round the world,  
 The green earth and the sea;  
 So love is with the lover's heart,  
 Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars  
 Must daily lose their light;  
 The moon will veil her in the shade;  
 The sun will set at night.  
 The sun may set, but constant love  
 Will shine when he's away;  
 So that dull night is never night,  
 And day is brighter day.

## ODE TO THE MOON.

MOTHER of light! how fairly dost thou go  
 Over those hoary crests, divinely led! —  
 Art thou that huntress of the silver bow  
 Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread  
 Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,  
 Like the wild chamois from her Alpine snow,  
 Where hunter never climbed, — secure from dread?  
 How many antique fancies have I read  
 Of that mild presence! and how many wrought!  
     Wondrous and bright,  
     Upon the silver light,  
 Chasing fair figures with the artist, Thought!  
 What art thou like? — sometimes I see thee ride  
 A far-bound galley on its perilous way,  
 Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray: —  
     Sometimes behold thee glide,



Clustered by all thy family of stars,  
Like a lone widow, through the welkin wide,  
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars ; —  
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,  
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,  
Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,  
To catch the young Endymion asleep, —  
Leaving thy splendor at the jagged porch ! —

O, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be !  
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named ;  
And he, the veriest Pagan, that first framed  
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipped thee ! —  
It is too late, or thou shouldst have my knee ;  
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,  
And not divine the crescent on thy brows ! —  
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild moon,  
    Behind those chestnut boughs,  
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet ;  
I will be grateful for that simple boon,  
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,  
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In nights far gone, — ay, far away and dead, —  
Before Care-fretted with a lidless eye, —  
I was thy wooer on my little bed,  
Letting the early hours of rest go by,  
To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,  
And feed thy snow-white swans, before I slept ;  
For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams, —  
Thou wert the fairies' armorer, that kept  
Their burnished helms, and crowns, and corselets bright

    Their spears and glittering mails ;



And ever thou didst spill in winding streams  
 Sparkles and midnight gleams,  
 For fishes to new gloss their argent scales ! —

Why sighs ? — why creeping tears ? — why claspéd hands ? —  
 Is it to count the boy's expended dower ?  
 That fairies since have broke their gifted wands ?  
 That young Delight, like any o'erblown flower,  
 Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground ? —  
 Why then, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st no hour,  
 Thou art a sadder dial to old Time

Than ever I have found

On sunny garden-plot, or moss-grown tower,  
 Mottoed with stern and melancholy rhyme.

Why should I grieve for this ? — O I must yearn,  
 Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,  
 Keeps his cold ashes in an ancient urn,  
 Richly embossed with childhood's revelry,  
 With leaves and clustered fruits, and flowers eterne, —  
 (Eternal to the world, though not to me,) —  
 Aye there will those brave sports and blossoms be,  
 The deathless wreath, and undecayed festoon,

When I am hearsed within, —

Less than the pallid primrose to the moon,  
 That now she watches through a vapor thin.

So let it be : — Before I lived to sigh,  
 Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills,  
 Beautiful orb ! and so, whene'er I lie  
 Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills.  
 Blest be thy loving light, where'er it spills,  
 And blessed thy fair face, O mother mild !  
 Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,



Still lend thy lonely lamp to lovers fond,  
And blend their plighted shadows into one : —  
Still smile at even on the bedded child,  
And close his eyelids with thy silver wand !

---

## TO ———.

WELCOME, dear heart, and a most kind good-morrow,  
The day is gloomy, but our looks shall shine : —  
Flowers I have none to give thee, but I borrow  
Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

Here are red roses, gathered at thy cheeks, —  
The white were all too happy to look white :  
For love the rose, for faith the lily speaks ;  
It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright !

Dost love sweet hyacinth ? Its scented leaf  
Curls manifold, — all love's delights blow double :  
'T is said this floweret is inscribed with grief, —  
But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.

I plucked the primrose at night's dewy noon ;  
Like Hope, it showed its blossoms in the night ; —  
'T was like Endymion, watching for the moon !  
And here are sunflowers, amorous of light !

These golden buttercups are April's seal, —  
The daisy stars her constellations be :  
These grew so lowly, I was forced to kneel,  
Therefore I pluck no daisies but for thee !

Here's daisies for the morn, primrose for gloom,  
Pansies and roses for the noontide hours : —  
A wight once made a dial of their bloom, —  
So may thy life be measured out by flowers !



## THE FORSAKEN.

THE dead are in their silent graves,  
And the dew is cold above,  
And the living weep and sigh  
Over dust that once was love.

Once I only wept the dead,  
But now the living cause my pain :  
How couldst thou steal me from my tears,  
To leave me to my tears again ?

My mother rests beneath the sod,—  
Her rest is calm and very deep :  
I wished that she could see our loves,—  
But now I gladden in her sleep.

Last night unbound my raven locks,  
The morning saw them turned to gray,  
Once they were black and well beloved,  
But thou art changed,—and so are they !

The useless lock I gave thee once,  
To gaze upon and think of me,  
Was ta'en with smiles,—but this was torn  
In sorrow that I send to thee.

## AUTUMN.

THE Autumn is old,  
The sere leaves are flying ;—  
He hath gathered up gold,  
And now he is dying ;—  
Old age, begin sighing !



The vintage is ripe,  
The harvest is heaping ; —  
But some that have sowed  
Have no riches for reaping ; —  
Poor wretch, fall a weeping !

The year 's in the wane,  
There is nothing adorning,  
The night has no eve,  
And the day has no morning ; —  
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill,  
The red sun is sinking,  
And I am grown old,  
And life is fast shrinking ; —  
Here 's enow for sad thinking !

---

## ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

COME, let us set our careful breasts,  
Like Philomel, against the thorn,  
To aggravate the inward grief,  
That makes her accents so forlorn ;  
The world has many cruel points,  
Whereby our bosoms have been torn,  
And there are dainty themes of grief,  
In sadness to outlast the morn, —  
True honor's dearth, affection's death,  
Neglectful pride, and cankering scorn,  
With all the piteous tales that tears  
Have watered since the world was born.



The world ! — it is a wilderness,  
Where tears are hung on every tree ;  
For thus my gloomy fantasy  
Makes all things weep with me !  
Come let us sit and watch the sky,  
And fancy clouds where no clouds be ;  
Grief is enough to blot the eye,  
And make heaven black with misery.  
Why should birds sing such merry notes,  
Unless they were more blest than we ?  
No sorrow ever chokes their throats,  
Except sweet nightingale ; for she  
Was born to pain our hearts the more  
With her sad melody.  
Why shines the sun, except that he  
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,  
And pensive shades for Melancholy,  
When all the earth is bright beside ?  
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave,  
Mirth shall not win us back again,  
Whilst man is made of his own grave,  
And fairest clouds but gilded rain !

I saw my mother in her shroud,  
Her cheek was cold and very pale ;  
And ever since I 've looked on all  
As creatures doomed to fail !  
Why do buds ope, except to die ?  
Ay, let us watch the roses wither,  
And think of our loves' cheeks ;  
And, O, how quickly time doth fly  
To bring death's winter hither !  
Minutes, hours, days, and weeks,



Months, years, and ages, shrink to naught ;  
An age past is but a thought !

Ay, let us think of him a while,  
That, with a coffin for a boat,  
Rows daily o'er the Stygian moat,  
And for our table choose a tomb :  
There's dark enough in any skull  
To charge with black a raven plume ;  
And for the saddest funeral thoughts  
A winding-sheet hath ample room,  
Where Death, with his keen-pointed style,  
Hath writ the common doom.  
How wide the yew-tree spreads its gloom,  
And o'er the dead lets fall its dew,  
As if in tears it wept for them,  
The many human families  
That sleep around its stem !  
How cold the dead have made these stones,  
With natural drops kept ever wet !  
Lo ! here the best. the worst, the world  
Doth now remember or forget,  
Are in one common ruin hurled,  
And love and hate are calmly met ;  
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,  
The fairest hands, and locks of jet.  
Is't not enough to vex our souls,  
And fill our eyes, that we have set  
Our love upon a rose's leaf,  
Our hearts upon a violet ?  
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet ;  
And, sometimes, at their swift decay  
Beforehand we must fret :  
The roses bud and bloom again ;



But love may haunt the grave of love,  
And watch the mould in vain.  
O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,  
And do not take my tears amiss;  
For tears must flow to wash away  
A thought that shows so stern as this:  
Forgive, if somehow I forget,  
In woe to come, the present bliss.  
As frightened Proserpine let fall  
Her flowers at the sight of Dis,  
Even so the dark and bright will kiss.  
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,  
And there is even a happiness  
That makes the heart afraid!  
Now let us with a spell invoke  
The full-orbed moon to grieve our eyes;  
Not bright, not bright, but, with a cloud  
Lapped all about her, let her rise  
All pale and dim, as if from rest  
The ghost of the late buried sun  
Had crept into the skies.  
The moon! she is the source of sighs,  
The very face to make us sad;  
If but to think in other times  
The same calm quiet look she had,  
As if the world held nothing base,  
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad;  
The same fair light that shone in streams,  
The fairy lamp that charmed the lad;  
For so it is, with spent delights  
She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad.  
All things are touched with melancholy,  
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,



To feel her fair ethereal wings  
 Weighed down with vile degraded dust ;  
 Even the bright extremes of joy  
 Bring on conclusions of disgust,  
 Like the sweet blossoms of the May,  
 Whose fragrance ends in must.  
 O, give her, then, her tribute just,  
 Her sighs and tears, and musings holy !  
 There is no music in the life  
 That sounds with idiot laughter solely ;  
 There 's not a string attuned to mirth,  
 But has its chord in Melancholy.

## SONNETS.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKSPEARE.

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky  
 The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled !  
 Hues of all flowers that in their ashes lie,  
 Trophied in that fair light whereon they fed,  
 Tulip, and hyacinth, and sweet rose red,—  
 Like exhalations from the leafy mould,  
 Look here how honor glorifies the dead,  
 And warms their scutcheons with a glance of gold . —  
 Such is the memory of poets old,  
 Who on Parnassus' hill have bloomed elate ;  
 Now they are laid under their marbles cold,  
 And turned to clay, whereof they were create ;  
 But god Apollo hath them all enrolled,  
 And blazoned on the very clouds of fate !



## TO FANCY.

Most delicate Ariel ! submissive thing,  
 Won by the mind's high magic to its hest,—  
 Invisible embassy, or secret guest,—  
 Weighing the light air on a lighter wing ; —  
 Whether into the midnight moon, to bring  
 Illuminate visions to the eye of rest,—  
 Or rich romances from the florid West,—  
 Or to the sea, for mystic whispering,—  
 Still by thy charmed allegiance to the will  
 The fruitful wishes prosper in the brain,  
 As by the fingering of fairy skill,—  
 Moonlight, and waters, and soft music's strain,  
 Odors, and blooms, and *my* Miranda's smile,  
 Making this dull world an enchanted isle.

## TO AN ENTHUSIAST.

YOUNG ardent soul, graced with fair Nature's truth,  
 Spring warmth of heart, and fervency of mind,  
 And still a large late love of all thy kind,  
 Spite of the world's cold practice and Time's tooth,  
 For all these gifts, I know not, in fair sooth,  
 Whether to give thee joy, or bid thee blind  
 Thine eyes with tears,—that thou hast not resigned  
 The passionate fire and freshness of thy youth :  
 For as the current of thy life shall flow,  
 Gilded by shine of sun or shadow-stained,  
 Through flowery valley or unwholesome fen,  
 Thrice blessed in thy joy, or in thy woe  
 Thrice cursed of thy race,—thou art ordained  
 To share beyond the lot of common men.



It is not death, that sometime in a sigh  
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight ;  
That sometime these bright stars, that now reply  
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night ;  
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,  
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow ;  
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal spright  
Be lapped in alien clay and laid below ;  
It is not death to know this,— but to know  
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves  
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go  
So duly and so oft,— and when grass waves  
Over the past-away, there may be then  
No resurrection in the minds of men.

---

By every sweet tradition of true hearts,  
Graven by Time, in love with his own lore ;  
By all old martyrdoms and antique smarts,  
Wherein Love died to be alive the more ;  
Yea, by the sad impression on the shore  
Left by the drowned Leander, to endear  
That coast forever, where the billows' roar  
Moaneth for pity in the poet's ear ;  
By Hero's faith, and the foreboding tear  
That quenched her brand's last twinkle in its fall ;  
By Sappho's leap, and the low rustling fear  
That sighed around her flight ; I swear by all,  
The world shall find such pattern in my act,  
As if Love's great examples still were lacked.



## ON RECEIVING A GIFT.

Look how the golden ocean shines above  
Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their girth ;  
So does the bright and blessed light of love  
Its own things glorify, and raise their worth.  
As weeds seem flowers beneath the flattering brine,  
And stones like gems, and gems as gems indeed,  
Even so our tokens shine ; nay, they outshine  
Pebbles and pearls, and gems and coral weed ;  
For where be ocean waves but half so clear,  
So calmly constant, and so kindly warm,  
As Love's most mild and glowing atmosphere,  
That hath no dregs to be upturned by storm ?  
Thus, sweet, thy gracious gifts are gifts of price,  
And more than gold to doting Avarice.

---

## SILENCE.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound  
There is a silence where no sound may be,  
In the cold grave — under the deep, deep sea,  
Or in wide desert where no life is found,  
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound ,  
No voice is hushed — no life treads silently,  
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,  
That never spoke, over the idle ground :  
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls  
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,  
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,  
And owls, that flit continually between,  
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,  
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.



THE curse of Adam, the old curse of all  
Though I inherit in this feverish life  
Of worldly toil, vain wishes, and hard strife,  
And fruitless thought, in Care's eternal thrall,  
Yet more sweet honey than of bitter gall  
I taste, through thee, my Eva, my sweet wife.  
Then what was Man's lost Paradise! — how rife  
Of bliss, since love is with him in his fall!  
Such as our own pure passion still might frame,  
Of this fair earth, and its delightful bowers,  
If no fell sorrow, like the serpent, came  
To trail its venom o'er the sweetest flowers: —  
But, O! as many and such tears are ours,  
As only should be shed for guilt and shame!

---

LOVE, dearest lady, such as I would speak,  
Lives not within the humor of the eye; —  
Not being but an outward fantasy,  
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek —  
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,  
As if the rose made summer,—and so lie  
Amongst the perishable things that die,  
Unlike the love which I would give and seek,  
Whose health is of no hue — to feel decay  
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.  
Love is its own great loveliness alway,  
And takes new lustre from the touch of time;  
Its bough owns no December and no May,  
But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.



## "THE LAST MAN."

'T WAS in the year two thousand and one,  
A pleasant morning of May,  
I sat on the gallows-tree all alone,  
A chanting a merry lay,—  
To think how the pest had spared my life,  
To sing with the larks that day !

When up the heath came a jolly knave,  
Like a scarecrow, all in rags :  
It made me crow to see his old duds  
All abroad in the wind, like flags : —  
So up he came to the timbers' foot  
And pitched down his greasy bags.—

Good Lord ! how blithe the old beggar was  
At pulling out his scraps,—  
The very sight of his broken orts  
Made a work in his wrinkled chaps :  
"Come down," says he, "you Newgate-bird,  
And have a taste of my snaps !"——

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,  
I slided, and by him stood ;  
But I wished myself on the gallows again  
When I smelt that beggar's food,—  
A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust ; —  
"O !" quoth he, "the heavens are good !"

Then after this grace he cast him down.  
Says I, "You 'll get sweeter air  
A pace or two off, on the windward side,"—  
For the felons' bones lay there.—  
But he only laughed at the empty skulls,  
And offered them part of his fare.



"I never harmed *them*, and they won't harm me :  
Let the proud and the rich be cravens !"  
I did not like that strange beggar man,  
He looked so up at the heavens.  
Anon he shook out his empty old poke ;  
"There's the crumbs," saith he, "for the ravens !"

It made me angry to see his face,  
It had such a jesting look ;  
But while I made up my mind to speak,  
A small case-bottle he took ;  
Quoth he, "Though I gather the green water-cress,  
My drink is not of the brook !"

Full manners-like he tendered the dram :  
O, it came of a dainty cask !  
But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,  
"Your leave, good sir, I must ask ;  
But I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,  
When a hangman sups at my flask !"

And then he laughed so loudly and long,  
The churl was quite out of breath ;  
I thought the very Old One was come  
To mock me before my death,  
And wished I had buried the dead men's bones  
That were lying about the heath !

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap —  
"Come, let us pledge each other,  
For all the wide world is dead beside,  
And we are brother and brother —  
I've a yearning for thee in my heart,  
As if we had come of one mother.



"I've a yearning for thee in my heart,  
That almost makes me weep,  
For as I passed from town to town  
The folks were all stone-asleep,—  
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,  
It made me both laugh and leap!"

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,  
And a curse upon his mirth,—  
An' it were not for that beggar man  
I'd be the king of the earth,—  
But I promised myself an hour should come  
To make him rue his birth! —

So down we sat and boused again  
Till the sun was in mid-sky,  
When, just when the gentle west-wind came,  
We hearkened a dismal cry;  
"Up, up, on the tree," quoth the beggar man,  
"Till these horrible dogs go by!"

And, lo! from the forest's far-off skirts  
They came all yelling for gore,  
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,  
And a panting hart before,  
Till he sunk adown at the gallows' foot,  
And there his haunches they tore!

His haunches they tore, without a horn  
To tell when the chase was done;  
And there was not a single scarlet coat  
To flaunt it in the sun! —  
I turned, and looked at the beggar man,  
And his tears dropt one by one!



And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,  
Till the last dropt out of sight;  
Anon, saith he, "Let's down again,  
And ramble for our delight,  
For the world's all free, and we may choose  
A right cosey barn for to-night!"

With that, he set up his staff on end,  
And it fell with the point due west;  
So we fared that way to a city great  
Where the folks had died of the pest —  
It was fine to enter in house and hall,  
Wherever it liked me best; —

For the porters all were stiff and cold,  
And could not lift their heads;  
And when he came where their masters lay,  
The rats leapt out of the beds: —  
The grandest palaces in the land  
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar man made a mumping face,  
And knocked at every gate:  
It made me curse to hear how he whined;  
So our fellowship turned to hate,  
And I bade him walk the world by himself,  
For I scorned so humble a mate!

So *he* turned right and *I* turned left,  
As if we had never met;  
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,  
For the city was all to let;  
And for three brave holidays drank my fill  
Of the choicest that I could get.



And because my jerkin was coarse and worn,  
I got me a properer vest ;  
It was purple velvet, stitched o'er with gold,  
And a shining star at the breast,—  
'T was enough to fetch old Joan from her grave  
To see me so purely drest ! —

But Joan was dead and under the mould,  
And every buxom lass ;  
In vain I watched at the window-pane,  
For a Christian soul to pass ; —  
But sheep and kine wandered up the street,  
And browsed on the new-come grass. —

When, lo ! I spied the old beggar man,  
And lustily he did sing ! —  
His rags were lapped in a scarlet cloak,  
And a crown he had like a king ;  
So he stept right up before my gate  
And danced me a saucy fling !

Heaven mend us all ! — but, within my mind  
I had killed him then and there ;  
To see him lording so braggart-like  
That was born to his beggar's fare,  
And how he had stolen the royal crown  
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die,  
Without his share of the laws !  
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,  
And soon tied up his claws,—  
I was judge myself, and jury, and all,  
And solemnly tried the cause.



But the beggar man would not plead, but cried  
Like a babe without its corals,  
For he knew how hard it is apt to go  
When the law and a thief have quarrels,—  
There was not a Christian soul alive  
To speak a word for his morals.

O, how gayly I doffed my costly gear,  
And put on my work-day clothes ;  
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,—  
And never was one of the sloths ;  
But the beggar man grumbled a weary deal,  
And made many crooked mouths.

So I hauled him off to the gallows' foot,  
And blinded him in his bags ;  
'T was a weary job to heave him up,  
For a doomed man always lags ;  
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs  
In the wind, and airing his rags !

So there he hung, and there I stood,  
The last man left alive,  
To have my own will of all the earth :  
Quoth I, now I shall thrive !  
But when was ever honey made  
With one bee in a hive ?

My conscience began to gnaw my heart,  
Before the day was done,  
For the other men's lives had all gone out,  
Like candles in the sun ! —  
But it seemed as if I had broke, at last,  
A thousand necks in one !



So I went and cut his body down,  
To bury it decently ; —  
God send there were any good soul alive  
To do the like by me !  
But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,  
And bayed me up the tree !

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,  
And my head began to swim,  
To see their jaws all white with foam,  
Like the ravenous ocean-brim ; —  
But when the wild dogs trotted away  
Their jaws were bloody and grim !

Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord !  
But the beggar man, where was he ? —  
There was naught of him but some ribbons of rags  
Below the gallows-tree ! —  
I know the devil, when I am dead,  
Will send his hounds for me ! —

I've buried my babies one by one,  
And dug the deep hole for Joan,  
And covered the faces of kith and kin,  
And felt the old church-yard stone  
Go cold to my heart, full many a time,  
But I never felt so lone !

For the lion and Adam were company,  
And the tiger him beguiled ;  
But the simple kine are foes to my life,  
And the household brutes are wild.  
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,  
I could love it like a child !



And the beggar man's ghost besets my dream,  
At night, to make me madder,—  
And my wretched conscience, within my breast,  
Is like a stinging adder;—  
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,  
And look at the rope and ladder!

For hanging looks sweet,— but, alas! in vain  
My desperate fancy begs,—  
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,  
And drink it to the dregs,—  
For there is not another man alive,  
In the world, to pull my legs!

---

## THE LEE SHORE.

SLEET! and hail! and thunder!

And ye winds that rave,  
Till the sands thereunder  
Tinge the sullen wave—

Winds, that like a demon  
Howl with horrid note  
Round the toiling seaman,  
In his tossing boat—

From his humble dwelling  
On the shingly shore,  
Where the billows swelling  
Keep such hollow roar—

From that weeping woman,  
Seeking with her cries



Succor superhuman  
From the frowning skies —

From the urchin pining  
For his father's knee —  
From the lattice shining,  
Drive him out to sea !

Let broad leagues dissever  
Him from yonder foam ; —  
O, God ! to think man ever  
Comes too near his home !

---

## THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied —  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had  
Another morn than ours.



LINES

ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING IN THE SAME  
CHAMBER.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious round,  
The sky its blue circumference above,  
That in this little chamber there is found  
Both earth and heaven — my universe of love !  
All that my God can give me or remove,  
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death.  
Sweet that in this small compass I behove  
To live their living and to breathe their breath !  
Almost I wish that with one common sigh  
We might resign all mundane care and strife,  
And seek together that transcendent sky,  
Where father, mother, children, husband, wife,  
Together pant in everlasting life !

---

TO MY DAUGHTER,

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

DEAR Fanny ! nine long years ago,  
While yet the morning sun was low,  
And rosy with the eastern glow  
The landscape smiled ;  
Whilst lowed the newly-wakened herds —  
Sweet as the early song of birds,  
I heard those first, delightful words,  
“Thou hast a child !”

Along with that uprising dew  
Tears glistened in my eyes, though few,  
To hail a dawning quite as new,



To me, as time :

It was not sorrow — not annoy —  
But like a happy maid, though coy,  
With grief-like welcome, even joy  
Foretells its prime.

So may'st thou live, dear ! many years,  
In all the bliss that life endears,  
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears

Too strictly kept :  
When first thy infant littleness  
I folded in my fond caress,  
The greatest proof of happiness  
Was this — I wept.

---

TO A CHILD

EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one !  
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—  
Hereafter she may have a son  
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.  
Love thy mother, little one !

Gaze upon her living eyes,  
And mirror back her love for thee,—  
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs  
To meet them when they cannot see.  
Gaze upon her living eyes !

Press her lips the while they glow  
With love that they have often told,—  
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,  
And kiss them till thine own are cold.  
Press her lips the while they glow !



O, revere her raven hair !  
Although it be not silver-gray ;  
Too early death, led on by care,  
May snatch save one dear lock away.  
O ! revere her raven hair !

Pray for her at eve and morn,  
That heaven may long the stroke defer,—  
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn  
When thou wilt ask to die with her.  
Pray for her at eve and morn !

---

## STANZAS.

FAREWELL life ! my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim :  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night—  
Colder, colder, colder still,  
Upward steals a vapor chill ;  
Strong the earthy odor grows —  
I smell the mould above the rose !

Welcome life ! the spirit strives !  
Strength returns and hope revives ;  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn,—  
O'er the earth there comes a bloom ;  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapor cold —  
I smell the rose above the mould !

April, 1845.



## TO A FALSE FRIEND.

OUR hands have met, but not our hearts ;  
 Our hands will never meet again.  
 Friends if we have ever been,  
 Friends we cannot now remain .  
 I only know I loved you once,  
 I only know I loved in vain ;  
 Our hands have met, but not our hearts ;  
 Our hands will never meet again !

Then farewell to heart and hand !  
 I would our hands had never met :  
 Even the outward form of love  
 Must be resigned with some regret.  
 Friends we still might seem to be,  
 If my wrong could e'er forget  
 Our hands have joined, but not our hearts :  
 I would our hands had never met !

## THE POET'S PORTION.

WHAT is a mine — a treasury — a dower —  
 A magic talisman of mighty power ?  
 A poet's wide possession of the earth.  
 He has the enjoyment of a flower's birth  
 Before its budding — ere the first red streaks, —  
 And winter cannot rob him of their cheeks.  
 Look — if his dawn be not as other men's !  
 Twenty bright flushes — ere another kens  
 The first of sunlight is abroad — he sees  
 Its golden 'lection of the topmost trees,  
 And opes the splendid fissures of the morn.  
 When do his fruits delay, when doth his corn



Linger for harvesting ? Before the leaf  
Is commonly abroad, in his piled sheaf  
The flagging poppies lose their ancient flame.  
No sweet there is, no pleasure I can name,  
But he will sip it first — before the lees.  
'Tis his to taste rich honey,— ere the bees  
Are busy with the brooms. He may forestall  
June's rosy advent for his coronal ;  
Before the expectant buds upon the bough,  
Twining his thoughts to bloom upon his brow.  
O ! blest to see the flower in its seed,  
Before its leafy presence ; for indeed  
Leaves are but wings, on which the summer flies,  
And each thing perishable fades and dies,  
Escaped in thought ; but his rich thinkings be  
Like overflows of immortality.  
So that what there is steeped shall perish never,  
But live and bloom, and be a joy forever.

---

## SONG.

O LADY, leave thy silken thread  
And flowery tapestry :  
There's living roses on the bush,  
And blossoms on the tree ;  
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand  
Some random bud will meet ;  
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find  
The daisy at thy feet.  
'T is like the birthday of the world,  
When earth was born in bloom ;  
The light is made of many dyes,  
The air is all perfume ;



There's crimson buds, and white and blue —  
The very rainbow showers  
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,  
And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the east,  
The garden of the sun ;  
The very streams reflect the hues,  
And blossom as they run :  
While Morn opes like a crimson rose,  
Still wet with pearly showers ;  
Then, lady, leave the silken thread  
Thou twinest into flowers !

---

TIME, HOPE, AND MEMORY.

I HEARD a gentle maiden, in the spring,  
Set her sweet sighs to music, and thus sing :  
“ Fly through the world, and I will follow thee,  
Only for looks that may turn back on me ;

“ Only for roses that your chance may throw —  
Though withered — I will wear them on my brow,  
To be a thoughtful fragrance to my brain ;  
Warmed with such love, that they will bloom again.

“ Thy love before thee, I must tread behind,  
Kissing thy foot-prints, though to me unkind ;  
But trust not all her fondness, though it seem,  
Lest thy true love should rest on a false dream.

“ Her face is smiling, and her voice is sweet :  
But smiles betray, and music sings deceit ;  
And words speak false ; — yet, if they welcome prove  
I'll be their echo, and repeat their love.



"Only if wakened to sad truth, at last,  
The bitterness to come, and sweetness past ;  
When thou art vex'd, then, turn again, and see  
Thou hast loved Hope, but Memory loved thee."

---

## FLOWERS.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,  
Whose head is turned by the sun ;  
The tulip is a courtly quean,  
Whom, therefore, I will shun ;  
The cowslip is a country wench,  
The violet is a nun ; —  
But I will woo the dainty rose,  
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,  
In too much haste to wed,  
And clasps her rings on every hand ;  
The wolfsbane I should dread ; —  
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,  
That always mourns the dead ; —  
But I will woo the dainty rose,  
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,  
And so is no mate for me —  
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,  
She is of such low degree ;  
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,  
And the broom's betrothed to the bee ; —  
But I will plight with the dainty rose,  
For fairest of all is she.



## TO ———.

STILL glides the gentle streamlet on,  
With shifting current new and strange ;  
The water that was here is gone,  
But those green shadows never change.

Serene or ruffled by the storm,  
On present waves, as on the past,  
The mirrored grove retains its form,  
The self-same trees their semblance cast.

The hue each fleeting globule wears,  
That drop bequeaths it to the next ;  
One picture still the surface bears,  
To illustrate the murmured text.

So, love, however time may flow,  
Fresh hours pursuing those that flee,  
One constant image still shall show  
My tide of life is true to thee.

## TO ———.

LET us make a leap, my dear,  
In our love, of many a year,  
And date it very far away,  
On a bright clear summer day,  
When the heart was like a sun  
To itself, and falsehood none ;  
And the rosy lips a part  
Of the very loving heart,  
And the shining of the eye  
But a sign to know it by ; —



When my faults were all forgiven,  
And my life deserved of Heaven.  
Dearest, let us reckon so,  
And love for all that long ago;  
Each absence count a year complete,  
And keep a birthday when we meet.

TO ———.

I LOVE thee — I love thee !  
'Tis all that I can say ; —  
It is my vision in the night,  
My dreaming in the day ;  
The very echo of my heart,  
The blessing when I pray :  
I love thee — I love thee !  
Is all that I can say.

I love thee — I love thee !  
Is ever on my tongue ;  
In all my proudest poesy  
That chorus still is sung ;  
It is the verdict of my eyes,  
Amidst the gay and young  
I love thee — I love thee !  
A thousand maids among.

I love thee — I love thee !  
Thy bright and hazel glance,  
The mellow lute upon those lips,  
Whose tender tones entrance ;  
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs  
That still these words enhance,  
I love thee — I love thee !  
Whatever be thy chance.



## SERENADE.

Ah, sweet, thou little knowest how  
     I wake and passionate watches keep ;  
 And yet, while I address thee now,  
     Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.  
 'T is sweet enough to make me weep,  
     That tender thought of love and thee,  
 That while the world is hushed so deep,  
     Thy soul's perhaps awake to me !  
  
 Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep !  
     With golden visions for thy dower,  
 While I this midnight vigil keep,  
     And bless thee in thy silent bower ;  
 To me 't is sweeter than the power  
     Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurled,  
 That I alone, at this still hour,  
     In patient love outwatch the world.

---

 VERSES IN AN ALBUM.

FAR above the hollow  
 Tempest, and its moan,  
 Singeth bright Apollo  
 In his golden zone,—  
 Cloud doth never shade him,  
 Nor a storm invade him,  
 On his joyous throne.

So when I behold me  
 In an orb as bright,  
 How thy soul doth fold me



In its throne of light !  
Sorrow never paineth  
Nor a care attaineth,  
To that blessed height.

---

## BALLAD.

It was not in the winter  
Our loving lot was cast ;  
It was the time of roses,—  
We plucked them as we passed !

That churlish season never frowned  
On early lovers yet !  
O, no — the world was newly crowned  
With flowers when first we met.

'T was twilight, and I bade you go,  
But still you held me fast ;  
It was the time of roses,—  
We plucked them as we passed !

---

## THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE.

'T is even — on the pleasant banks of Rhine  
The thrush is singing and the dove is cooing ;  
A youth and maiden on the turf recline  
Alone — and he is wooing.

Yet woos in vain, for to the voice of love  
No kindly sympathy the maid discovers,  
Though round them both, and in the air above,  
The tender spirit hovers.



Untouched by lovely Nature and her laws,  
The more he pleads, more coyly she represses ;  
Her lips denies, and now her hand withdraws,  
Rejecting his addresses.

Fair is she as the dreams young poets weave,  
Bright eyes and dainty lips and tresses curly,  
In outward loveliness a child of Eve,  
But cold as nymph of Lurley.

The more Love tries her pity to engross,  
The more she chills him with a strange behavior ;  
Now tells her beads, now gazes on the Cross  
And image of the Saviour.

Forth goes the lover with a farewell moan,  
As from the presence of a thing unhuman ; —  
O, what unholy spell hath turned to stone  
The young warm heart of woman !

\* \* \* \* \*

'T is midnight — and the moonbeam, cold and wan,  
On bower and river quietly is sleeping,  
And o'er the corse of a self-murdered man  
The maiden fair is weeping.

In vain she looks into his glassy eyes,  
No pressure answers to her hands so pressing ;  
In her fond arms impassively he lies,  
Clay-cold to her caressing.

Despairing, stunned, by her eternal loss,  
She flies to succor that may best beseech her ;  
But, lo ! a frowning figure veils the Cross,  
And hides the blest Redeemer !

With stern right hand it stretches forth a scroll,  
Wherein she reads, in melancholy letters,



The cruel, fatal pact that placed her soul  
And her young heart in fetters.

“Wretch ! sinner ! renegade to truth and God !  
Thy holy faith for human love to barter !”  
No more she hears, but on the bloody sod  
Sinks, Bigotry’s last martyr !

And side by side the hapless lovers lie ;  
Tell me, harsh priest ! by yonder tragic token,  
What part hath God in such a bond, whereby  
Or hearts or vows are broken ?

## THE KEY.

## A MOORISH ROMANCE.

“On the east coast, towards Tunis, the Moors still preserve the keys of their ancestors’ houses in Spain ; to which country they still express the hopes of one day returning, and again planting the Crescent on the ancient walls of the Alhambra.” — SCOTT’S TRAVELS IN MOROCCO AND ALGIERS.

“Is Spain cloven in such a manner as to want closing ?” — SANCHE PANZA.

THE Moor leans on his cushion,  
With the pipe between his lips ;  
And still at frequent intervals  
The sweet sherbét he sips ;  
But, spite of lulling vapor  
And the sober cooling cup,  
The spirit of the swarthy Moor  
Is fiercely kindling up !  
  
One hand is on his pistol,  
On its ornamented stock,  
While his finger feels the trigger  
And is busy with the lock —



The other seeks his ataghan,  
And clasps its jewelled hilt —  
O ! much of gore in days of yore  
That crooked blade has split !

His brows are knit, his eyes of jet  
In vivid blackness roll,  
And gleam with fatal flashes  
Like the fire-damp of the coal ;  
His jaws are set, and through his teeth  
He draws a savage breath,  
As if about to raise the shout  
Of Victory or Death !

For why ? the last Zebeek that came  
And moored within the mole  
Such tidings unto Tunis brought  
As stir his very soul —  
The cruel jar of civil war,  
The sad and stormy reign,  
That blackens like a thunder-cloud  
The sunny land of Spain !

No strife of glorious Chivalry,  
For honor's gain or loss,  
Nor yet that ancient rivalry,  
The Crescent with the Cross.  
No charge of gallant Paladins  
On Moslems stern and stanch ;  
But Christians shedding Christian blood  
Beneath the olive's branch !

A war of horrid parricide,  
And brother killing brother ;  
Yea, like to " dogs and sons of dogs,"  
That worry one another.



But let them bite and tear and fight ;  
The more the Kaffers slay,  
The sooner Hagar's swarming sons  
Shall make the land a prey !

The sooner shall the Moor behold  
The Alhambra's pile again,  
And those who pined in Barbary  
Shall shout for joy in Spain ;  
The sooner shall the Crescent wave  
On dear Granada's walls,  
And proud Mohammed Ali sit  
Within his father's halls !

" Alla-il-alla ! " tiger-like  
Up springs the swarthy Moor,  
And, with a wide and hasty stride,  
Steps o'er the marble floor ;  
Across the hall, till from the wall,  
Where such quaint patterns be,  
With eager hand he snatches down  
An old and massive key !

A massive key of curious shape,  
And dark with dirt and rust,  
And well three weary centuries  
The metal might incrust !  
For since the king Boabdil fell  
Before the native stock,  
That ancient key, so quaint to see,  
Hath never been in lock.

Brought over by the Saracens  
Who fled across the main,  
A token of the secret hope  
Of going back again ;



From race to race, from hand to hand,  
From house to house, it passed ;  
O, will it ever, ever ope  
The palace gate, at last ?

Three hundred years and fifty-two  
On post and wall it hung —  
Three hundred years and fifty-two  
A dream to old and young ;  
But now a brighter destiny  
The Prophet's will accords :  
The time is come to scour the rust,  
And lubricate the wards.

For should the Moor with sword and lance  
At Algesiras land,  
Where is the bold Bernardo now  
Their progress to withstand ?  
To Burgos should the Moslem come,  
Where is the noble Cid  
Five royal crowns to topple down,  
As gallant Diaz did ?

Hath Xeres any Pounder now, .  
When other weapons fail,  
With club to thrash invaders rash,  
Like barley with a flail ?  
Hath Seville any Perez still,  
To lay his clusters low,  
And ride with seven turbans green  
Around his saddle-bow ?

No ! never more shall Europe see  
Such heroes brave and bold,  
Such valor, faith, and loyalty,  
As used to shine of old !



No longer to one battle-cry  
United Spaniards run,  
And with their thronging spears uphold  
The Virgin and her Son !

From Cadiz Bay to rough Biscay  
Internal discord dwells,  
And Barcelona bears the scars  
Of Spanish shot and shells.  
The fleets decline, the merchants pine  
For want of foreign trade ;  
And gold is scant ; and Alicante  
Is sealed by strict blockade !

The loyal fly, and valor falls,  
Opposed by court intrigue ;  
But treachery and traitors thrive,  
Upheld by foreign league ;  
While factions seeking private ends  
By turns usurping reign —  
Well may the dreaming, scheming Moor  
Exulting point to Spain !

Well may he cleanse the rusty key  
With Afric sand and oil,  
And hope an Andalusian home  
Shall recompense the toil !  
Well may he swear the Moorish spear  
Through wild Castile shall sweep,  
And where the Catalanian sowed  
The Saracen shall reap !

Well may he vow to spurn the Cross  
Beneath the Arab hoof,  
And plant the Crescent yet again  
Above the Alhambra's roof,



When those from whom St. Jago's name  
 In chorus once arose  
 Are shouting faction's battle-cries,  
 And Spain forgets to "Close!"

Well may he swear his ataghan  
 Shall rout the traitor swarm,  
 And carve them into arabesques  
 That show no human form —  
 The blame be theirs whose bloody feuds  
 Invite the savage Moor,  
 And tempt him with the ancient key  
 To seek the ancient door!

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 SONNETS.

## TO THE OCEAN.

SHALL I rebuke thee, Ocean, my old love,  
 That once, in rage, with the wild winds at strife,  
 Thou dardest menace my unit of a life,  
 Sending my clay below, my soul above,  
 Whilst roared thy waves, like lions when they rove  
 By night, and bound upon their prey by stealth?  
 Yet didst thou ne'er restore my fainting health? —  
 Didst thou ne'er murmur gently like the dove?  
 Nay, didst thou not against my own dear shore  
 Full break, last link between my land and me? —  
 My absent friends talk in thy very roar,  
 In thy waves' beat their kindly pulse I see,  
 And, if I must not see my England more,  
 Next to her soil, my grave be found in thee!

Coblentz, May, 1835.



## LEAR.

A POOR old king, with sorrow for my crown,  
Throned upon straw, and mantled with the wind —  
For pity, my own tears have made me blind,  
That I might never see my children's frown;  
And may be madness, like a friend, has thrown  
A folded fillet over my dark mind,  
So that unkindly speech may sound for kind, —  
Albeit I know not. — I am childish grown —  
And have not gold to purchase wit withal —  
I that have once maintained most royal state —  
A very bankrupt now, that may not call  
My child, my child — all-beggared save in tears,  
Wherewith I daily weep an old man's fate,  
Foolish — and blind — and overcome with years!

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## SONNET TO A SONNET.

RARE composition of a poet-knight,  
Most chivalrous amongst chivalric men,  
Distinguished for a polished lance and pen  
In tuneful contest and in tourney-fight;  
Lustrous in scholarship, in honor bright,  
Accomplished in all graces current then,  
Humane as any in historic ken,  
Brave, handsome, noble, affable, polite;  
Most courteous to that race become of late  
So fiercely scornful of all kind advance,  
Rude, bitter, coarse, implacable in hate  
To Albion, plotting ever her mischance; —  
Alas, fair verse! how false and out of date  
Thy phrase "sweet enemy" applied to France!



## FALSE POETS AND TRUE.

LOOK how the lark soars upward and is gone,  
 Turning a spirit as he nears the sky !  
 His voice is heard, but body there is none  
 To fix the vague excursions of the eye.  
 So, poets' songs are with us, though they die  
 Obscured and hid by Death's oblivious shroud,  
 And earth inherits the rich melody,  
 Like raining music from the morning cloud.  
 Yet, few there be who pipe so sweet and loud,  
 Their voices reach us through the lapse of space :  
 The noisy day is deafened by a crowd  
 Of undistinguished birds, a twittering race ;  
 But only lark and nightingale forlorn  
 Fill up the silences of night and morn.

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TO ———.

MY heart is sick with longing, though I feed  
 On hope ; Time goes with such a heavy pace  
 That neither brings nor takes from thy embrace,  
 As if he slept — forgetting his old speed :  
 For, as in sunshine only we can read  
 The march of minutes on the dial's face,  
 So in the shadows of this lonely place  
 There is no love, and time is dead indeed.  
 But when, dear lady, I am near thy heart,  
 Thy smile is time, and then so swift it flies,  
 It seems we only meet to tear apart  
 With aching hands and lingering of eyes.  
 Alas, alas ! that we must learn hours' flight  
 By the same light of love that makes them bright !



## FOR THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

No popular respect will I omit  
To do thee honor on this happy day,  
When every loyal lover tasks his wit  
His simple truth in studious rhymes to pay,  
And to his mistress dear his hopes convey.  
Rather thou knowest I would still outrun  
All calendars with Love's,— whose date alway  
Thy bright eyes govern better than the sun,—  
For with thy favor was my life begun;  
And still I reckon on from smiles to smiles,  
And not by summers, for I thrive on none  
But those thy cheerful countenance compiles:  
O! if it be to choose and call thee mine,  
Love, thou art every day my Valentine.

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## TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

O, 'T IS a touching thing, to make one weep,—  
A tender infant with its curtained eye,  
Breathing as it would neither live nor die  
With that unchanging countenance of sleep!  
As if its silent dream, serene and deep,  
Had lined its slumber with a still blue sky,  
So that the passive cheeks unconscious lie,  
With no more life than roses — just to keep  
The blushes warm, and the mild, odorous breath.  
O blossom boy! so calm is thy repose,  
So sweet a compromise of life and death,  
'T is pity those fair buds should e'er uncloze  
For memory to stain their inward leaf,  
Tinging thy dreams with unacquainted grief.



## TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

THINE eyelids slept so beautifully, I deemed  
No eyes could wake so beautiful as they :  
Thy rosy cheeks in such still slumbers lay,  
I loved their peacefulness, nor ever dreamed  
Of dimples ; — for those parted lips so seemed,  
I never thought a smile could sweetlier play,  
Nor that so graceful life could chase away  
Thy graceful death, — till those blue eyes upbeamed.  
Now slumber lies in dimpled eddies drowned,  
And roses bloom more rosily for joy,  
And odorous silence ripens into sound,  
And fingers move to sound. — All-beauteous boy !  
How thou dost waken into smiles, and prove,  
If not more lovely, thou art more like Love !

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THE world is with me, and its many cares,  
Its woes — its wants — the anxious hopes and fears  
That wait on all terrestrial affairs —  
The shades of former and of future years —  
Foreboding fancies and prophetic tears,  
Quelling a spirit that was once elate.  
Heavens ! what a wilderness the world appears,  
Where youth, and mirth, and health are out of date,  
But no — a laugh of innocence and joy  
Resounds, like music of the fairy race,  
And, gladly turning from the world's annoy,  
I gaze upon a little radiant face,  
And bless, internally, the merry boy  
Who "makes a *son-shine* in a shady place."



HUMOROUS POEMS.







## HUMOROUS POEMS.

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### MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG.

A GOLDEN LEGEND.

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“What is here ?  
Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ?”

TIMON OF ATHENS.

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#### *Her Pedigree.*

To trace the Kilmansegg pedigree,  
To the very roots of the family tree,  
Were a task as rash as ridiculous :  
Through antediluvian mists as thick  
As London fog such a line to pick  
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle Old Nick,  
Not to name Sir Harris Nicholas.

It would n't require much verbal strain  
To trace the Kill-man, perchance, to Cain ;  
But, waving all such digressions,  
Suffice it, according to family lore,  
A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore,  
Who was famed for his great possessions.

Tradition said he feathered his nest  
Through an agricultural interest  
In the golden age of farming ;  
When golden eggs were laid by the geese,  
And Colchian sheep wore a golden fleece,



And golden pippins — the sterling kind  
 Of Hesperus — now so hard to find —  
 Made horticulture quite charming !

A lord of land, on his own estate  
 He lived at a very lively rate,  
 But his income would bear carousing ;  
 Such acres he had of pasture and heath,  
 With herbage so rich from the ore beneath,  
 The very ewe's and lambkin's teeth  
 Were turned into gold by browsing.

He gave, without any extra thrift,  
 A flock of sheep for a birthday gift  
 To each son of his loins, or daughter :  
 And his debts — if debts he had — at will  
 He liquidated by giving each bill  
 A dip in Pactolian water.

'T was said that even his pigs of lead,  
 By crossing with some by Midas bred,  
 Made a perfect mine of his piggery.  
 And as for cattle, one yearling bull  
 Was worth all Smithfield-market full  
 Of the golden bulls of Pope Gregory.

The high-bred horses within his stud,  
 Like human creatures of birth and blood,  
 Had their golden cups and flagons :  
 And as for the common husbandry nags,  
 Their noses were tied in money-bags,  
 When they stopped with the carts and wagons.

Moreover, he had a golden ass,  
 Sometimes at stall, and sometimes at grass,  
 That was worth his own weight in money —



And a golden hive, on a golden bank,  
Where golden bees, by alchemical prank,  
Gathered gold instead of honey.

Gold ! and gold ! and gold without end !  
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,  
Gold to give, and gold to lend,  
And reversions of gold *in futuro*.  
In wealth the family revelled and rolled,  
Himself and wife and sons so bold ; —  
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold  
“ O bella eta del' oro ! ”

Such was the tale of the Kilmansegg kin  
In golden text on a vellum skin,  
Though certain people would wink and grin,  
And declare the whole story a parable —  
That the ancestor rich was one Jacob Ghrimes,  
Who held a long lease, in prosperous times,  
Of acres, pasture and arable.

That as money makes money, his golden bees  
Were the Five per Cents, or which you please,  
When his cash was more than plenty —  
That the golden cups were racing affairs ;  
And his daughters, who sang Italian airs,  
Had their golden harps of Clementi.

That the golden ass, or golden bull,  
Was English John, with his pockets full,  
Then at war by land and water :  
While beef, and mutton, and other meat,  
Were almost as dear as money to eat,  
And farmers reaped golden harvests of wheat  
At the Lord knows what per quarter !



*Her Birth.*

What different dooms our birthdays bring !  
 For instance, one little manikin thing  
     Survives to wear many a wrinkle ;  
 While death forbids another to wake,  
 And a son that it took nine moons to make  
     Expires without even a twinkle :

Into this world we come like ships,  
 Launched from the docks, and stocks, and slips,  
     For fortune fair or fatal ;  
 And one little craft is cast away  
 In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,  
     While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord !  
 This babe to be hailed and wooed as a lord !  
     And that to be shunned like a leper !  
 One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,  
 Another, like Colchester native, born  
     To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

One is littered under a roof  
 Neither wind nor water proof,—  
     That's the prose of Love in a cottage,—  
 A puny, naked, shivering wretch,  
 The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,  
 Though Robins himself drew up the sketch,  
     The bid of "a mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,  
 Another comes tenderly ushered in  
     To a prospect all bright and burnished :  
 No tenant he for life's back slums —  
 He comes to the world as a gentleman comes  
     To a lodging ready furnished.



And the other sex — the tender — the fair —  
 What wide reverses of fate are there !  
 Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul rare,  
     In a garden of Gul reposes,  
 Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street  
 Till — think of that, who find life so sweet ! —  
     She hates the smell of roses !

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg !  
 She was not born to steal or beg,  
     Or gather cresses in ditches ;  
 To plait the straw, or bind the shoe,  
 Or sit all day to hem and sew,  
 As females must, and not a few —  
     To fill their insides with stitches !

She was not doomed, for bread to eat,  
 To be put to her hands as well as her feet —  
     To carry home linen from mangles —  
 Or heavy-hearted, and weary-limbed,  
 To dance on a rope in a jacket trimmed  
     With as many blows as spangles.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon  
 Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon  
     In her mouth, not a wooden ladle :  
 To speak according to poet's wont,  
 Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,  
     And Midas rocked the cradle.

At her first *début* she found her head  
 On a pillow of down, in a downy bed,  
     With a damask canopy over.  
 For although by the vulgar popular saw  
 All mothers are said to be "in the straw,"  
     Some children are born in clover.



Her very first draught of vital air  
 It was not the common chameleon fare  
 Of plebeian lungs and noses,—  
 No — her earliest sniff  
 Of this world was a whiff  
 Of the genuine Otto of Roses !

When she saw the light, it was no mere ray  
 Of that light so common, so every-day,  
 That the sun each morning launches ;  
 But six wax tapers dazzled her eyes,  
 From a thing — a gooseberry-bush for size —  
 With a golden stem and branches.

She was born exactly at half-past two,  
 As witnessed a time-piece in or-molu  
 That stood on a marble table —  
 Showing at once the time of day,  
 And a team of *Gildings* running away  
 As fast as they were able,  
 With a golden god, with a golden star,  
 And a golden spear, in a golden car,  
 According to Grecian fable.

Like other babes, at her birth she cried ;  
 Which made a sensation far and wide,  
 Ay, for twenty miles around her ;  
 For though to the ear 't was nothing more  
 Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar  
 Of a fifty-thousand pounder !  
 It shook the next heir  
 In his library chair,  
 And made him cry " Confound her ! "

Of signs and omens there was no dearth,  
 Any more than at Owen Glendower's birth,



Or the advent of other great people :  
 Two bullocks dropped dead,  
 As if knocked on the head,  
 And barrels of stout  
 And ale ran about,  
 And the village-bells such a peal rang out,  
 That they cracked the village steeple.

In no time at all, like mushroom spawn,  
 Tables sprang up all over the lawn ;  
 Not furnished scantily or shabbily,  
 But on scale as vast  
 As that huge repast,  
 With its loads and cargoes  
 Of drink and botargoes,  
 At the birth of the babe in Rabelais.

Hundreds of men were turned into beasts,  
 Like the guests at Circe's horrible feasts,  
 By the magic of ale and cider :  
 And each country lass, and each country lad,  
 Began to caper and dance like mad,  
 And even some old ones appeared to have had  
 A bite from the Naples spider.

Then as night came on,  
 It had scared King John,  
 Who considered such signs not risible,  
 To have seen the maroons,  
 And the whirling moons,  
 And the serpents of flame,  
 And wheels of the same,  
 That according to some were "whizzable."

O, happy Hope of the Kilmanseggs !  
 Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs,  
 That her parents had such full pockets !



For had she been born of want and thrift,  
 For care and nursing all adrift,  
 It's ten to one she had had to make shift  
 With rickets instead of rockets !

And how was the precious baby drest ?  
 In a robe of the East, with lace of the West,  
 Like one of Cræsus's issue —  
 Her best bibs were made  
 Of rich gold brocade,  
 And the others of silver tissue.

And when the baby inclined to nap  
 She was lulled on a Gros de Naples lap,  
 By a nurse in a modish Paris cap,  
 Of notions so exalted,  
 She drank nothing lower than Curaçoa,  
 Maraschino, or pink Noyau,  
 And on principle never malted.

From a golden boat, with a golden spoon,  
 The babe was fed night, morning, and noon ;  
 And, although the tale seems fabulous,  
 'T is said her tops and bottoms were gilt,  
 Like the oats in that stable-yard palace built  
 For the horse of Heliogabalus.

And when she took to squall and kick —  
 For pain will wring and pins will prick  
 E'en the wealthiest nabob's daughter —  
 They gave her no vulgar Dalby or gin,  
 But a liquor with leaf of gold therein,  
 Videlicet, — Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,  
 And drest in the best from the very first,  
 To please the genteelest censor —



And then, as soon as strength would allow,  
 Was vaccinated, as babes are now,  
 With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow  
 Of Lord Althorpe's — now Earl Spencer.

*Her Christening.*

Though Shakspeare asks us "What's in a name?"  
 (As if cognomens were much the same,)

There's really a very great scope in it.  
 A name? — why, was n't there Doctor Dodd,  
 That servant at once of Mammon and God,  
 Who found four thousand pounds and odd,  
 A prison — a cart — and a rope in it?

A name? — if the party had a voice,  
 What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?  
 As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice?  
 Or any such nauseous blazon?  
 Not to mention many a vulgar name,  
 That would make a door-plate blush for shame,  
 If door-plates were not so brazen!

A name? — it has more than nominal worth,  
 And belongs to good or bad luck at birth —  
 As dames of a certain degree know.  
 In spite of his page's hat and hose,  
 His page's jacket, and buttons in rows,  
 Bob only sounds like a page of prose  
 Till turned into Rupertino.

Now, to christen the infant Kilmansegg,  
 For days and days it was quite a plague,  
 To hunt the list in the lexicon:  
 And scores were tried, like coin, by the ring,  
 Ere names were found just the proper thing,  
 For a minor rich as a Mexican.



Then cards were sent, the presence to beg  
Of all the kin of Kilmansegg,

White, yellow, and brown relations :  
Brothers, wardens of city halls,  
And uncles — rich as three golden balls  
From taking pledges of nations.

Nephews, whom Fortune seemed to bewitch,  
Rising in life like rockets —  
Nieces whose doweries knew no hitch —  
Aunts as certain of dying rich  
As candles in golden sockets —  
Cousins German, and cousins' sons,  
All thriving and opulent — some had tons  
Of Kentish hops in their pockets !

For money had stuck to the race through life  
(As it did to the bushel when cash so rife  
Posed Ali Baba's brother's wife) —

And, down to the cousins and coz-lings  
The fortunate brood of the Kilmanseggs,  
As if they had come out of golden eggs,  
Were all as wealthy as "goslings."

It would fill a Court Gazette to name  
What east and west end people came  
To the rite of Christianity ;  
The lofty lord and the titled dame,  
All diamonds, plumes, and urbanity ;  
The Lordship the Mayor with his golden chain,  
And two Gold Sticks, and the sheriffs twain,  
Nine foreign counts, and other great men  
With their orders or stars, to help M or N  
To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg  
The pen of an Eastern poet would beg,



And need an elaborate sonnet ;  
 How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirred,  
 And her head niddle-noddled at every word,  
 And seemed so happy, a paradise bird  
     Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the father strutted and bowed,  
 And smiled to himself, and laughed aloud,  
     To think of his heiress and daughter —  
 And then in his pockets he made a grope,  
 And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,  
 Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap  
     In imperceptible water.

He had rolled in money like pigs in mud,  
 Till it seemed to have entered into his blood  
     By some occult projection ;  
 And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,  
 As yellow as any guinea grew,  
 Making the common phrase seem true  
     About a rich complexion.

And now came the nurse, and during a pause,  
 Her dead-leaf satin would fitly cause  
     A very autumnal rustle —  
 So full of figure, so full of fuss,  
 As she carried about the babe to buss,  
     She seemed to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was godpapa,  
 And an Indian Begum was godmamma,  
     Whose jewels a queen might covet ;  
 And the priest was a vicar, and dean withal  
 Of that temple we see with a golden ball,  
     And a golden cross above it.



The font was a bowl of American gold,  
 Won by Raleigh in days of old,  
 In spite of Spanish bravado ;  
 And the book of prayer was so overrun  
 With gilt devices, it shone in the sun  
 Like a copy — a presentation one —  
 Of Humboldt's "El Dorado."

Gold ! and gold ! and nothing but gold !  
 The same auriferous shine behold  
 Wherever the eye could settle !  
 On the walls — the sideboard — the ceiling-sky --  
 On the gorgeous footmen standing by,  
 In coats to delight a miner's eye  
 With seams of the precious metal.

Gold ! and gold ! and besides the gold,  
 The very robe of the infant told  
 A tale of wealth in every fold,  
 It lapped her like a vapor !  
 So fine ! so thin ! the mind at a loss  
 Could compare it to nothing except a cross  
 Of cobweb with bank-note paper.

Then her pearls — 't was a perfect sight, forsooth,  
 To see them, like "the dew of her youth,"  
 In such a plentiful sprinkle.  
 Meanwhile, the vicar read through the form,  
 And gave her another, not overwarm,  
 That made her little eyes twinkle.

Then the babe was crossed and blessed amain ;  
 But instead of the Kate, or Ann, or Jane,  
 Which the humbler female endorses —  
 Instead of one name, as some people prefix,  
 Kilmansegg went at the tails of six,  
 Like a carriage of state with its horses.



O ! then the kisses she got and hugs !  
 The golden mugs and the golden jugs,  
 That lent fresh rays to the midges !  
 The golden knives, and the golden spoons,  
 The gems that sparkled like fairy boons,  
 It was one of the Kilmansegg's own saloons,  
 But looked like Rundell and Bridge's !

Gold ! and gold ! the new and the old !  
 The company ate and drank from gold,  
 They revelled, they sang, and were merry ;  
 And one of the Gold Sticks rose from his chair  
 And toasted " the lass with the golden hair "  
 In a bumper of golden sherry.

Gold ! still gold ! it rained on the nurse,  
 Who, unlike Dan  e, was none the worse ;  
 There was nothing but guineas glistening !  
 Fifty were given to Doctor James,  
 For calling the little baby names ;  
 And for saying Amen !  
 The clerk had ten,  
 And that was the end of the Christening.

*Her Childhood.*

Our youth ! our childhood ! that spring of springs  
 'Tis surely one of the blessedest things  
 That nature ever invented !  
 When the rich are wealthy beyond their wealth,  
 And the poor are rich in spirits and health,  
 And all with their lots contented !

There's little Phelim, he sings like a thrush,  
 In the self-same pair of patchwork plush,  
 With the self-same empty pockets,



That tempted his daddy so often to cut  
 His throat, or jump in the water-butt —  
 But what cares Phelim? an empty nut  
     Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt,—  
 That 's the Irish linen for shirt;  
 And a slice of bread, with a taste of dirt,—  
     That 's poverty's Irish butter;  
 And what does he lack to make him blest?  
 Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,  
     A candle-end and a gutter.

But, to leave the happy Phelim alone,  
 Gnawing, perchance, a marrowless bone,  
     For which no dog would quarrel —  
 Turn we to little Miss Kilmansegg,  
 Cutting her first little toothy-peg  
     With a fifty-guinea coral —  
     A peg upon which  
     About poor and rich  
     Reflection might hang a moral.

Born in wealth, and wealthily nursed,  
 Capped, papped, napped, and lapped from the first  
     On the knees of Prodigality,  
 Her childhood was one eternal round  
 Of the game of going on Tickler's ground  
     Picking up gold — in reality.

With extempore carts she never played,  
 Or the odds and ends of a Tinker's trade,  
 Or little dirt pies and puddings made,  
     Like children happy and squalid;  
 The very puppet she had to pet,  
 Like a bait for the "Nix my Dolly" set,  
     Was a dolly of gold — and solid!



Gold ! and gold ! 't was the burden still !  
 To gain the heiress's early good will  
     There was much corruption and bribery ;  
 The yearly cost of her golden toys  
 Would have given half London's charity-boys  
 And charity-girls the annual joys  
     Of a holiday dinner at Highbury.

Bon-bons she ate from the gilt cornet ;  
 And gilded queens on St. Bartlemy's day ;  
     Till her fancy was tinged by her presents —  
 And first a goldfinch excited her wish,  
 Then a spherical bowl with its golden fish,  
     And then two golden pheasants.

Nay, once she squalled and screamed like wild —  
 And it shows how the bias we give to a child  
     Is a thing most weighty and solemn : —  
 But whence was wonder or blame to spring  
 If little Miss K. — after such a swing —  
 Made a dust for the flaming gilded thing  
     On the top of the Fish-street column ?

#### *Her Education.*

According to metaphysical creed,  
 To the earliest books that children read  
     For much good or much bad they are debtors —  
 But before with their A B C they start,  
 There are things in morals, as well as art,  
 That play a very important part —  
     “ Impressions before the letters.”

Dame Education begins the pile,  
 Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,  
     But alas for the elevation !



If the lady's maid or Gossip the nurse  
With a load of rubbish, or something worse,  
Have made a rotten foundation.

Even thus with little Miss Kilmansegg,  
Before she learnt her E for egg,

Ere her governess came, or her masters —  
Teachers of quite a different kind  
Had "crammed" her beforehand, and put her mind  
In a go-cart on golden castors.

Long before her A B and C,  
They had taught her by heart her L. S. D.,  
And as how she was born a great heiress;  
And as sure as London is built of bricks,  
My lord would ask her the day to fix  
To ride in a fine gilt coach and six,  
Like Her Worship the Lady Mayoress.

Instead of stories from Edgeworth's page,  
The true golden lore for our golden age,  
Or lessons from Barbauld and Trimmer,  
Teaching the worth of virtue and health,  
All that she knew was the virtue of wealth,  
Provided by vulgar nursery stealth  
With a book of leaf-gold for a primer.

The very metal of merit they told,  
And praised her for being as "good as gold!"  
Till she grew as a peacock haughty;  
Of money they talked the whole day round,  
And weighed desert like grapes by the pound,  
Till she had an idea from the very sound  
That people with naught were naughty.

They praised — poor children with nothing at all!  
Lord! how you twaddle and waddle and squall,  
Like common-bred geese and ganders!



What sad little bad little figures you make  
 To the rich Miss K., whose plainest seed-cake  
 Was stuffed with corianders !

They praised her falls, as well as her walk,  
 Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk,  
 They praised — how they praised — her very small talk  
 As if it fell from a Solon !

Or the girl who at each pretty phrase let drop  
 A ruby comma, or pearl full-stop,  
 Or an emerald semi-colon.

They praised her spirit, and now and then  
 The nurse brought her own little "nevy" Ben,  
 To play with the future mayoress ;  
 And when he got raps, and taps, and slaps,  
 Scratches and pinches, snips and snaps,  
 As if from a tigress, or bearess,  
 They told him how lords would court that hand,  
 And always gave him to understand,  
 While he rubbed, poor soul,  
 His carrotty poll,  
 That his hair had been pulled by "*a hairress.*"

Such were the lessons from maid and nurse,  
 A governess helped to make still worse,  
 Giving an appetite so perverse  
 Fresh diet whereon to batten —  
 Beginning with A B C to hold  
 Like a royal playbill printed in gold  
 On a square of pearl-white satin.

The books to teach the verbs and nouns,  
 And those about countries, cities and towns,  
 Instead of their sober drabs and browns,  
 Were in crimson silk, with gilt edges ; —  
 Her Butler, and Enfield, and Entick — in short,



Her "early lessons" of every sort,  
 Looked like souvenirs, keepsakes, and pledges.

Old Johnson shone out in as fine array  
 As he did one night when he went to the play;  
 Chambaud like a beau of King Charles's day —

Lindley Murray in like conditions;  
 Each weary, unwelcome, irksome task,  
 Appeared in a fancy dress and a mask —  
 If you wish for similar copies, ask  
 For Howell and James's editions.

Novels she read to amuse her mind,  
 But always the affluent match-making kind,  
 That ends with Promessi Sposi,  
 And a father-in-law so wealthy and grand,  
 He could give check-mate to Coutts in the Strand;  
 So, along with a ring and posy,  
 He endows the bride with Golconda off-hand,  
 And gives the groom Potosi.

Plays she perused — but she liked the best  
 Those comedy gentlefolks always possessed  
 Of fortunes so truly romantic —  
 Of money so ready that right or wrong  
 It always is ready to go for a song,  
 Throwing it, going it, pitching it strong —  
 They ought to have purses as green and long  
 As the cucumber called the Gigantic.

Then Eastern tales she loved for the sake  
 Of the purse of Oriental make,  
 And the thousand pieces they put in it;  
 But pastoral scenes on her heart fell cold,  
 For Nature with her had lost its hold,  
 No field but the Field of the Cloth of Gold  
 Would ever have caught her foot in it.



What more ? She learnt to sing and dance,  
 To sit on a horse, although he should prance,  
 And to speak a French not spoken in France  
 Any more than at Babel's building ;  
 And she painted shells, and flowers, and Turks,  
 But her great delight was in fancy works  
 That are done with gold or gilding.

Gold ! still gold ! — the bright and the dead,  
 With golden beads, and gold lace, and gold thread,  
 She worked in gold, as if for her bread ;  
 The metal had so undermined her,  
 Gold ran in her thoughts and filled her brain,  
 She was golden-headed as Peter's cane  
 With which he walked behind her.

*Her Accident.*

The horse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,  
 And a better never lifted leg,  
 Was a very rich bay, called Banker ;  
 A horse of a breed and a metal so rare,—  
 By Bullion out of an Ingot mare,—  
 That for action, the best of figures, and air,  
 It made many good judges hanker.  
 And when she took a ride in the park,  
 Equestrian lord, or pedestrian clerk,  
 Was thrown in an amorous fever,  
 To see the heiress how well she sat,  
 With her groom behind her, Bob or Nat,  
 In green, half smothered with gold, and a hat  
 With more gold lace than beaver.

And then when Banker obtained a pat,  
 To see how he arched his neck at that !  
 He snorted with pride and pleasure !  
 Like the steed in the fable so lofty and grand,



Who gave the poor ass to understand  
That *he* did n't carry a bag of sand,  
But a burden of golden treasure.

A load of treasure? — alas! alas!  
Had her horse but been fed upon English grass,  
And sheltered in Yorkshire spinneys,  
Had he scoured the sand with the desert ass,  
Or where the American whinnies —  
But a hunter from Erin's turf and gorse,  
A regular thorough-bred Irish horse,  
Why, he ran away, as a matter of course,  
With a girl worth her weight in guineas!

Mayhap 't is the trick of such pampered nags  
To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags,  
But away, like the bolt of a rabbit,  
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,  
And away went the horsewoman mocking the sight —  
Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue light,  
Or only the skirt of her habit?

Away she flies, with the groom behind, —  
It looks like a race of the Calmuck kind,  
When Hymen himself is the starter:  
And the maid rides first in the four-footed strife,  
Riding, striding, as if for her life,  
While the lover rides after to catch him a wife,  
Although it's catching a Tartar.

But the groom has lost his glittering hat!  
Though he does not sigh and pull up for that —  
Alas! his horse is a tit for tat  
To sell to a very low bidder —  
His wind is ruined, his shoulder is sprung;  
Things, though a horse be handsome and young,  
A purchaser *will* consider.



But still flies the heiress through stones and dust ;  
O, for a fall, if fall she must,

On the gentle lap of Flora !

But still, thank Heaven ! she clings to her seat —

Away ! away ! she could ride a dead heat

With the dead who ride so fast and fleet

In the ballad of Leonora !

Away she gallops ! — it's awful work !

It's faster than Turpin's ride to York,

On Bess, that notable clipper !

She has circled the ring ! — she crosses the park !

Mazeppa, although he was stripped so stark,

Mazeppa could n't outstrip her !

The fields seem running away with the folks !

The elms are having a race for the oaks,

At a pace that all jockeys disparages !

All, all is racing ! the Serpentine

Seems rushing past like the "arrowy Rhine,"

The houses have got on a railway line,

And are off like the first-class carriages !

She'll lose her life ! she is losing her breath !

A cruel chase, she is chasing Death,

As female shriekings forewarn her :

And now — as gratis as blood of Guelph —

She clears that gate, which has cleared itself

Since then, at Hyde Park Corner !

Alas ! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs !

For her head, her brains, her body, and legs,

Her life's not worth a copper !

Willy-nilly,

In Piccadilly,

A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,

A hundred voices cry, "Stop her !"



And one old gentleman stares and stands,  
Shakes his head and lifts his hands,  
And says, "How very improper!"

On and on! — what a perilous run!  
The iron rails seem all mingling in one,  
To shut out the Green Park scenery!  
And now the cellar its dangers reveals,  
She shudders — she shrieks — she's doomed, she feels.  
To be torn by powers of horses and wheels,  
Like a spinner by steam machinery!

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,  
But the very stones seem uttering cries,  
As they did to that Persian daughter,  
When she climbed up the steep vociferous hill,  
Her little silver flagon to fill  
With the magical golden water!

"Batter her! shatter her!  
Throw and scatter her!"  
Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer.  
"Dash at the heavy Dover!  
Spill her! kill her! tear and tatter her!  
Smash her! crash her!" (the stones did n't flatter her.)  
"Kick her brains out! let her blood spatter her!  
Roll on her over and over!"

For so she gathered the awful sense  
Of the street in its past unmacadamized tense,  
As the wild horse overran it,—  
His four heels making the clatter of six,  
Like a devil's tattoo, played with iron sticks  
On a kettle-drum of granite!

On! still on! she's dazzled with hints  
Of oranges, ribbons, and colored prints,



A kaleidoscope jumble of shapes and tints,  
 And human faces all flashing,  
 Bright and brief as the sparks from the flints  
 That the desperate hoof keeps dashing !

On and on ! still frightfully fast !  
 Dover-street, Bond-street, all are past !  
 But — yes — no — yes ! — they 're down at last !  
 The Furies and Fates have found them !  
 Down they go with a sparkle and crash,  
 Like a bark that 's struck by the lightning flash —  
 There 's a shriek — and a sob —  
 And the dense dark mob  
 Like a billow closes around them !

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“ She breathes ! ”  
 “ She don't ! ”  
 “ She 'll recover ! ”  
 “ She won't ! ”

“ She 's stirring ! she 's living, by Nemesis ! ”  
 Gold, still gold ! on counter and shelf !  
 Golden dishes as plenty as delf !  
 Miss Kilmansegg 's coming again to herself  
 On an opulent goldsmith's premises !

Gold ! fine gold ! — both yellow and red,  
 Beaten, and molten — polished, and dead —  
 To see the gold with profusion spread  
 In all forms of its manufacture !  
 But what avails gold to Miss Kilmansegg,  
 When the femoral bone of her dexter leg  
 Has met with a compound fracture ?



Gold may soothe Adversity's smart;  
 Nay, help to bind up a broken heart;  
 But to try it on any other part  
     Were as certain a disappointment,  
 As if one should rub the dish and plate,  
 Taken out of a Staffordshire crate —  
 In the hope of a golden service of state —  
     With Singleton's "Golden Ointment."

*Her Precious Leg.*

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,"  
 Is an adage often recalled to mind,  
     Referring to juvenile bias:  
 And never so well is the verity seen,  
 As when to the weak, warped side we lean,  
     While life's tempests and hurricanes try us.

Even thus with Miss K. and her broken limb,  
 By a very, very remarkable whim,  
     She showed her early tuition:  
 While the buds of character came into blow  
 With a certain tinge that served to show  
 The nursery culture long ago,  
     As the graft is known by fruition!

For the king's physician, who nursed the case,  
 His verdict gave with an awful face,  
     And three others concurred to egg it;  
 That the patient, to give old Death the slip,  
 Like the Pope, instead of a personal trip,  
     Must send her leg as a legate.

The limb was doomed,—it could n't be saved,—  
 And like other people the patient behaved,  
 Nay, bravely that cruel parting braved,



Which makes some persons so falter,  
 They rather would part, without a groan,  
 With the flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone,  
 They obtained at St. George's altar.

But when it came to fitting the stump  
 With a proxy limb — then flatly and plump  
 She spoke, in the spirit olden ;  
 She couldn't — she should n't — she wouldn't — have wood !  
 Nor a leg of cork, if she never stood,  
 And she swore an oath, or something as good,  
 The proxy limb should be golden !

A wooden leg ! what, a sort of peg,  
 For your common Jockeys and Jennies !  
 No, no, her mother might worry and plague —  
 Weep, go down on her knees, and beg,  
 But nothing would move Miss Kilmansegg !  
 She could — she would have a Golden Leg,  
 If it cost ten thousand guineas !

Wood indeed, in forest or park,  
 With its sylvan honors and feudal bark,  
 Is an aristocratical article :  
 But split and sawn, and hacked about town,  
 Serving all needs of pauper or clown,  
 Trod on ! staggered on ! Wood cut down  
 Is vulgar — fibre and particle !

And cork ! — when the noble cork-tree shades  
 A lovely group of Castilian maids,  
 'T is a thing for a song or sonnet ! —  
 But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,  
 Or bungs the beer — the *small* beer — in,  
 It pierced her heart like a corking-pin,  
 To think of standing upon it !



A leg of gold — solid gold throughout,  
 Nothing else, whether slim or stout,  
 Should ever support her, God willing !  
 She must — she could — she would have her whim ;  
 Her father, she turned a deaf ear to him —  
 He might kill her — she did n't mind killing !  
 He was welcome to cut off her other limb —  
 He might cut her all off with a shilling !

All other promised gifts were in vain,  
 Golden girdle, or golden chain,  
 She writhed with impatience more than pain,  
 And uttered " pshaws ! " and " pishes ! "  
 But a leg of gold ! as she lay in bed,  
 It danced before her — it ran in her head !  
 It jumped with her dearest wishes !

" Gold — gold — gold ! O, let it be gold ! "  
 Asleep or awake that tale she told,  
 And when she grew delirious :  
 Till her parents resolved to grant her wish,  
 If they melted down plate, and goblet, and dish,  
 The case was getting so serious.

So a leg was made in a comely mould,  
 Of gold, fine virgin glittering gold,  
 As solid as man could make it —  
 Solid in foot, and calf, and shank,  
 A prodigious sum of money it sank ;  
 In fact, 't was a branch of the family bank,  
 And no easy matter to break it.

All sterling metal, — not half-and-half,  
 The goldsmith's mark was stamped on the calf, —  
 'T was pure as from Mexican barter !  
 And to make it more costly, just over the knee,  
 Where another ligature used to be,



Was a circle of jewels, worth shillings to see,  
A new-fangled badge of the garter !

'T was a splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,  
Fit for the court of Scander-Beg,  
That precious leg of Miss Kilmansegg !

For, thanks to parental bounty,  
Secure from mortification's touch,  
She stood on a member that cost as much  
As a Member for all the County !

*Her Fame.*

To gratify stern Ambition's whims,  
What hundreds and thousands of precious limbs  
On a field of battle we scatter !  
Severed by sword, or bullet, or saw,  
Off they go, all bleeding and raw,—  
But the public seems to get the lock-jaw,  
So little is said on the matter !

Legs, the tightest that ever were seen,  
The tightest, the lightest, that danced on the green,  
Cutting capers to sweet Kitty Clover ;  
Shattered, scattered, cut, and bowled down,  
Off they go, worse off for renown,  
A line in the *Times*, or a talk about town,  
Than the leg that a fly runs over !

But the precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg,  
That gowden, goolden, golden leg,  
Was the theme of all conversation !  
Had it been a pillar of church and state,  
Or a prop to support the whole dead weight,  
It could not have furnished more debate  
To the heads and tails of the nation !



East and west, and north and south,  
 Though useless for either hunger or drouth,—  
 The Leg was in everybody's mouth,  
     To use a poetical figure;  
 Rumor, in taking her ravenous swim,  
 Saw, and seized on the tempting limb,  
     Like a shark on the leg of a nigger.

Wilful murder fell very dead;  
 Debates in the House were hardly read;  
 In vain the police reports were fed  
     With Irish riots and *rumpuses* —  
 The Leg! the Leg! was the great event;  
 Through every circle in life it went,  
     Like the leg of a pair of compasses.

The last new novel seemed tame and flat;  
 The Leg, a novelty newer than that,  
     Had tripped up the heels of fiction!  
 It Burked the very essays of Burke,  
 And, alas! how wealth over wit plays the Turk!  
 As a regular piece of goldsmith's work,  
     Got the better of Goldsmith's diction.

"A leg of gold! what, of solid gold?"  
 Cried rich and poor, and young and old,  
     And Master and Miss and Madam;  
 'T was the talk of 'change — the alley — the bank —  
 And with men of scientific rank  
 It made as much stir as the fossil shank  
     Of a lizard coëval with Adam!

Of course with Greenwich and Chelsea elves,  
 Men who had lost a limb themselves,  
     Its interest did not dwindle;  
 But Bill, and Ben, and Jack, and Tom,



Could hardly have spun more yarns therefrom,  
If the leg had been a spindle.

Meanwhile the story went to and fro,  
Till, gathering like the ball of snow,  
By the time it got to Stratford-le-Bow,  
Through exaggeration's touches,  
The heiress and hope of the Kilmanseggs  
Was propped on *two* fine golden legs,  
And a pair of golden crutches !

Never had leg so great a run !  
'T was the " go " and the " kick " thrown into one :  
The mode — the new thing under the sun !

The rage — the fancy — the passion !  
Bonnets were named, and hats were worn,  
A *la* golden leg instead of Leghorn,  
And stockings and shoes  
Of golden hues  
Took the lead in the walks of fashion !

The Golden Leg had a vast career,  
It was sung and danced — and to show how near  
Low folly to lofty approaches,  
Down to society's very dregs,  
The belles of Wapping wore " Kilmanseggs,"  
And St. Giles's beaux sported golden legs  
In their pinchbeck pins and brooches !

#### Her First Step.

Supposing the trunk and limbs of man  
Shared, on the allegorical plan,  
By the passions that mark humanity,  
Whichever might claim the head, or heart,  
The stomach, or any other part,  
The legs would be seized by Vanity.



There 's Bardus, a six-foot column of fop,  
 A lighthouse without any light atop,  
     Whose height would attract beholders,  
 If he had not lost some inches clear  
 By looking down at his kerseymere,  
 Ogling the limbs he holds so dear,  
     Till he got a stoop in his shoulders.

Talk of art, of science, or books,  
 And down go the everlasting looks,  
     To his crural beauties so wedded !  
 Try him, whenever you will, you find  
 His mind in his legs, and his legs in his mind,  
 All prongs and folly — in short, a kind  
     Of fork — that is fiddle-headed.

What wonder, then, if Miss Kilmansegg,  
 With a splendid, brilliant, beautiful Leg,  
 Fit for the court of Scander-Beg,  
 Disdained to hide it, like Joan or Meg,  
     In petticoats stuffed or quilted ?  
 Not she ! 't was her convalescent whim  
 To dazzle the world with her precious limb,-  
     Nay, to go a little high-kilted.

So cards were sent for that sort of mob  
 Where Tartars and Africans hob-and-nob,  
 And the Cherokee talks of his cab and cob  
     To Polish or Lapland lovers —  
 Cards like that hieroglyphical call  
 To a geographical Fancy Ball  
     On the recent post-office covers.

For if lion-hunters — and great ones too —  
 Would mob a savage from Latakoo,  
 Or squeeze for a glimpse of Prince Le Boo,



That unfortunate Sandwich scion —  
 Hundreds of first-rate people, no doubt,  
 Would gladly, madly, rush to a rout,  
 That promised a Golden Lion !

*Mr Jancy Ball.*

Of all the spirits of evil fame  
 That hurt the soul or injure the frame,  
 And poison what 's honest and hearty,  
 There 's none more needs a Mathew to preach  
 A cooling, antiphlogistic speech,  
 To praise and enforce  
 A temperate course,  
 Than the Evil Spirit of Party.

Go to the House of Commons, or Lords,  
 And they seem to be busy with simple words  
 In their popular sense or pedantic —  
 But, alas ! with their cheers, and sneers, and jeers,  
 They 're really busy, whatever appears,  
 Putting peas in each other's ears,  
 To drive their enemies frantic !

Thus Tories love to worry the Whigs,  
 Who treat them in turn like Schwalbach pigs,  
 Giving them lashes, thrashes, and digs,  
 With their writhing and pain delighted —  
 But after all that 's said, and more,  
 The malice and spite of Party are poor  
 To the malice and spite of a party next door,  
 To a party not invited.

On with the cap and out with the light,  
 Weariness bids the world good-night,  
 At least for the usual season ;  
 But, hark ! a clatter of horses' heels ;



And Sleep and Silence are broken on wheels,  
Like Wilful Murder and Treason !

Another crash — and the carriage goes —  
Again poor Weariness seeks the repose  
That Nature demands imperious ;  
But Echo takes up the burden now,  
With a rattling chorus of row-de-dow-dow,  
Till Silence herself seems making a row,  
Like a Quaker gone delirious !

'T is night — a winter night — and the stars  
Are shining like winkin' — Venus and Mars  
Are rolling along in their golden cars  
Through the sky's serene expansion —  
But vainly the stars dispense their rays,  
Venus and Mars are lost in the blaze  
Of the Kilmanseggs' luminous mansion !

Up jumps Fear in a terrible fright !  
His bed-chamber windows look so bright,  
With light all the square is glutted !  
Up he jumps, like a sole from the pan,  
And a tremor sickens his inward man,  
For he feels as only a gentleman can  
Who thinks he 's being " gutted."

Again Fear settles, all snug and warm ;  
But only to dream of a dreadful storm  
From Autumn's sulphurous locker ;  
But the only electric body that falls  
Wears a negative coat and positive smalls,  
And draws the peal that so appalls  
From the Kilmanseggs' brazen knocker !

'T is Curiosity's benefit night —  
And perchance 't is the English second-sight,



But whatever it be, so be it —  
As the friends and guests of Miss Kilmansegg  
Crowd in to look at her Golden Leg,

As many more  
Mob round the door,  
To see them going to see it !

In they go — in jackets and cloaks,  
Plumes, and bonnets, turbans, and toques,  
As if to a Congress of Nations :  
Greeks and Malays, with daggers and dirks,  
Spaniards, Jews, Chinese, and Turks —  
Some like original foreign works,

But mostly like bad translations.

In they go, and to work like a pack,  
Juan, Moses, and Shachabac,  
Tom, and Jerry, and Springheeled Jack,

For some of low Fancy are lovers —  
Skirting, zigzagging, casting about,  
Here and there, and in and out,  
With a crush, and a rush, for a full-bodied rout  
In one of the stiffest of covers.

In they went, and hunted about,  
Open-mouthed like chub and trout,  
And some with the upper lip thrust out,

Like that fish for routing, a barbel —  
While Sir Jacob stood to welcome the crowd,  
And rubbed his hands, and smiled aloud,  
And bowed, and bowed, and bowed, and bowed,  
Like a man who is sawing marble.

For princes were there, and noble peers ;  
Dukes descended from Norman spears ;  
Earls that dated from early years ;



And lords in vast variety —  
 Besides the gentry both new and old —  
 For people who stand on legs of gold  
 Are sure to stand well with society.

“ But where — where — where ? ” with one accord  
 Cried Moses and Mufti, Jack and my Lord,  
 Wang-Fong and Il Bondocani —  
 When slow, and heavy, and dead as a dump,  
 They heard a foot begin to stump,  
 Thump ! lump !  
 Lump ! thump !

Like the spectre in “ Don Giovanni ! ”

And, lo ! the heiress, Miss Kilmansegg,  
 With her splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,  
 In the garb of a goddess olden —  
 Like chaste Diana going to hunt,  
 With a golden spear — which of course was blunt,  
 And a tunic looped up to a gem in front,  
 To show the Leg that was Golden !

Gold ! still gold ! her Crescent behold,  
 That should be silver, but would be gold ;  
 And her robe's auriferous spangles !  
 Her golden stomacher — how she would melt !  
 Her golden quiver and golden belt,  
 Where a golden bugle dangles !

And her jewelled garter ? O, sin ! O, shame !  
 Let Pride and Vanity bear the blame,  
 That brings such blots on female fame !

But to be a true recorder,  
 Besides its thin transparent stuff,  
 The tunic was looped quite high enough  
 To give a glimpse of the Order !



But what have sin or shame to do  
With a Golden Leg — and a stout one, too ?

Away with all Prudery's panics !  
That the precious metal, by thick and thin,  
Will cover square acres of land or sin,

Is a fact made plain  
Again, and again,  
In morals as well as mechanics.

A few, indeed, of her proper sex,  
Who seemed to feel her foot on their necks,  
And feared their charms would meet with checks

From so rare and splendid a blazon —  
A few cried " fie ! " — and " forward " — and " bold ! "  
And said of the Leg it might be gold,  
But to them it looked like brazen !

'T was hard, they hinted, for flesh and blood,  
Virtue, and beauty, and all that 's good,  
To strike to mere dross their topgallants —  
But what were beauty, or virtue, or worth,  
Gentle manners, or gentle birth,  
Nay, what the most talented head on earth  
To a Leg worth fifty Talents !

But the men sang quite another hymn  
Of glory and praise to the precious limb —  
Age, sordid age, admired the whim,  
And its indecorum pardoned —  
While half of the young — ay, more than half —  
Bowed down and worshipped the Golden Calf,  
Like the Jews when their hearts were hardened.

A Golden Leg ! what fancies it fired !  
What golden wishes and hopes inspired !  
To give but a mere abridgment —



What a leg to leg-bail Embarrassment's serf!

What a leg for a leg to take on the turf!

What a leg for a marching regiment!

A Golden Leg! — whatever Love sings,

'T was worth a bushel of "plain gold rings,"

With which the romantic wheedles.

'T was worth all the legs in stockings and socks —

'T was a leg that might be put in the stocks,

N. B.— Not the parish beadle's!

And Lady K. nid-nodded her head,

Lapped in a turban fancy-bred,

Just like a love-apple, huge and red,

Some Mussul-womanish mystery;

But whatever she meant

To represent,

She talked like the Muse of History.

She told how the filial leg was lost;

And then how much the gold one cost;

With its weight to a Trojan fraction:

And how it took off, and how it put on;

And called on Devil, Duke, and Don,

Mahomet, Moses, and Prester John,

To notice its beautiful action.

And then of the Leg she went in quest;

And led it where the light was best;

And made it lay itself up to rest

In postures for painters' studies:

It cost more tricks and trouble, by half,

Than it takes to exhibit a six-legged calf

To a boothful of country cuddies.

Nor yet did the heiress herself omit

The arts that help to make a hit,



And preserve a prominent station.  
 She talked and laughed far more than her share;  
 And took a part in "Rich and Rare  
 Were the Gems she wore"—and the gems were there,  
 Like a song with an illustration.

She even stood up with a count of France  
 To dance — alas! the measures we dance

When Vanity plays the piper!  
 Vanity, Vanity, apt to betray,  
 And lead all sorts of legs astray,  
 Wood, or metal, or human clay,—

Since Satan first played the viper!

But first she doffed her hunting gear,  
 And favored Tom Tug with her golden spear,

To row with down the river —  
 A Bonze had her golden bow to hold;  
 A Hermit her belt and bugle of gold;  
 And an Abbot her golden quiver.

And then a space was cleared on the floor,  
 And she walked the Minuet de la Cour,  
 With all the pomp of a Pompadour;

But, although she began *andante*,  
 Conceive the faces of all the rout,  
 When she finished off with a whirligig bout,  
 And the Precious Leg stuck stiffly out  
 Like the leg of a *figuranté*!

So the courtly dance was goldenly done,  
 And golden opinions, of course, it won

From all different sorts of people —  
 Chiming, ding-dong, with flattering phrase,  
 In one vociferous peal of praise,  
 Like the peal that rings on royal days  
 From Loyalty's parish steeple.



And yet, had the leg been one of those  
 That dance for bread in flesh-colored hose,  
 With Rosina's pastoral bevy,  
 The jeers it had met,— the shouts ! the scoff !  
 The cutting advice to "take itself off,"  
 For sounding but half so heavy.

Had it been a leg like those, perchance,  
 That teach little girls and boys to dance,  
 To set, poussette, recede, and advance,  
 With the steps and figures most proper,—  
 Had it hopped for a weekly or quarterly sum,  
 How little of praise or grist would have come  
 To a mill with such a hopper !

But the Leg was none of those limbs forlorn —  
 Bartering capers and hops for corn —  
 That meet with public hisses and scorn,  
 Or the morning journal denounces —  
 Had it pleased to caper from morn till dusk,  
 There was all the music of "Money Musk"  
 In its ponderous bangs and bounces.

But hark ! — as slow as the strokes of a pump,  
 Lump, thump !  
 Thump, lump !

As the Giant of Castle Otranto might stump  
 To a lower room from an upper —  
 Down she goes with a noisy dint,  
 For, taking the crimson turban's hint,  
 A noble lord at the head of the Mint  
 Is leading the Leg to supper !

But the supper, alas ! must rest untold,  
 With its blaze of light and its glitter of gold,  
 For to paint that scene of glamour,



It would need the great Enchanter's charm,  
Who waves over palace, and cot, and farm,  
An arm like the goldbeater's golden arm  
That wields a golden hammer.

He — only HE — could fitly state  
THE MASSIVE SERVICE OF GOLDEN PLATE,  
With the proper phrase and expansion —  
The Rare Selection of FOREIGN WINES —  
The ALPS OF ICE and MOUNTAINS OF PINES;  
The punch in OCEANS and sugary shrines,  
The TEMPLE OF TASTE from GUNTER'S DESIGNS —  
In short, all that WEALTH with A FEAST combines,  
In a SPLENDID FAMILY MANSION.

Suffice it each masked outlandish guest  
Ate and drank of the very best,  
According to critical conners —  
And then they pledged the hostess and host,  
But the Golden Leg was the standing toast,  
And, as somebody swore,  
Walked off with more  
Than its share of the "hips!" and honors!

"Miss Kilmansegg! —  
Full glasses I beg! —  
Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg!"  
And away went the bottle careering!  
Wine in bumpers! and shouts in peals!  
Till the Clown did n't know his head from his heels,  
The Mussulman's eyes danced two-some reels,  
And the Quaker was hoarse with cheering!

*Her Dream.*

Miss Kilmansegg took off her Leg,  
And laid it down like a cribbage-peg,



For the rout was done and the riot :  
 The square was hushed ; not a sound was heard ;  
 The sky was gray, and no creature stirred,  
 Except one little precocious bird,  
 That chirped — and then was quiet.

So still without,— so still within ; —  
 It had been a sin  
 To drop a pin —

So intense is silence after a din,  
 It seemed like Death's rehearsal !  
 To stir the air no eddy came ;  
 And the taper burnt with as still a flame,  
 As to flicker had been a burning shame,  
 In a calm so universal.

The time for sleep had come, at last ;  
 And there was the bed, so soft, so vast,  
 Quite a field of Bedfordshire clover ;  
 Softer, cooler, and calmer, no doubt,  
 From the piece of work just ravelled out,  
 For one of the pleasures of having a rout  
 Is the pleasure of having it over.

No sordid pallet, or truckle mean,  
 Of straw, and rug, and tatters unclean ;  
 But a splendid, gilded, carved machine,  
 That was fit for a royal chamber.  
 On the top was a gorgeous golden wreath ;  
 And the damask curtains hung beneath,  
 Like clouds of crimson and amber.

Curtains, held up by two little plump things,  
 With golden bodies and golden wings,—  
 Mere fins for such solidities —



Two Cupids, in short,  
Of the regular sort,  
But the housemaid called them "Cupidities."

No patchwork quilt, all seams and scars,  
But velvet, powdered with golden stars,  
A fit mantle for *Night*-commanders!  
And the pillow, as white as snow undimmed,  
And as cool as the pool that the breeze has skimmed,  
Was cased in the finest cambric, and trimmed  
With the costliest lace of Flanders.

And the bed — of the eider's softest down,  
'T was a place to revel, to smother, to drown  
In a bliss inferred by the poet;  
For if ignorance be indeed a bliss,  
What blessed ignorance equals this,  
To sleep — and not to know it?

O, bed! O, bed! delicious bed!  
That heaven upon earth to the weary head;  
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,  
To the head with a wakeful trouble —  
'T is held by such a different lease!  
To one, a place of comfort and peace,  
All stuffed with the down of stubble geese,  
To another with only the stubble!

To one a perfect halcyon nest,  
All calm, and balm, and quiet, and rest,  
And soft as the fur of the cony —  
To another, so restless for body and head,  
That the bed seems borrowed from Nettlebed,  
And the pillow from Stratford the Stony!

To the happy, a first-class carriage of ease,  
To the Land of Nod, or where you please;



But alas ! for the watchers and weepers,  
 Who turn, and turn, and turn again,  
 But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,  
     With an anxious brain,  
     And thoughts in a train  
 That does not run upon *sleepers* !

Wide awake as the mousing owl,  
 Night-hawk, or other nocturnal fowl,—  
     But more profitless vigils keeping,—  
 Wide awake in the dark they stare,  
 Filling with phantoms the vacant air,  
 As if that crook-backed tyrant Care  
     Had plotted to kill them sleeping.

And O ! when the blessed diurnal light  
 Is quenched by the providential night,  
     To render our slumber more certain,  
 Pity, pity the wretches that weep,  
 For they must be wretched who cannot sleep  
     When God himself draws the curtain !

The careful Betty the pillow beats,  
 And airs the blankets, and smooths the sheets,  
     And gives the mattress a shaking —  
 But vainly Betty performs her part,  
 If a ruffled head and a rumped heart  
     As well as the couch want making.

There's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice, and nerves,  
 Where other people would make preserves,  
     He turns his fruits into pickles :  
 Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,  
 At night, to his own sharp fancies a prey,  
 He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,  
     Tormenting himself with his prickles.



But a child — that bids the world good-night,  
In downright earnest, and cuts it quite —

A cherub no art can copy,—  
'T is a perfect picture to see him lie  
As if he had supped on dormouse pie,  
(An ancient classical dish, by the by)

With sauce of syrup of poppy.

O, bed ! bed ! bed ! delicious bed !  
That heaven upon earth to the weary head,  
Whether lofty or low its condition !  
But, instead of putting our plagues on shelves,  
In our blankets how often we toss ourselves,  
Or are tossed by such allegorical elves  
As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition !

The independent Miss Kilmansegg  
Took off her independent Leg

And laid it beneath her pillow,  
And then on the bed her frame she cast ;  
The time for repose had come at last,  
But long, long after the storm is past  
Rolls the turbid, turbulent billow.

No part she had in vulgar cares  
That belong to common household affairs —  
Nocturnal annoyances such as theirs

Who lie with a shrewd surmising  
That while they are couchant (a bitter cup !)  
Their bread and butter are getting up,  
And the coals — confound them ! — are rising

No fear she had her sleep to postpone,  
Like the crippled widow who weeps alone,  
And cannot make a doze her own,  
For the dread that mayhap on the morrow,



The true and Christian reading to balk,  
 A broker will take up her bed and walk,  
 By way of curing her sorrow.

No cause like these she had to bewail :  
 But the breath of applause had blown a gale,  
 And winds from that quarter seldom fail  
     To cause some human commotion ;  
 But whenever such breezes coincide  
     With the very spring-tide  
     Of human pride,  
 There's no such swell on the ocean !

Peace, and ease, and slumber lost,  
 She turned, and rolled, and tumbled, and tossed,  
     With a tumult that would not settle :  
 A common case, indeed, with such  
 As have too little, or think too much,  
     Of the precious and glittering metal.

Gold ! — she saw at her golden foot  
 The peer whose tree had an olden root,  
 The proud, the great, the learned to boot,  
     The handsome, the gay, and the witty —  
 The man of science — of arms — of art,  
 The man who deals but at Pleasure's mart,  
     And the man who deals in the city.

Gold, still gold — and true to the mould !  
 In the very scheme of her dream it told ;  
     For, by magical transmutation,  
 From her Leg through her body it seemed to go,  
 Till, gold above, and gold below,  
 She was gold, all gold, from her little gold toe  
     To her organ of Veneration !



And still she retained, through Fancy's art,  
 The golden bow, and the golden dart,  
 With which she had played a goddess's part  
     In her recent glorification.

And still, like one of the self-same brood,  
 On a plinth of the self-same metal she stood  
     For the whole world's adoration.

And hymns of incense around her rolled,  
 From golden harps and censers of gold,—  
 For Fancy in dreams is as uncontrolled

    As a horse without a bridle :  
 What wonder, then, from all checks exempt,  
 If, inspired by the Golden Leg, she dreamt  
     She was turned to a golden idol ?

#### *Her Courtship.*

When, leaving Eden's happy land,  
 The grieving angel led by the hand  
     Our banished father and mother,  
 Forgotten, amid their awful doom,  
 The tears, the fears, and the future's gloom,  
 On each brow was a wreath of Paradise bloom,  
     That our parents had twined for each other.

It was only while sitting like figures of stone,  
 For the grieving angel had skyward flown,  
 As they sat, those two, in the world alone,  
     With disconsolate hearts nigh cloven,  
 That, scenting the gust of happier hours,  
 They looked around for the precious flowers,  
 And, lo ! — a last relic of Eden's dear bowers —

    The chaplet that Love had woven !

And still, when a pair of lovers meet,  
 There's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,



That savors still of that happy retreat  
 Where Eve by Adam was courted :  
 Whilst the joyous thrush, and the gentle dove,  
 Wooed their mates in the boughs above,  
 And the serpent, as yet, only sported.

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,  
 A perfume and freshness strange and rare,  
 A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere,  
 When young hearts yearn together ?  
 All sweets below, and all sunny above,  
 O ! there 's nothing in life like making love,  
 Save making hay in fine weather !

Who hath not found amongst his flowers  
 A blossom too bright for this world of ours,  
 Like a rose among snows of Sweden ?  
 But, to turn again to Miss Kilmansegg,  
 Where must Love have gone to beg,  
 If such a thing as a Golden Leg  
 Had put its foot in Eden ?

And yet — to tell the rigid truth —  
 Her favor was sought by age and youth —  
 For the prey will find a prowler !  
 She was followed, flattered, courted, addressed,  
 Wooed, and cooed, and wheedled, and pressed,  
 By suitors from North, South, East, and West,  
 Like that heiress, in song, Tibbie Fowler !

But, alas ! alas ! for the woman's fate,  
 Who has from a mob to choose a mate !  
 'T is a strange and painful mystery !  
 But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch ;  
 The more the fish, the worse the catch ;  
 The more the sparks, the worse the match ;  
 Is a fact in woman's history.



Give her between a brace to pick,  
And, mayhap, with luck to help the trick,  
She will take the Faustus, and leave the Old Nick —

But, her future bliss to baffle,  
Amongst a score let her have a voice,  
And she 'll have as little cause to rejoice  
As if she had won the "man of her choice"  
In a matrimonial raffle !

Thus, even thus, with the heiress and hope,  
Fulfilling the adage of too much rope,

With so ample a competition,  
She chose the least worthy of all the group,  
Just as the vulture makes a stoop,  
And singles out from the herd or troop  
The beast of the worst condition.

A foreign count — who came incog.,  
Not under a cloud, but under a fog,

In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,  
To charm some lady British-born,  
With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,  
And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,  
Like a half-converted Rabbin.

And because the sex confess a charm  
In the man who has slashed a head or arm,

Or has been a throat's undoing,  
He was dressed like one of the glorious trade,  
At least when glory is off parade,  
With a stock, and a frock, well trimmed with braid  
And frogs — that went a-wooing.

Moreover, as counts are apt to do,  
On the left-hand side of his dark surtout,  
At one of those holes that buttons go through,



(To be a precise recorder),  
 A ribbon he wore, or rather a scrap,  
 About an inch of ribbon mayhap,  
 That one of his rivals, a whimsical chap,  
 Described as his "Retail Order."

And then — and much it helped his chance —  
 He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance,  
 Perform charades and proverbs of France —

Act the tender, and do the cruel;  
 For amongst his other killing parts,  
 He had broken a brace of female hearts,  
 And murdered three men in duel!

Savage at heart, and false of tongue,  
 Subtle with age, and smooth to the young,  
 Like a snake in his coiling and curling —  
 Such was the count — to give him a niche —  
 Who came to court that heiress rich,  
 And knelt at her foot — one need n't say which —  
 Besieging her castle of *Sterling*.

With prayers and vows he opened his trench,  
 And plied her with English, Spanish, and French,  
 In phrases the most sentimental!  
 And quoted poems in high and low Dutch,  
 With now and then an Italian touch,  
 Till she yielded, without resisting much,  
 To homage so continental.

And then, the sordid bargain to close,  
 With a miniature sketch of his hooky nose,  
 And his dear dark eyes, as black as sloes,  
 And his beard and whiskers as black as those,  
 The lady's consent he requited —  
 And instead of the lock that lovers beg,  
 The count received from Miss Kilmansegg



A model, in small, of her Precious Leg —  
And so the couple were plighted !

But, O ! the love that gold must crown !  
Better — better, the love of the clown,  
Who admires his lass in her Sunday gown,  
As if all the fairies had dressed her !  
Whose brain to no crooked thought gives birth,  
Except that he never will part on earth  
With his true love's crooked tester !

Alas ! for the love that 's linked with gold !  
Better — better a thousand times told —  
More honest, happy, and laudable,  
The downright loving of pretty Cis,  
Who wipes her lips, though there 's nothing amiss,  
And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss,  
In which her heart is audible !

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright,  
Who loves as she labors, with all her might,  
And without any sordid leaven !  
Who blushes as red as haws and hips,  
Down to her very finger-tips,  
For Roger's blue ribbons — to her, like strips  
Cut out of the azure of heaven !

*Her Marriage.*

'T was morn — a most auspicious one !  
From the golden East the golden sun  
Came forth his glorious race to run,  
Through clouds of most splendid tinges ;  
Clouds that lately slept in shade,  
But now seemed made  
Of gold brocade,  
With magnificent golden fringes.



Gold above, and gold below,  
 The earth reflected the golden glow,  
     From river, and hill, and valley ;  
 Gilt by the golden light of morn,  
 The Thames — it looked like the Golden Horn,  
 And the barge that carried coal or corn  
     Like Cleopatra's galley !

Bright as a cluster of golden-rod,  
 Suburban poplars began to nod,  
     With extempore splendor furnished ;  
 While London was bright with glittering clocks,  
 Golden dragons, and golden cocks,  
     And above them all,  
     The dome of St. Paul,  
 With its golden cross and its golden ball,  
     Shone out as if newly burnished !

And, lo ! for golden hours and joys,  
 Troops of glittering golden boys  
 Danced along with a jocund noise,  
     And their gilded emblems carried !  
 In short, 't was the year's most golden day,  
 By mortals called the first of May,  
     When Miss Kilmansegg,  
     Of the Golden Leg,  
     With a golden ring was married !

And thousands of children, women, and men,  
 Counted the clock from eight till ten,  
     From St. James's sonorous steeple ;  
 For, next to that interesting job,  
 The hanging of Jack, or Bill, or Bob,  
 There's nothing so draws a London mob  
     As the noosing of very rich people.



And a treat it was for a mob to behold  
 The bridal carriage that blazed with gold !  
 And the footmen tall, and the coachman bold,

In liveries so resplendent —  
 Coats you wondered to see in place,  
 They seemed so rich with golden lace,  
 That they might have been independent.

Coats that made those menials proud  
 Gaze with scorn on the dingy crowd,  
 From their gilded elevations ;  
 Not to forget that saucy lad  
 (Ostentation's favorite cad),  
 The page, who looked, so splendidly clad,  
 Like a page of the "Wealth of Nations."

But the coachman carried off the state,  
 With what was a Lancashire body of late  
 Turned into a Dresden Figure ;  
 With a bridal nosegay of early bloom,  
 About the size of a birchen broom,  
 And so huge a white favor, had Gog been groom,  
 He need not have worn a bigger.

And then to see the groom ! the count !  
 With foreign orders to such an amount,  
 And whiskers so wild — nay, bestial ;  
 He seemed to have borrowed the shaggy hair  
 As well as the stars of the Polar Bear,  
 To make him look celestial !

And then — Great Jove ! — the struggle, the crush,  
 The screams, the heaving, the awful rush,  
 The swearing, the tearing, and fighting, —  
 The hats and bonnets smashed like an egg, —  
 To catch a glimpse of the Golden Leg,



Which, between the steps and Miss Kilmansegg,  
Was fully displayed in alighting !

From the golden ankle up to the knee  
There it was for the mob to see !  
A shocking act had it chanced to be  
A crooked leg or a skinny :  
But although a magnificent veil she wore,  
Such as never was seen before,  
In case of blushes, she blushed no more  
Than George the First on a guinea !

Another step, and, lo ! she was launched !  
All in white, as brides are *blanched*,  
With a wreath of most wonderful splendor —  
Diamonds, and pearls, so rich in device,  
That, according to calculation nice,  
Her head was worth as royal a price  
As the head of the Young Pretender.

Bravely she shone — and shone the more  
As she sailed through the crowd of squalid and poor  
Thief, beggar, and tatterdemalion —  
Led by the count, with his sloe-black eyes  
Bright with triumph, and some surprise,  
Like Anson on making sure of his prize  
The famous Mexican galleon !

Anon came Lady K., with her face  
Quite made up to act with grace,  
But she cut the performance shorter  
For instead of pacing stately and stiff,  
At the stare of the vulgar she took a miff,  
And ran, full speed, into church, as if  
To get married before her daughter.



But Sir Jacob walked more slowly, and bowed  
Right and left to the gaping crowd,

Wherever a glance was seizable ;  
For Sir Jacob thought he bowed like a Guelph,  
And therefore bowed to imp and elf,  
And would gladly have made a bow to himself,  
Had such a bow been feasible.

And last — and not the least of the sight,  
Six “ Handsome Fortunes,” all in white,  
Came to help in the marriage rite,—

And rehearse their own hymeneals ;  
And then, the bright procession to close,  
They were followed by just as many beaux,  
Quite fine enough for ideals.

Glittering men, and splendid dames,  
Thus they entered the porch of St. James ,  
Pursued by a thunder of laughter ;  
For the beadle was forced to intervene,  
For Jim the Crow, and his Mayday Queen,  
With her gilded ladle, and Jack i’ the Green,  
Would fain have followed after !

Beadle-like he hushed the shout ;  
But the temple was full “ inside and out,”  
And a buzz kept buzzing all round about

Like bees when the day is sunny —  
A buzz universal that interfered  
With the rite that ought to have been revered,  
As if the couple already were smeared  
With Wedlock’s treacle and honey !

Yet Wedlock ’s a very awful thing !  
’T is something like that feat in the ring  
Which requires good nerve to do it —



When one of a "Grand Equestrian Troop"  
 Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,  
     Not certain at all  
     Of what may befall  
 After his getting through it !

But the count he felt the nervous work  
 No more than any polygamous Turk,  
     Or bold piratical skipper,  
 Who, during his buccaneering search,  
 Would as soon engage "a hand" in church  
     As a hand on board his clipper !

And how did the bride perform her part ?  
 Like any bride who is cold at heart,  
     Mere snow with the ice's glitter ;  
 What but a life of winter for her !  
 Bright but chilly, alive without stir,  
 So splendidly comfortless,—just like a fir  
     When the frost is severe and bitter.

Such were the future man and wife !  
 Whose bale or bliss to the end of life  
     A few short words were to settle —  
     Wilt thou have this woman ?  
     I will — and then,  
     Wilt thou have this man ?  
     I will, and Amen —

And those two were one flesh, in the angels' ken,  
     Except one Leg — that was metal.

Then the names were signed — and kissed the kiss  
 And the bride, who came from her coach a miss,  
     As a countess walked to her carriage —  
 Whilst Hymen preened his plumes like a dove,  
 And Cupid fluttered his wings above,



In the shape of a fly — as little a Love  
As ever looked in at a marriage !

Another crash — and away they dashed,  
And the gilded carriage and footmen flashed  
From the eyes of the gaping people —  
Who turned to gaze at the toe-and-heel  
Of the golden boys beginning a reel,  
To the merry sound of a wedding-peal  
From St. James's musical steeple.

Those wedding-bells ! those wedding-bells !  
How sweetly they sound in pastoral dells  
From a tower in an ivy-green jacket !  
But town-made joys how dearly they cost ;  
And after all are tumbled and tost,  
Like a peal from a London steeple, and lost  
In town-made riot and racket.

The wedding-peal, how sweetly it peals  
With grass or heather beneath our heels, —  
For bells are Music's laughter ! —  
But a London peal, well mingled, be sure,  
With vulgar noises and voices impure,  
What a harsh and discordant overture  
To the harmony meant to come after !

But hence with Discord — perchance, too soon  
To cloud the face of the honeymoon  
With a dismal occultation ! —  
Whatever Fate's concerted trick,  
The countess and count, at the present nick,  
Have a chicken and not a crow to pick  
At a sumptuous cold collation.

A breakfast — no unsubstantial mess,  
But one in the style of good Queen Bess,  
Who — hearty as hippocampus —



Broke her fast with ale and beef,  
 Instead of toast and the Chinese leaf,  
 And in lieu of anchovy — grampus !

A breakfast of fowl, and fish, and flesh,  
 Whatever was sweet, or salt, or fresh,  
 With wines the most rare and curious —  
 Wines, of the richest flavor and hue ;  
 With fruits from the worlds both Old and New ,  
 And fruits obtained before they were due  
 At a discount most usurious.

For wealthy palates there be, that scout  
 What is *in* season, for what is *out*,  
 And prefer all precocious savor ;  
 For instance, early green peas, of the sort  
 That costs some four or five guineas a quart ;  
 Where the *Mint* is the principal flavor.

And many a wealthy man was there,  
 Such as the wealthy city could spare,  
 To put in a portly appearance —  
 Men whom their fathers had helped to gild :  
 And men who had had their fortunes to build,  
 And — much to their credit — had richly filled  
 Their purses by *pursy-verance*.

Men, by popular rumor at least,  
 Not the last to enjoy a feast !  
 And truly they were not idle !  
 Luckier far than the chestnut tits,  
 Which, down at the door, stood champing their bits  
 At a different sort of bridle.

For the time was come — and the whiskered count  
 Helped his bride in the carriage to mount,  
 And fain would the Muse deny it,



But the crowd, including two butchers in blue,  
 (The regular killing Whitechapel hue,)  
 Of her Precious Calf had as ample a view,  
 As if they had come to buy it!

Then away! away! with all the speed  
 That golden spurs can give to the steed,—  
 Both yellow boys and guineas, indeed,  
 Concurred to urge the cattle,—  
 Away they went, with favors white,  
 Yellow jackets, and pannels bright,  
 And left the mob, like a mob at night,  
 Agape at the sound of a rattle.

Away! away! they rattled and rolled,  
 The count, and his bride, and her Leg of Gold —  
 That faded charm to the charmer!  
 Away,—through Old Brentford rang the din,  
 Of wheels and heels, on their way to win  
 That hill, named after one of her kin  
 The Hill of the Golden Farmer!

Gold, still gold — it flew like dust!  
 It tipped the post-boy, and paid the trust;  
 In each open palm it was freely thrust;  
 There was nothing but giving and taking!  
 And if gold could insure the future hour,  
 What hopes attended that bride to her bower;  
 But, alas! even hearts with a four-horse power  
 Of opulence end in breaking!

*Der Moneymoon.*

The moon — the moon, so silver and cold,  
 Her fickle temper has oft been told,  
 Now shady — now bright and sunny —  
 But, of all the lunar things that change,  
 The one that shows most fickle and strange,



And takes the most eccentric range,  
Is the moon — so called — of honey !

To some a full-grown orb revealed,  
As big and as round as Norval's shield,  
And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted ;  
To others as dull, and dingy, and damp,  
As any oleaginous lamp,  
Of the regular old parochial stamp,  
In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,  
That makes earth's commonest scenes appear  
All poetic, romantic, and tender ;  
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,  
And investing a common post, or a pump,  
A currant-bush or a gooseberry clump,  
With a halo of dreamlike splendor.

A sphere such as shone from Italian skies,  
In Juliet's dear, dark, liquid eyes,  
Tipping trees with its argent braveries —  
And to couples not favored with Fortune's boons  
One of the most delightful of moons,  
For it brightens their pewter platters and spoons  
Like a silver service of Savory's !

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,  
And the meanest thing most precious and dear,  
When the magic of love is present :  
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace  
To the humblest spot and the plainest face —  
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,  
And Garlic Hill to Mount Pleasant !

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,  
And makes contentment and joy agree



With the coarsest boarding and bedding;  
 Love, that no golden ties can attach,  
 But nestles under the humblest thatch,  
 And will fly away from an emperor's match  
 To dance at a penny wedding!

O, happy, happy, thrice happy state,  
 When such a bright planet governs the fate  
 Of a pair of united lovers!  
 'T is theirs, in spite of the serpent's hiss,  
 To enjoy the pure primeval kiss  
 With as much of the old original bliss  
 As mortality ever recovers!

There's strength in double joints, no doubt,  
 In double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,  
 That the single sorts know nothing about —  
 And a fist is strongest when doubled —  
 And double aqua-fortis, of course,  
 And double soda-water, perforce,  
 Are the strongest that ever bubbled!

There's double beauty whenever a swan  
 Swims on a lake, with her double thereon;  
 And ask the gardener, Luke or John,  
 Of the beauty of double-blowing —  
 A double dahlia delights the eye;  
 And it's far the loveliest sight in the sky  
 When a double rainbow is glowing!

There's warmth in a pair of double soles;  
 As well as a double allowance of coals —  
 In a coat that is double-breasted —  
 In double windows and double doors;  
 And a double U wind is blest by scores  
 For its warmth to the tender-chested.



There's two-fold sweetness in double-pipes ;  
And a double barrel and double snipes

Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure :  
There's double safety in double locks ;  
And double letters bring cash for the box ;  
And all the world knows that double knocks  
Are gentility's double measure.

There's a double sweetness in double rhymes,  
And a double at whist and a double Times

In profit are certainly double —  
By doubling, the hare contrives to escape :  
And all seamen delight in a doubled cape,  
And a double-reefed topsail in trouble.

There's a double chuck at a double chin,  
And of course there's a double pleasure therein,

If the parties are brought to telling :  
And, however our Dennises take offence,  
A double meaning shows double sense ;  
And if proverbs tell truth,  
A double tooth

Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling !

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,  
Beauty, respect, strength, comfort, and thence  
Through whatever the list discovers,  
They are all in the double blessedness summed  
Of what was formerly double-drummed,  
The marriage of two true lovers !

Now the Kilmansegg Moon — it must be told —  
Though instead of silver it tipped with gold —  
Shone rather wan, and distant, and cold,

And, before its days were at thirty,  
Such gloomy clouds began to collect,



With an ominous ring of ill effect,  
As gave but too much cause to expect  
Such weather as seamen call dirty !

And yet the moon was the "young May moon,"  
And the scented hawthorn had blossomed soon,  
And the thrush and the blackbird were singing --  
The snow-white lambs were skipping in play,  
And the bee was humming a tune all day  
To flowers as welcome as flowers in May,  
And the trout in the stream was springing !

But what were the hues of the blooming earth,  
Its scents -- its sounds -- or the music and mirth,

Or its furred or its feathered creatures,  
To a pair in the world's last sordid stage,  
Who had never looked into Nature's page,  
And had strange ideas of a Golden Age,  
Without any Arcadian features ?

And what were joys of the pastoral kind  
To a bride -- town-made -- with a heart and mind

With simplicity ever at battle ?  
A bride of an ostentatious race,  
Who, thrown in the Golden Farmer's place,  
Would have trimmed her shepherds with golden lace,  
And gilt the horns of her cattle.

She could not please the pigs with her whim,  
And the sheep would n't cast their eyes at a limb

For which she had been such a martyr :  
The deer in the park, and the colts at grass,  
And the cows, unheeded let it pass ;  
And the ass on the common was such an ass,  
That he would n't have swapped  
The thistle he cropped

For her Leg, including the Garter !



She hated lanes, and she hated fields —  
 She hated all that the country yields —

And barely knew turnips from clover :  
 She hated walking in any shape,  
 And a country stile was an awkward scrape,  
 Without the bribe of a mob to gape  
 At the Leg in clambering over !

O blessed Nature, " O rus ! O rus ! "  
 Who cannot sigh for the country thus,  
 Absorbed in a worldly torpor —  
 Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath  
 Untainted by care, and crime, and death,  
 And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath —  
 That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper !

But to hail the pearly advent of Morn,  
 And relish the odor fresh from the thorn,  
 She was far too pampered a madam —  
 Or to joy in the daylight waxing strong,  
 While, after ages of sorrow and wrong,  
 The scorn of the proud, the misrule of the strong,  
 And all the woes that to man belong,  
 The lark still carols the self-same song  
 That he did to the uncurs'd Adam !

The Lark ! she had given all Leipsic's flocks  
 For a Vauxhall tune in a musical box ;  
 And as for the birds in the thicket,  
 Thrush or ousel in leafy niche,  
 The linnet or finch, she was far too rich  
 To care for a morning concert to which  
 She was welcome without any ticket.

Gold, still gold, her standard of old,  
 All pastoral joys were tried by gold,  
 Or by fancies golden and crural —



Till ere she had passed one week unblest,  
 As her agricultural uncle's guest,  
 Her mind was made up and fully imprest  
 That felicity could not be rural !

And the count ? — to the snow-white lambs at play.  
 And all the scents and the sights of May,

And the birds that warbled their passion,  
 His ears, and dark eyes, and decided nose,  
 Were as deaf and as blind and as dull as those  
 That overlook the Bouquet de Rose,

The Huile Antique,  
 And Parfum Unique,  
 In a barber's Temple of Fashion.

To tell, indeed, the true extent  
 Of his rural bias, so far it went

As to covet estates in ring fences —  
 And for rural lore he had learned in town  
 That the country was green turned up with brown,  
 And garnished with trees that a man might cut down  
 Instead of his own expenses.

And yet, had that fault been his only one,  
 The pair might have had few quarrels or none,  
 For their tastes thus far were in common ;  
 But faults he had that a haughty bride  
 With a Golden Leg could hardly abide —  
 Faults that would even have roused the pride  
 Of a far less metalsome woman !

It was early days indeed for a wife,  
 In the very spring of her married life,  
 To be chilled by its wintry weather —  
 But, instead of sitting as love-birds do,  
 Or Hymen's turtles that bill and coo —



Enjoying their "moon and honey for two,"  
They were scarcely seen together !

In vain she sat with her Precious Leg  
A little exposed *d' la* Kilmansegg,  
And rolled her eyes in their sockets !  
He left her in spite of her tender regards,  
And those loving murmurs described by bards,  
For the rattling of dice and the shuffling of cards,  
And the poking of balls into pockets !

Moreover he loved the deepest stake  
And the heaviest bets the players would make ;  
And he drank — the reverse of sparely, —  
And he used strange curses that made her fret ;  
And when he played with herself at piquet,  
She found, to her cost,  
For she always lost,  
That the count did not count quite fairly.

And then came dark mistrust and doubt,  
Gathered by worming his secrets out,  
And slips in his conversations —  
Fears, which all her peace destroyed,  
That his title was null — his coffers were void —  
And his French château was in Spain, or enjoyed  
The most airy of situations.

But still his heart — if he had such a part —  
She — only she — might possess his heart,  
And hold his affections in fetters —  
Alas ! that hope, like a crazy ship,  
Was forced its anchor and cable to slip  
When, seduced by her fears, she took a dip  
In his private papers and letters.



Letters that told of dangerous leagues;  
 And notes that hinted as many intrigues  
 As the count's in the "Barber of Seville" —  
 In short, such mysteries came to light,  
 That the countess-bride, on the thirtieth night,  
 Woke and started up in affright,  
 And kicked and screamed with all her might,  
 And finally fainted away outright,  
 For she dreamt she had married the Devil!

*Der Misery.*

Who hath not met with home-made bread,  
 A heavy compound of putty and lead —  
 And home-made wines that rack the head,  
 And home-made liqueurs and waters?  
 Home-made pop that will not foam,  
 And home-made dishes that drive one from home,  
 Not to name each mess,  
 For the face or dress,  
 Home-made by the homely daughters?  
 Home-made physic, that sickens the sick;  
 Thick for thin and thin for thick; —  
 In short, each homogeneous trick  
 For poisoning domesticity?  
 And since our Parents, called the First,  
 A little family squabble nurst,  
 Of all our evils the worst of the worst  
 Is home-made infelicity.

There's a golden bird that claps its wings,  
 And dances for joy on its perch, and sings  
 With a Persian exultation:  
 For the sun is shining into the room,  
 And brightens up the carpet-bloom,



As if it were new, bran-new from the loom,  
Or the lone nun's fabrication.

And thence the glorious radiance flames  
On pictures in massy gilded frames —  
Enshrining, however, no painted dames,  
But portraits of colts and fillies —  
Pictures hanging on walls which shine,  
In spite of the bard's familiar line,  
With clusters of "gilded lilies."

And still the flooding sunlight shares  
Its lustre with gilded sofas and chairs,  
That shine as if freshly burnished —  
And gilded tables, with glittering stocks  
Of gilded china, and golden clocks,  
Toy, and trinket, and musical box,  
That Peace and Paris have furnished.

And, lo ! with the brightest gleam of all  
The glowing sunbeam is seen to fall  
On an object as rare as splendid —  
The golden foot of the Golden Leg  
Of the countess — once Miss Kilmansegg —  
But there all sunshine is ended.

Her cheek is pale, and her eye is dim,  
And downward cast, yet not at the limb,  
Once the centre of all speculation ;  
But downward drooping in comfort's dearth,  
As gloomy thoughts are drawn to the earth —  
Whence human sorrows derive their birth —  
By a moral gravitation.

Her golden hair is out of its braids,  
And her sighs betray the gloomy shades  
That her evil planet revolves in —



And tears are falling that catch a gleam  
 So bright as they drop in the sunny beam,  
 That tears of *aqua regia* they seem  
 The water that gold dissolves in !

Yet, not in filial grief were shed  
 Those tears for a mother's insanity ;  
 Nor yet because her father was dead,  
 For the bowing Sir Jacob had bowed his head  
 To Death — with his usual urbanity ;  
 The waters that down her visage rilled  
 Were drops of unrectified spirit distilled  
 From the limbec of Pride and Vanity.

Tears that fell alone and unchecked,  
 Without relief, and without respect,  
 Like the fabled pearls that the pigs neglect,  
 When pigs have that opportunity —  
 And of all the griefs that mortals share,  
 The one that seems the hardest to bear  
 Is the grief without community.

How blessed the heart that has a friend  
 A sympathizing ear to lend  
 To troubles too great to smother !  
 For as ale and porter, when flat, are restored  
 Till a sparkling, bubbling head they afford,  
 So sorrow is cheered by being poured  
 From one vessel into another.

But friend or gossip she had not one  
 To hear the vile deeds that the count had done,  
 How night after night he rambled ;  
 And how she had learned by sad degrees  
 That he drank, and smoked, and, worse than these,  
 That he "swindled, intrigued, and gambled."



How he kissed the maids, and sparred with John;  
And came to bed with his garments on;

With other offences as heinous —  
And brought *strange* gentlemen home to dine,  
That he said were in the Fancy line,  
And they fancied spirits instead of wine,  
And called her lap-dog "Wenus!"

Of "making a book" how he made a stir,  
But never had written a line to her,

Once his idol and Cara Sposa:  
And how he had stormed, and treated her ill,  
Because she refused to go down to a mill,  
She did n't know where, but remembered still  
That the miller's name was Mendoza.

How often he waked her up at night,  
And oftener still by the morning light,  
Reeling home from his haunts unlawful;  
Singing songs that should n't be sung,  
Except by beggars and thieves unhung —  
Or volleying oaths, that a foreign tongue  
Made still more horrid and awful!

How oft, instead of otto of rose,  
With vulgar smells he offended her nose,  
From gin, tobacco, and onion!  
And then how wildly he used to stare!  
And shake his fist at nothing, and swear,—  
And pluck by the handful his shaggy hair,  
Till he looked like a study of Giant Despair  
For a new edition of Bunyan!

For dice will run the contrary way,  
As well is known to all who play,  
And cards will conspire as in treason:  
And what with keeping a hunting-box,



Following fox —  
 Friends in flocks,  
 Burgundies, Hocks,  
 From London Docks;  
 Stultz's frocks,  
 Manton and Nock's  
 Barrels and locks,  
 Shooting blue rocks,  
 Trainers and jocks,  
 Buskins and socks,  
 Pugilistical knocks,  
 And fighting-cocks,

If he found himself short in funds and stocks,  
 These rhymes will furnish the reason !

His friends, indeed, were falling away —  
 Friends who insist on play or pay —  
 And he feared at no very distant day  
 To be cut by Lord and by Cadger,  
 As one who was gone or going to smash,  
 For his checks no longer drew the cash,  
 Because, as his comrades explained in flash,  
 " He had overdrawn his badger."

Gold ! gold — alas ! for the gold  
 Spent where souls are bought and sold,  
 In Vice's Walpurgis revel !  
 Alas ! for muffles, and bulldogs, and guns,  
 The leg that walks, and the leg that runs,  
 All real evils, though Fancy ones,  
 When they lead to debt, dishonor, and duns,  
 Nay, to death, and perchance the Devil !

Alas ! for the last of a Golden race !  
 Had she cried her wrongs in the market-place,  
 She had warrant for all her clamor —



For the worst of rogues, and brutes, and rakes,  
 Was breaking her heart by constant aches,  
 With as little remorse as the pauper who breaks  
 A flint with a parish hammer !

*Her Last Will.*

Now the Precious Leg, while cash was flush,  
 Or the count's acceptance worth a rush,  
 Had never excited dissension ;  
 But no sooner the stocks began to fall,  
 Than, without any ossification at all,  
 The limb became what people call  
 A perfect bone of contention.

For altered days brought altered ways,  
 And instead of the complimentary phrase,  
 So current before her bridal —  
 The countess heard, in language low,  
 That her Precious Leg was precious slow,  
 A good 'un to look at but bad to go,  
 And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,  
 Like Colin's foot in going up-stairs —  
 As the wife in the Scottish ballad declares —  
 It made an infernal stumping.

Whereas a member of cork, or wood,  
 Would be lighter and cheaper, and quite as good,  
 Without the unbearable thumping.

Perhaps she thought it a decent thing  
 To show her calf to cobbler and king,

But nothing could be absurder —  
 While none but the crazy would advertise  
 Their gold before their servants' eyes,



Who of course some night would make it a prize,  
By a shocking and barbarous murder.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,  
The Leg kept its situation :  
For legs are not to be taken off  
By a verbal amputation.  
And mortals when they take a whim,  
The greater the folly the stiffer the limb  
That stands upon it or by it —  
So the countess, then Miss Kilmansegg,  
At her marriage refused to stir a peg,  
Till the lawyers had fastened on her leg,  
As fast as the law could tie it.

Firmly then—and more firmly yet—  
With scorn for scorn, and with threat for threat,  
The proud one confronted the cruel :  
And loud and bitter the quarrel arose,  
Fierce and merciless—one of those,  
With spoken daggers, and looks like blows,  
In all but the bloodshed a duel !

Rash, and wild, and wretched, and wrong,  
Were the words that came from weak and strong,  
Till, maddened for desperate matters,  
Fierce as tigress escaped from her den,  
She flew to her desk—'t was opened—and then,  
In the time it takes to try a pen,  
Or the clerk to utter his slow Amen,  
Her Will was in fifty tatters !

But the count, instead of curses wild,  
Only nodded his head and smiled,  
As if at the spleen of an angry child ;



But the calm was deceitful and sinister !  
 A lull like the lull of the treacherous sea —  
 For Hate in that moment had sworn to be  
 The Golden Leg's sole Legatee,  
 And that very night to administer !

*Her Death.*

'T is a stern and startling thing to think  
 How often mortality stands on the brink  
 Of its grave without any misgiving :  
 And yet, in this slippery world of strife,  
 In the stir of human bustle so rife  
 There are daily sounds to tell us that Life  
 Is dying, and Death is living !

Ay, Beauty the girl, and Love the boy,  
 Bright as they are with hope and joy,  
 How their souls would sadden instanter,  
 To remember that one of those wedding bells,  
 Which ring so merrily through the dells,  
 Is the same that knells  
 Our last farewells,  
 Only broken into a canter !

But breath and blood set doom at naught —  
 How little the wretched countess thought,  
 When at night she unloosed her sandal,  
 That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,  
 And that Death, in the shape of a death's-head moth,  
 Was fluttering round her candle !

As she looked at her clock of or-molu,  
 For the hours she had gone so wearily through  
 At the end of a day of trial —  
 How little she saw in her pride of prime



The dart of death in the hand of Time—

That hand which moved on the dial !

As she went with her taper up the stair,

How little her swollen eye was aware

That the Shadow which followed was double !

Or when she closed her chamber door,

It was shutting out, and forevermore,

The world—and its worldly trouble.

Little she dreamt, as she laid aside

Her jewels — after one glance of pride —

They were solemn bequests to Vanity —

Or when her robes she began to doff,

That she stood so near to the putting off

Of the flesh that clothes humanity.

And when she quenched the taper's light,

How little she thought, as the smoke took flight,

That her day was done—and merged in a night

Of dreams and duration uncertain —

Or, along with her own,

That a hand of bone

Was closing mortality's curtain !

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,

And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind

In concealing the day of sorrow ;

And enough is the present tense of toil —

For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil —

And the mind flies back with a glad recoil

From the debts not due till to-morrow.

Wherefore else does the spirit fly

And bid its daily cares good-by,

Along with its daily clothing ?

Just as the felon condemned to die —



With a very natural loathing —  
 Leaving the sheriff to dream of ropes,  
 From his gloomy cell in a vision elopes,  
 To caper on sunny greens and slopes,  
 Instead of the dance upon nothing.

Thus, even thus, the countess slept,  
 While Death still nearer and nearer crept,  
 Like the Thane who smote the sleeping —  
 But her mind was busy with early joys,  
 Her golden treasures and golden toys,  
     That flashed a bright  
     And golden light  
 Under lids still red with weeping.

The golden doll that she used to hug !  
 Her coral of gold, and the golden mug !  
 Her godfather's golden presents !  
 The golden service she had at her meals,  
 The golden watch, and chain, and seals,  
 Her golden scissors, and thread, and reels,  
 And her golden fishes and pheasants !

The golden guineas in silken purse —  
 And the golden legends she heard from her nurse,  
 Of the Mayor in his gilded carriage —  
 And London streets that were paved with gold —  
 And the golden eggs that were laid of old —  
     With each golden thing  
     To the golden ring  
 At her own auriferous marriage !

And still the golden light of the sun  
 Through her golden dream appeared to run,  
 Though the night that roared without was one  
 To terrify seamen or gypsies —



While the moon, as if in malicious mirth,  
Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,  
As though she enjoyed the tempest's birth,  
In revenge of her old eclipses.

But vainly, vainly the thunder fell,  
For the soul of the sleeper was under a spell  
That time had lately embittered —  
The count, as once at her foot he knelt —  
That foot which now he wanted to melt!  
But — hush! — 't was a stir at her pillow she felt —  
And some object before her glittered.

'T was the Golden Leg! — she knew its gleam!  
And up she started, and tried to scream, —  
But even in the moment she started —  
Down came the limb with a frightful smash,  
And, lost in the universal flash  
That her eyeballs made at so mortal a crash,  
The spark, called Vital, departed!

\* \* \* \*

Gold, still gold! hard, yellow, and cold,  
For gold she had lived, and she died for gold —  
By a golden weapon — not oaken;  
In the morning they found her all alone —  
Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone —  
But her Leg, the Golden Leg, was gone,  
And the "golden bowl was broken!"

Gold — still gold! it haunted her yet —  
At the Golden Lion the inquest met —  
Its foreman, a carver and gilder —  
And the jury debated from twelve till three  
What the verdict ought to be,



And they brought it in as Felo-de-Se,  
 "Because her own leg had killed her!"

*Her Moral.*

Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
 Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;  
 Heavy to get, and light to hold;  
 Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,  
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:  
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
 To the very verge of the church-yard mould;  
 Price of many a crime untold:  
 Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
 Good or bad a thousand-fold!  
 How widely its agencies vary —  
 To save — to ruin — to curse — to bless —  
 As even its minted coins express,  
 Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,  
 And now of a Bloody Mary.

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A MORNING THOUGHT.

No more, no more will I resign  
 My couch so warm and soft,  
 To trouble trout with hook and line,  
 That will not spring aloft.  
 With larks appointments one may fix  
 To greet the dawning skies,  
 But hang the getting up at six  
 For fish that will not *rise*!



## A TALE OF A TRUMPET.

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"Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing ?  
Speak a little louder, for I'm very hard of hearing."

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OLD BALLAD

OF all old women hard of hearing,  
The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing !  
On her head, it is true,  
Two flaps there grew,  
That served for a pair of gold rings to go through ;  
But for any purpose of ears in a parley,  
They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.  
You saw in her face that the woman was deaf :  
From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,  
Each queer feature asked a query ;  
A look that said, in a silent way,  
" Who ? and What ? and How ? and Eh ?  
I'd give my ears to know what you say ! "  
And well she might ! for each auricular  
Was deaf as a post — and that post in particular  
That stands at the corner of Dyott-street now,  
And never hears a word of a row !

Ears that might serve her now and then  
As extempore racks for an idle pen ;  
Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops  
With coral, ruby, or garnet drops ;



Or, provided the owner so inclined,  
 Ears to stick a blister behind ;  
 But as for hearing wisdom or wit,  
 Falschood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,  
 Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,  
 Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,  
 Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,  
 They might as well, for any such wish,  
 Have been buttered, done brown, and laid in a dish !  
 She was deaf as a post, — as said before, —  
 And as deaf as twenty similes more,  
 Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,  
 Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house — which modern tricks  
 Of language would call as deaf as bricks —  
     For her all human kind were dumb,  
     Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,  
     That none could get a sound to come,  
 Unless the Devil who had Two Sticks !  
 She was deaf as a stone — say one of the stones  
 Demosthenes sucked to improve his tones ;  
 And surely deafness no further could reach  
 Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech !  
 She was deaf as a nut — for nuts, no doubt,  
 Are deaf to the grub that 's hollowing out —  
 As deaf, alas ! as the dead and forgotten —  
 (Gray has noticed the waste of breath,  
 In addressing the "dull, cold ear of death"),  
 Or the Felon's ear that was stuffed with Cotton —  
 Or Charles the First, *in statue quo* ;  
 Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,  
 With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,  
 That only stare, whatever you "ax,"  
 For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.



She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond,  
And would n't listen to Mrs. Bond,—  
As deaf as any Frenchman appears,  
When he puts his shoulders into his ears :  
And — whatever the citizen tells his son —  
As deaf as Gog and Magog at one !  
Or, still to be a simile-seeker,  
As deaf as dog's-ears to Enfield's Speaker !

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,  
Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy ;  
Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,  
Were plugged with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail — that you cannot hammer  
A meaning into, for all your clamor —  
There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer !

So formed to worry

Both Lindley and Murray,

By having no ear for music or grammar !

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,  
Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,  
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,  
Deaf to even the definite article —

No verbal message was worth a pin,  
Though you hired an earwig to carry it in !

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,  
Or all the deafness in Yearsley's Work,  
Who, in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,  
Boring, blasting, and pioneering,

To give the dunny organ a clearing,  
Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing.

Of course the loss was a great privation,  
For one of her sex — whatever her station —  
And none the less that the dame had a turn



For making all families one concern,  
And learning whatever there was to learn  
In the prattling, tattling village of Tringham —  
As who wore silk ? and who wore gingham ?  
And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em ?  
How the Smiths contrived to live ? and whether  
The fourteen Murphys all pigged together ?  
The wages per week of the Weavers and Skinners,  
And what they boiled for their Sunday dinners ?  
What plates the Bugsbys had on the shelf,  
Crockery, china, wooden, or delf ?  
And if the parlor of Mrs. O'Grady  
Had a wicked French print, or Death and the Lady ?  
Did Snip and his wife continue to jangle ?  
Had Mrs. Wilkinson sold her mangle ?  
What liquor was drunk by Jones and Brown ?  
And the weekly score they ran up at the Crown ?  
If the cobbler could read, and believed in the Pope ?  
And how the Grubbs were off for soap ?  
If the Snobbs had furnished their room up stairs,  
And how they managed for tables and chairs,  
Beds, and other household affairs,  
Iron, wooden, and Staffordshire wares ;  
And if they could muster a whole pair of bellows ?  
In fact she had much of the spirit that lies  
Perdu in a notable set of Paul Prys,  
By courtesy called Statistical Fellows —  
A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,  
Who had gone upon much of the self-same plan,  
Jotting the laboring class's riches ;  
And after poking in pot and pan,  
And routing garments in want of stitches,  
Have ascertained that a working man  
Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches !



But this, alas ! from her loss of hearing,  
Was all a sealed book to Dame Eleanor Spearing ;  
And often her tears would rise to their founts —

Supposing a little scandal at play  
'Twixt Mrs. O'Fie and Mrs. Au Fait —

That she could n't audit the gossips' accounts.

'T is true, to her cottage still they came,  
And ate her muffins just the same,  
And drank the tea of the widowed dame,  
And never swallowed a thimble the less  
Of something the reader is left to guess,  
For all the deafness of Mrs. S.,

Who *saw* them talk, and chuckle, and cough,  
But to *see* and not share in the social flow,  
She might as well have lived, you know,  
In one of the houses in Owen's Row,  
Near the New River Head, with its water cut off !

And yet the almond-oil she had tried,  
And fifty infallible things beside,  
Hot, and cold, and thick, and thin,  
Dabbed, and dribbled, and squirted in :  
But all remedies failed ; and though some it was clear  
(Like the brandy and salt  
We now exalt)

Had made a noise in the public ear,  
She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear

At last — one very fine day in June —

Suppose her sitting,

Busily knitting,

And humming she did n't quite know what tune ,

For nothing she heard but a sort of a whizz,  
Which, unless the sound of a circulation,  
Or of thoughts in the process of fabrication,



By a spinning-jennyish operation,  
It's hard to say what buzzing it is.  
However, except that ghost of a sound,  
She sat in a silence most profound —  
The cat was purring about the mat,  
But her mistress heard no more of that  
Than if it had been a boatswain's cat;  
And as for the clock the moments nicking,  
The dame only gave it credit for ticking.  
The bark of her dog she did not catch;  
Nor yet the click of the lifted latch;  
Nor yet the creak of the opening door;  
Nor yet the fall of the foot on the floor —  
But she saw the shadow that crept on her gown,  
And turned its skirt of a darker brown.

And, lo! a man! a pedler? ay, marry,  
With a little back-shop that such tradesmen carry,  
Stocked with brooches, ribbons, and rings,  
Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,  
For lad and lass, as Autolycus sings;  
A chapman for goodness and cheapness of ware  
Held a fair dealer enough at a fair,  
But deemed a piratical sort of invader  
By him we dub the "regular trader,"  
Who, luring the passengers in as they pass  
By lamps, gay panels, and mouldings of brass,  
And windows with only one huge pane of glass,  
And his name in gilt characters, German or Roman  
If he is n't a pedler, at least is a showman!

However, in the stranger came,  
And, the moment he met the eyes of the dame,  
Threw her as knowing a nod as though  
He had known her fifty long years ago;



And, presto ! before she could utter " Jack " —  
 Much less " Robinson " — opened his pack —

And then from amongst his portable gear,  
 With even more than a pedler's tact, —  
 (Slick himself might have envied the act) —  
 Before she had time to be deaf, in fact,  
 Popped a trumpet into her ear.

" There, ma'am ! try it !

You need n't buy it —

The last new patent — and nothing comes nigh it  
 For affording the deaf, at little expense,  
 The sense of hearing, and hearing of sense !  
 A real blessing — and no mistake,  
 Invented for poor humanity's sake;  
 For what can be a greater privation  
 Than playing dummy to all creation,  
 And only looking at conversation —  
 Great philosophers talking like Platos,  
 And members of Parliament moral as Catos,  
 And your ears as dull as waxy potatoes !  
 Not to name the mischievous quizzers,  
 Sharp as knives, but double as scissors,  
 Who get you to answer quite by guess  
 Yes for no, and no for yes."

(" That 's very true," says Dame Eleanor S.)

" Try it again ! No harm in trying —  
 I 'm sure you 'll find it worth your buying.  
 A little practice — that is all —  
 And you 'll hear a whisper, however small,  
 Through an Act of Parliament party wall, —  
 Every syllable clear as day,  
 And even what people are going to say —



I would n't tell a lie, I would n't,  
But my trumpets have heard what Solomon's could n't;  
And as for Scott, he promises fine,  
But can he warrant his horns, like mine,  
Never to hear what a lady should n't? —  
Only a guinea — and can't take less."  
("That's very dear," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Dear! — O dear, to call it dear!  
Why it is n't a horn you buy, but an ear;  
Only think, and you'll find on reflection  
You're bargaining, ma'am, for the Voice of Affection;  
For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Truth,  
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth:  
Not to mention the striking of clocks —  
Cackle of hens — crowing of cocks —  
Lowling of cow, and bull, and ox —  
Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks —  
Murmur of waterfall over the rocks —  
Every sound that Echo mocks —  
Vocals, fiddles, and musical-box —  
And, zounds! to call such a concert dear!  
But I must n't swear with my horn in your ear.  
Why, in buying that trumpet you buy all those  
That Harper, or any trumpeter, blows  
At the Queen's levees, or the Lord Mayor's shows,  
At least as far as the music goes,  
Including the wonderful lively sound  
Of the Guards' key-bugles all the year round.  
Come — suppose we call it a pound!  
Come," said the talkative man of the pack,  
"Before I put my box on my back,  
For this elegant, useful conductor of sound,  
Come — suppose we call it a pound!"



"Only a pound! it's only the price  
Of hearing a concert once or twice,

It's only the fee

You might give Mr. C.,

And after all not hear his advice,

• But common prudence would bid you stump it;

For, not to enlarge,

It's the regular charge

At a fancy fair for a penny trumpet.

Lord! what's a pound to the blessing of hearing!"

("A pound's a pound," said Dame Eleanor Spearing.)

"Try it again! no harm in trying!

A pound's a pound, there's no denying;

But think what thousands and thousands of pounds

We pay for nothing but hearing sounds;

Sounds of equity, justice, and law,

Parliamentary jabber and jaw,

Pious cant and moral saw,

Hocus-pocus, and Nong-tong-paw,

And empty sounds not worth a straw;

Why, it costs a guinea, as I'm a sinner,

To hear the sounds at a public dinner!

One-pound-one thrown into the puddle,

To listen to fiddle, fiddle and fuddle!

Not to forget the sounds we buy

From those who sell their sounds so high,

That, unless the managers pitch it strong,

To get a signora to warble a song

You must fork out the blunt with a haymaker's prong.

"It's not the thing for me — I know it —

To crack my own trumpet up and blow it;

But it is the best, and time will show it.



There was Mrs. F.

So very deaf,

That she might have worn a percussion-cap,  
And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap

Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day  
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay !

Come — eighteen shillings — that 's very low,

You 'll save the money as shillings go, —

And I never knew so bad a lot, —

By hearing whether they ring or not !

Eighteen shillings ! it 's worth the price,

Supposing you 're delicate-minded and nice,

To have the medical man of your choice,

Instead of the one with the strongest voice —

Who comes and asks you how 's your liver,

And where you ache, and whether you shiver,

And as to your nerves so apt to quiver,

As if he was hailing a boat on the river !

And then, with a shout, like Pat in a riot,

Tells you to keep yourself perfectly quiet !

“ Or a tradesman comes — as tradesmen will —

Short and crusty about his bill,

Of patience, indeed, a perfect scorner,

And because you 're deaf and unable to pay,

Shouts whatever he has to say,

In a vulgar voice that goes over the way,

Down the street and round the corner !

Come — speak your mind — it 's ‘ No or Yes. ’ ”

(“ I 've half a mind,” said Dame Eleanor S.)

“ Try it again — no harm in trying ;

Of course you hear me, as easy as lying ;

No pain at all, like a surgical trick,

To make you squall, and struggle, and kick,



Like Juno, or Rose,  
Whose ear undergoes  
Such horrid tugs at membrane and gristle,  
For being as deaf as yourself to a whistle !  
“ You may go to surgical chaps, if you choose,  
Who will blow up your tubes like copper flues,  
Or cut your tonsils right away,  
As you'd shell out your almonds for Christmas-day ;  
And after all a matter of doubt,  
Whether you ever would hear the shout  
Of the little blackguards that bawl about,  
' There you go with your tonsils out !'  
Why, I knew a deaf Welshman who came from Glamorgan  
On purpose to try a surgical spell,  
And paid a guinea, and might as well  
Have called a monkey into his organ !  
For the Aurist only took a mug,  
And poured in his ear some acoustical drug,  
That, instead of curing, deafened him rather,  
As Hamlet's uncle served Hamlet's father !  
That's the way with your surgical gentry !  
And happy your luck  
If you don't get stuck  
Through your liver and lights at a royal entry,  
Because you never answered the sentry !  
“ Try it again, dear madam, try it !  
Many would sell their beds to buy it.  
I warrant you often wake up in the night,  
Ready to shake to a jelly with fright,  
And up you must get to strike a light,  
And down you go in you know not what,  
Whether the weather is chilly or not,—



That 's the way a cold is got,—  
To see if you heard a noise or not !

“ Why, bless you, a woman with organs like yours  
Is hardly safe to step out of doors !  
Just fancy a horse that comes full pelt,  
But as quiet as if he was ‘ shod with felt,’  
Till he rushes against you with all his force,  
And then I need n’t describe, of course,  
While he kicks you about without remorse,  
How awkward it is to be groomed by a horse !  
Or a bullock comes, as mad as King Lear,  
And you never dream that the brute is near,  
Till he pokes his horn right into your ear,  
Whether you like the thing or lump it,—  
And all for want of buying a trumpet !

“ I ’m not a female to fret and vex,  
But if I belonged to the sensitive sex,  
Exposed to all sorts of indelicate sounds,  
I would n’t be deaf for a thousand pounds.

Lord ! only think of chucking a copper  
To Jack or Bob with a timber limb,  
Who looks as if he was singing a hymn,

Instead of a song that ’s very improper !  
Or just suppose in a public place  
You see a great fellow a-pulling a face,  
With his staring eyes and his mouth like an O,—  
And how is a poor deaf lady to know —  
The lower orders are up to such games —  
If he ’s calling ‘ Green Peas,’ or calling her names ? ”  
(“ They ’re tenpence a peck ! ” said the deafest of dames.)

“ ’Tis strange what very strong advising,  
By word of mouth or advertising,



By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,  
With fifty other different plans,  
The very high pressure, in fact, of pressing,  
It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing !  
Whether the Soothing American Syrup,  
A Safety Hat or a Safety Stirrup,—  
Infallible Pills for the human frame,  
Or Rowland's O-don't-o (an ominous name !)  
A Doudney's suit which the shape so hits  
That it beats all others into *fits* ;  
A Meehi's razor for beards unshorn,  
Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn !

“ Try it again, ma'am, only try ! ”  
Was still the voluble pedler's cry ;  
“ It's a great privation, there's no dispute,  
To live like the dumb unsociable brute,  
And to hear no more of the *pro* and *con*,  
And how society's going on,  
Than Mumbo Jumbo or Prester John,  
And all for want of this *sine quâ non* ;  
Whereas, with a horn that never offends,  
You may join the genteelest party that is,  
And enjoy all the scandal, and gossip, and quiz,  
And be certain to hear of your absent friends ; —  
Not that elegant ladies, in fact,  
In genteel society ever detract,  
Or lend a brush when a friend is blacked,  
At least as a mere malicious act,—  
But only talk scandal for fear some fool  
Should think they were bred at *charity* school.  
Or, maybe, you like a little flirtation,  
Which even the most Don Juanish rake  
Would surely object to undertake  
At the same high pitch as an altercation.



It's not for me, of course, to judge  
 How much a deaf lady ought to begrudge;  
 But half-a-guinea seems no great matter —  
 Letting alone more rational patter —  
 Only to hear a parrot chatter;  
 Not to mention that feathered wit,  
 The starling, who speaks when his tongue is slit;  
 The pies and jays that utter words,  
 And other Dicky Gossips of birds,  
 That talk with as much good sense and decorum  
 As many *Beaks* who belong to the quorum.

“Try it — buy it — say ten-and-six,  
 The lowest price a miser could fix:  
 I don't pretend with horns of mine,  
 Like some in the advertising line,  
 To '*magnify sounds*' on such marvellous scales,  
 That the sounds of a cod seem as big as a whale's;  
 But popular rumors, right or wrong,—  
 Charity sermons, short or long,—  
 Lecture, speech, concerto, or song,  
 All noises and voices, feeble or strong,  
 From the hum of a gnat to the clash of a gong,  
 This tube will deliver, distinct and clear;

Or supposing by chance

You wish to dance,

Why, it's putting a *Horn-pipe* into your ear!

Try it — buy it!

Buy it — try it!

The last new patent, and nothing comes nigh it,

For guiding sounds to proper tunnel:

Only try till the end of June,

And if you and the trumpet are out of tune,

I'll turn it gratis into a funnel!”



In short, the pedler so beset her,—  
 Lord Bacon could n't have gammoned her better,—  
 With flatteries plump and indirect,  
 And plied his tongue with such effect,—  
 A tongue that could almost have buttered a crumpet,—  
 The deaf old woman bought the trumpet.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
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The pedler was gone. With the horn's assistance,  
 She heard his steps die away in the distance ;  
 And then she heard the tick of the clock,  
 The purring of puss, and the snoring of Shock !  
 And she purposely dropt a pin that was little,  
 And heard it fall as plain as a skittle !

'T was a wonderful horn, to be but just !  
 Nor meant to gather dust, must, and rust :  
 So in half a jiffy, or less than that,  
 In her scarlet cloak and her steeple hat,  
 Like old Dame Trot, but without her Cat,  
 The gossip was hunting all Tringham thorough,  
 As if she meant to canvass the borough,

Trumpet in hand, or up to the cavity : —  
 And, sure, had the horn been one of those  
 The wild rhinoceros wears on his nose

It could n't have ripped up more depravity !

Depravity ! mercy shield her ears !

'T was plain enough that her village peers

In the ways of vice were no raw beginners ;  
 For whenever she raised the tube to her drum,  
 Such sounds were transmitted as only come

From the very brass band of human sinners !

Ribald jest and blasphemous curse,  
 (Bunyan never vented worse,)



With all those weeds, not flowers, of speech  
Which the seven Dialecticians teach;  
Filthy conjunctions, and dissolute nouns,  
And particles picked from the kennels of towns,  
With irregular verbs for irregular jobs,  
Chiefly active in rows and mobs,  
Picking possessive pronouns' fobs,  
And interjections as bad as a blight,  
Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight;  
Fanciful phrases for crime and sin,  
And smacking of vulgar lips where gin,  
Garlic, tobacco, and offals go in —  
A jargon so truly adapted, in fact,  
To each thievish, obscene, and ferocious act,  
So fit for the brute with the human shape,  
Savage baboon, or libidinous ape,  
From their ugly mouths it will certainly come  
Should they ever get weary of shamming dumb!

Alas! for the voice of Virtue and Truth,  
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth!  
The smallest urchin whose tongue could tang  
Shocked the dame with a volley of slang,  
Fit for Fagin's juvenile gang;

While the charity chap,

With his muffin cap,

His crimson coat and his badge so garish,  
Playing at dumps, or pitch in the hole,  
Cursed his eyes, limbs, body, and soul,

As if they did n't belong to the parish!  
'T was awful to hear, as she went along,  
The wicked words of the popular song;

Or supposing she listened — as gossips will —  
At a door ajar, or a window agape,  
To catch the sounds they allowed to escape,



Those sounds belonged to Depravity still!  
The dark allusion, or bolder brag  
Of the dexterous "dodge," and the lots of "swag,"  
The plundered house — or the stolen nag —  
The blazing rick, or the darker crime  
That quenched the spark before its time —  
The wanton speech of the wife immoral —  
The noise of drunken or deadly quarrel, —  
With savage menaces, which threatened the life,  
Till the heart seemed merely a strop "for the knife;"  
The human liver, no better than that  
Which is sliced and thrown to an old woman's cat;

And the head, so useful for shaking and nodding,  
To be punched into holes, like a "shocking bad hat"  
That is only fit to be punched into wadding!

In short, wherever she turned the horn,  
To the highly bred or the lowly born,  
The working man who looked over the hedge,  
Or the mother nursing her infant pledge,

The sober Quaker, averse to quarrels,  
Or the governess pacing the village through,  
With her twelve young ladies, two and two,  
Looking, as such young ladies do,

Trussed by Decorum and stuffed with morals —  
Whether she listened to Hob or Bob,

Nob or Snob,

The Squire on his cob,

Or Trudge and his ass at a tinkering job,  
To the saint who expounded at "Little Zion" —  
Or the "sinner who kept the Golden Lion" —

The man teetotally weaned from liquor —  
The beadle, the clerk, or the reverend vicar —  
Nay, the very pie in its cage of wicker —  
She gathered such meanings, double or single,



That, like the bell  
With muffins to sell,  
Her ear was kept in a constant tingle !  
But this was naught to the tales of shame,  
The constant runnings of evil fame,  
Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,  
That her ancient cronies, with nod and wink,  
Poured in her horn like slops in a sink :  
While sitting in conclave, as gossips do,  
With their Hyson or Howqua, black or green,  
And not a little of feline spleen  
Lapped up in " Catty packages," too,  
To give a zest to the sipping and supping ;  
For still, by some invisible tether,  
Scandal and tea are linked together,  
As surely as scarification and cupping ;  
Yet never since Scandal drank Bohea —  
Or sloe, or whatever it happened to be,  
For some grocerly thieves  
Turn over new leaves  
Without much amending their lives or their tea —  
No, never since cup was filled or stirred,  
Were such vile and horrible anecdotes heard,  
As blackened their neighbors of either gender,  
Especially that which is called the Tender,  
But instead of the softness we fancy therewith,  
As hardened in vice as the vice of a smith.  
Women ! the wretches ! had soiled and marred  
Whatever to womanly nature belongs ;  
For the marriage tie they had no regard,  
Nay, sped their mates to the sexton's yard,  
(Like Madame Laffarge, who with poisonous pinches  
Kept cutting off her L by inches)  
And as for drinking, they drank so hard



That they drank their flat-irons, pokers, and tongs !  
 The men — they fought and gambled at fairs ;  
 And poached — and did n't respect gray hairs —  
 Stole linen, money, plate, poultry, and corses ;  
 And broke in houses as well as horses ;  
 Unfolded folds to kill their own mutton,  
 And would their own mothers and wives for a button —  
 But not to repeat the deeds they did,  
 Backsliding in spite of all moral skid,  
 If all were true that fell from the tongue,  
 There was not a villager, old or young,  
 But deserved to be whipped, imprisoned, or hung,  
 Or sent on those travels which nobody hurries  
 To publish at Colburn's, or Longmans', or Murray's.

Meanwhile the trumpet, *con amore*,  
 Transmitted each vile diabolical story ;  
 And gave the least whisper of slips and falls,  
 As that gallery does in the dome of St. Paul's,  
 Which, as all the world knows, by practice or print,  
 Is famous for making the most of a hint.

Not a murmur of shame,

Or buzz of blame,

Not a flying report that flew at a name,  
 Not a plausible gloss, or significant note,  
 Not a word in the scandalous circles afloat  
 Of a beam in the eye or diminutive mote,  
 But vortex-like that tube of tin  
 Sucked the censorious particle in ;

And, truth to tell, for as willing an organ  
 As ever listened to serpent's hiss,  
 Nor took the viperous sound amiss,

On the snaky head of an ancient Gorgon !



The dame, it is true, would mutter "Shocking!"  
And give her head a sorrowful rocking,  
And make a clucking with palate and tongue,  
Like the call of Partlett to gather her young, —  
A sound, when human, that always proclaims  
At least a thousand pities and shames,

But still the darker the tale of sin,  
Like certain folks when calamities burst,  
Who find a comfort in "hearing the worst,"

The further she poked the trumpet in.  
Nay, worse, whatever she heard, she spread  
East, and West, and North, and South,  
Like the ball which, according to Captain Z.,  
Went in at his ear, and came out at his mouth.

What wonder, between the horn and the dame,  
Such mischief was made wherever they came,  
That the parish of Tringham was all in a flame!

For although it requires such loud discharges,  
Such peals of thunder as rumbled at Lear,  
To turn the smallest of table-beer,  
A little whisper breathed into the ear

Will sour a temper "as sour as varges."  
In fact, such very ill blood there grew,

From this private circulation of stories,  
That the nearest neighbors, the village through,  
Looked at each other as yellow and blue  
As any electioneering crew

Wearing the colors of Whigs and Tories.

Ah! well the poet said, in sooth,  
That "whispering tongues can poison Truth,"  
Yea, like a dose of oxalic acid,  
Wrench and convulse poor Peace, the placid,



And rack dear Love with internal fuel,  
Like arsenic pastry, or, what is as cruel,  
Sugar of lead, that sweetens gruel;  
At least such torments began to wring 'em  
    From the very morn  
    When that mischievous horn  
Caught the whisper of tongues in Tringham.

The Social Clubs dissolved in huffs,  
And the Sons of Harmony came to cuffs,  
While feuds arose, and family quarrels,  
That discomposed the mechanics of morals,  
For screws were loose between brother and brother,  
While sisters fastened their nails on each other :  
Such wrangles, and jangles, and miff, and tiff,  
And spar, and jar — and breezes as stiff  
As ever upset a friendship or skiff !  
The plighted lovers, who used to walk,  
Refused to meet, and declined to talk ;  
And wished for *two* moons to reflect the sun,  
That they might n't look together on one ;  
While wedded affection ran so low,  
That the oldest John Anderson snubbed his Jo —  
And instead of the toddle adown the hill,

    Hand in hand,  
    As the song has planned,  
Scratched her, penniless, out of his will !

In short, to describe what came to pass

    In a true, though somewhat theatrical way,  
Instead of "Love in a Village" — alas !  
The piece they performed was "The Devil to Pay !"

However, as secrets are brought to light,  
And mischief comes home like chickens at night ;



And rivers are tracked throughout their course,  
 And forgeries traced to their proper source ; —  
 And the sow that ought  
 By the ear is caught, —  
 And the sin to the sinful door is brought ;  
 And the cat at last escapes from the bag —  
 And the saddle is placed on the proper nag ;  
 And the fog blows off, and the key is found —  
 And the faulty scent is picked out by the hound —  
 And the fact turns up like a worm from the ground —  
 And the matter gets wind to waft it about ;  
 And a hint goes abroad, and the murder is out —  
 And the riddle is guessed — and the puzzle is known —  
 So the truth was sniffed, and the trumpet was *blown* !

\* \* \* \* \*

'T is a day in November — a day of fog —  
 But the Tringham people are all agog ;  
 Fathers, mothers, and mothers' sons, —  
 With sticks, and staves, and swords, and guns, —  
 As if in pursuit of a rabid dog ;  
 But their voices — raised to the highest pitch —  
 Declare that the game is " a Witch ! — a Witch ! " —  
 Over the green and along by the George —  
 Past the stocks, and the church, and the forge,  
 And round the pound, and skirting the pond,  
 Till they come to the whitewashed cottage beyond,  
 And there at the door they muster and cluster,  
 And thump, and kick, and bellow, and bluster —  
 Enough to put old Nick in a fluster !  
 A noise, indeed, so loud and long,  
 And mixed with expressions so very strong,  
 That supposing, according to popular fame,  
 " Wise Woman " and Witch to be the same,



No hag with a broom would unwisely stop,  
 But up and away through the chimney-top;  
 Whereas, the moment they burst the door,  
 Planted fast on her sanded floor,  
 With her trumpet up to her organ of hearing,  
 Lo and behold! — Dame Eleanor Spearing!

O! then arises the fearful shout —  
 Bawled and screamed, and bandied about —  
 “Seize her! — drag the old Jezebel out!”  
 While the beadle — the foremost of all the band —  
 Snatches the horn from her trembling hand,  
 And after a pause of doubt and fear,  
 Puts it up to his sharpest ear.

“Now silence — silence — one and all!”  
 For the clerk is quoting from Holy Paul!

But before he rehearses

A couple of verses,  
 The beadle lets the trumpet fall;  
 For instead of the words so pious and humble,  
 He hears a supernatural grumble.

Enough, enough! and more than enough; —  
 Twenty impatient hands and rough,  
 By arm, and leg, and neck, and scruff,  
 Apron, 'kerchief, gown of stuff —  
 Cap, and pinner, sleeve, and cuff —  
 Are clutching the Witch wherever they can,  
 With the spite of woman and fury of man;  
 And then — but first they kill her cat,  
 And murder her dog on the very mat —  
 And crush the infernal trumpet flat; —  
 And then they hurry her through the door  
 She never, never, will enter more!



Away ! away ! down the dusty lane  
They pull her, and haul her, with might and main :  
And happy the hawbuck, Tom or Harry,  
Dandy, or Sandy, Jerry, or Larry,  
Who happens to get "a leg to carry !"  
And happy the foot that can give her a kick,  
And happy the hand that can find a brick —  
And happy the fingers that hold a stick —  
Knife to cut, or pin to prick —  
And happy the boy who can lend her a lick ; —  
Nay, happy the urchin — charity-bred —  
Who can shy very nigh to her wicked old head !

Alas ! to think how people's creeds  
Are contradicted by people's deeds !

But though the wishes that Witches utter  
Can play the most diabolical rigs —  
Send styes in the eye — and measles the pigs —  
Grease horses' heels — and spoil the butter ;  
Smut and mildew the corn on the stalk —  
And turn new milk to water and chalk, —  
Blight apples — and give the chickens the pip —  
And cramp the stomach — and cripple the hip —  
And waste the body — and addle the eggs —  
And give a baby bandy legs ;  
Though in common belief a Witch's curse  
Involves all these horrible things and worse —  
As ignorant bumpkins all profess —  
No bumpkin makes a poke the less  
At the back or ribs of old Eleanor S. !

As if she were only a sack of barley ;  
Or gives her credit for greater might  
Than the powers of darkness confer at night  
On that other old woman, the parish Charley ;



Ay, now 's the time for a Witch to call  
 On her imps and sucklings one and all —  
 Newes, Pyewacket, or Peck in the Crown,  
 (As Matthew Hopkins has handed them down)  
 Dick, and Willet, and Sugar-and-Sack,  
 Greedy Grizel, Jarmara the Black,  
 Vinegar Tom and the rest of the pack —  
 Ay, now 's the nick for her friend Old Harry  
 To come "with his tail" like the bold Glengarry,  
 And drive her foes from their savage job  
 As a mad Black Bullock would scatter a mob : —

But no such matter is down in the bond ;  
 And spite of her cries that never cease,  
 But scare the ducks and astonish the geese,  
 The dame is dragged to the fatal pond !

And now they come to the water's brim —  
 And in they bundle her — sink or swim ;  
 Though it's twenty to one that the wretch must drown,  
 With twenty sticks to hold her down ;  
 Including the help to the self-same end,  
 Which a travelling pedler stops to lend.  
 A pedler ! — Yes ! — The same ! — the same !  
 Who sold the horn to the drowning dame !  
 And now is foremost amid the stir,  
 With a token only revealed to her ;  
 A token that makes her shudder and shriek,  
 And point with her finger, and strive to speak —  
 But before she can utter the name of the Devil,  
 Her head is under the water level !

**Moral.**

There are folks about town — to name no names —  
 Who much resemble that deafest of dames ;



And over their tea, and muffins, and crumpets,  
 Circulate many a scandalous word,  
 And whisper tales they could only have heard  
 Through some such Diabolical Trumpets !

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NO !

No sun — no moon !  
 No morn — no noon —  
 No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —  
 No sky — no earthly view —  
 No distance looking blue —  
 No road — no street — no “ t’other side the way ” —  
 No end to any Row —  
 No indications where the Crescents go —  
 No top to any steeple —  
 No recognitions of familiar people —  
 No courtesies for showing ’em —  
 No knowing ’em !  
 No travelling at all — no locomotion,  
 No inkling of the way — no notion —  
 “ No go ” — by land or ocean —  
 No mail — no post —  
 No news from any foreign coast —  
 No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility —  
 No company — no nobility —  
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
 No comfortable feel in any member —  
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
 November !



## THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

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ALACK ! 't is melancholy theme to think  
How Learning doth in rugged states abide,  
And, like her bashful owl, obscurely blink,  
In pensive glooms and corners, scarcely spied ;  
Not, as in Founders' Halls and domes of pride,  
Served with grave homage, like a tragic queen,  
But with one lonely priest compelled to hide,  
In midst of foggy moors and mosses green,  
In that clay cabin hight the College of Kilreen !

This college looketh South and West alsoe,  
Because it hath a cast in windows twain ;  
Crazy and cracked they be, and wind doth blow  
Thorough transparent holes in every pane,  
Which Dan, with many paines, makes whole again  
With nether garments, which his thrift doth teach  
To stand for glass, like pronouns, and when rain  
Stormeth, he puts, "once more unto the breach,"  
Outside and in, though broke, yet so he mendeth each.

And in the midst a little door there is,  
Whereon a board that doth congratulate  
With painted letters, red as blood I wis,  
Thus written, "Children taken in to Bate;"  
And oft, indeed, the inward of that gate,  
Most ventriloque, doth utter tender squeak,  
And moans of infants that bemoan their fate,  
In midst of sounds of Latin, French, and Greek,  
Which, all i' the Irish tongue, he teacheth them to speak.



For some are meant to right illegal wrongs,  
And some for Doctors of Divinitie,  
Whom he doth teach to murder the dead tongues,  
And soe win academical degree ;  
But some are bred for service of the sea,  
Howbeit, their store of learning is but small,  
For mickle waste he counteth it would be  
To stock a head with bookish wares at all,  
Only to be knocked off by ruthless cannon-ball.

Six babes he sways,— some little and some big,  
Divided into classes six ; — alsoe,  
He keeps a parlor boarder of a pig,  
That in the college fareth to and fro,  
And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below,—  
And eke the learned rudiments they scan,  
And thus his A, B, C, doth wisely know,—  
Hereafter to be shown in caravan,  
And raise the wonderment of many a learned man.

Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar fowls,  
Whereof, above his head, some two or three  
Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls,  
But on the branches of no living tree,  
And overlook the learned family ;  
While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,  
Drops feather on the nose of Dominie,  
Meanwhile, with serious eye, he makes research  
In leaves of that sour tree of knowledge — now a birch

No chair he hath, the awful pedagogue,  
Such as would magisterial hams imbed,  
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,  
Secure in high authority and dread :  
Large, as a dome for learning, seems his head  
And like Apollo's, all beset with rays,



Because his locks are so unkempt and red,  
And stand abroad in many several ways : —  
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is baize,

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows  
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,  
That inward giblet of a fowl, which shows  
A mongrel tint, that is ne brow ne blue ;  
His nose, — it is a coral to the view ;  
Well nourished with Pierian potheen, —  
For much he loves his native mountain dew ; —  
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,  
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

As for his coat, 't is such a jerkin short  
As Spenser had, ere he composed his Tales ;  
But underneath he hath no vest, nor aught,  
So that the wind his airy breast assails ;  
Below, he wears the nether garb of males,  
Of crimson plush, but non-plushed at the knee : —  
Thence further down the native red prevails,  
Of his own naked fleecy hosiery : —  
Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-a-pie.

Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap  
His function in a magisterial gown,  
That shows more countries in it than a map, —  
Blue tinct, and red, and green, and russet brown,  
Besides some blots, standing for country-town ;  
And eke some rents, for streams and rivers wide ;  
But, sometimes, bashful when he looks adown,  
He turns the garment of the other side,  
Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied !

And soe he sits, amidst the little pack,  
That look for shady or for sunny noon,



Within his visage, like an almanack,—  
 His quiet smile foretelling gracious boon :  
 But when his mouth droops down, like rainy moon,  
 With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,  
 Knowing that infant showers will follow soon,  
 And with forebodings of near wrath and storms  
 They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms.

Ah ! luckless wight, who cannot then repeat  
 “Corduroy Colloquy,”— or “Ki, Kæ, Kod,”—  
 Full soon his tears shall make his turfy seat  
 More sodden, though already made of sod,  
 For Dan shall whip him with the word of God,—  
 Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,  
 He never spoils the child and spares the rod,  
 But spoils the rod and never spares the child,  
 And soe with holy rule deems he is reconciled.

But surely the just sky will never wink  
 At men who take delight in childish throe,  
 And stripe the nether-urchin like a pink  
 Or tender hyacinth, inscribed with woe ;  
 Such bloody pedagogues, when they shall know,  
 By useless birches, that forlorn recess,  
 Which is no holiday, in Pit below,  
 Will hell not seem designed for their distress,—  
 A melancholy place, that is all bottomlesse ?

Yet would the Muse not chide the wholesome use  
 Of needful discipline, in due degree.  
 Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time produce !  
 Whene’er the twig untrained grows up a tree,  
 This shall a Carder, that a Whiteboy be,  
 Ferocious leaders of atrocious bands,  
 And Learning’s help be used for infamie,



By lawless clerks, that, with their bloody hands,  
In murdered English write Rock's murderous commands

But, ah ! what shrilly cry doth now alarm  
The sooty fowls that dozed upon the beam,  
All sudden fluttering from the brandished arm  
And cackling chorus with the human scream ;  
Meanwhile the scourge plies that unkindly seam  
In Phelim's brogues, which bares his naked skin,  
Like traitor gap in warlike fort, I deem,  
That falsely lets the fierce besieger in,  
Nor seeks the pedagogue by other course to win.

No parent dear he hath to heed his cries ; —  
Alas ! his parent dear is far aloof,  
And deep in Seven-Dial cellar lies,  
Killed by kind cudgel-play, or gin of proof,  
Or climbeth, catwise, on some London roof,  
Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,  
Or, whilst he labors, weaves a fancy-woof,  
Dreaming he sees his home,— his Phelim smile ;  
Ah, me ! that luckless imp, who weepeth all the while !

Ah ! who can paint that hard and heavy time,  
When first the scholar lists in Learning's train,  
And mounts her rugged steep enforced to climb,  
Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain,  
From bloody twig, and eke that Indian cane,  
Wherein, alas ! no sugared juices dwell ?  
For this, the while one stripling's sluices drain,  
Another weepeth over chillblains fell,  
Always upon the heel, yet never to be well !

Anon a third, for his delicious root,  
Late ravished from his tooth by elder chit,



So soon is human violence afoot,  
So hardly is the harmless biter bit !  
Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit  
And mouthing face, derides the small one's moan,  
Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit,  
Alack,—mischance comes seldom times alone,  
But aye the worried dog must rue more curs than one

For, lo ! the pedagogue, with sudden drub,  
Smites his scald head, that is already sore,—  
Superfluous wound,—such is Misfortune's rub !  
Who straight makes answer with redoubled roar,  
And sheds salt tears twice faster than before,  
That still with backward fist he strives to dry ;  
Washing with brackish moisture, o'er and o'er,  
His muddy cheek, that grows more foul thereby,  
Till all his rainy face looks grim as rainy sky.

So Dan, by dint of noise, obtains a peace,  
And with his natural untender knack,  
By new distress, bids former grievance cease,  
Like tears dried up with rugged huckaback,  
That sets the mournful visage all awrack ;  
Yet soon the childish countenance will shine  
Even as thorough storms the soonest slack,  
For grief and beef in adverse ways incline,  
This keeps, and that decays, when duly soaked in brine.

Now, all is hushed, and, with a look profound,  
The Dominie lays ope the learned page ;  
(So be it called) although he doth expound  
Without a book, both Greek and Latin sage ;  
Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant age,  
How Romulus was bred in savage wood,  
By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish rage,



And laid foundation-stone of walls of mud,  
But watered it, alas ! with warm fraternal blood.

Anon, he turns to that Homeric war,  
How Troy was sieged like Londonderry town ;  
And stout Achilles, at his jaunting-car,  
Dragged mighty Hector with a bloody crown :  
And eke the bard, that sung of their renown,  
In garb of Greece most beggar-like and torn,  
He paints, with colly, wandering up and down :  
Because, at once, in seven cities born ;  
And so, of parish rights, was, all his days, forlorn.

Anon, through old Mythology he goes,  
Of gods defunct, and all their pedigrees,  
But shuns their scandalous amours, and shows  
How Plato wise, and clear-eyed Socrates,  
Confessed not to those heathen he's and she's ;  
But through the clouds of the Olympic cope  
Beheld St. Peter with his holy keys,  
And owned their love was naught, and bowed to Pope,  
Whilst all their purblind race in Pagan mist did grope.

From such quaint themes he turns, at last, aside,  
To new philosophies, that still are green,  
And shows what railroads have been tracked to guide  
The wheels of great political machine ;  
If English corn should grow abroad, I ween,  
And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet ;  
How many pigs be born to each spalpeen ;  
And, ah ! how man shall thrive beyond his meat,—  
With twenty souls alive to one square sod of peat !

Here he makes end ; and all the fry of youth,  
That stood around with serious look intense,



Close up again their gaping eyes and mouth,  
Which they had opened to his eloquence,  
As if their hearing were a three-fold sense.  
But now the current of his words is done,  
And whether any fruits shall spring from thence,  
In future time, with any mother's son !  
It is a thing, God wot ! that can be told by none.

Now by the creeping shadows of the noon,  
The hour is come to lay aside their lore ;  
The cheerful pedagogue perceives it soon,  
And cries " Begone ! " unto the imps,—and four  
Snatch their two hats and struggle for the door,  
Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,  
All blithe and boisterous,—but leave two more,  
With Reading made Uneasy for a task,  
To weep, whilst all their mates in merry sunshine bask.

Like sportive Elfin, on the verdant sod,  
With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,  
That doth not hurt, but kiss, the sole unshod,  
So soothly kind is Erin to her own !  
And one, at Hare and Hound, plays all alone,—  
For Phelim's gone to tend his step-dame's cow ;  
Ah ! Phelim's step-dame is a cankered crone !  
Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,  
And, with shillelah small, break one another's brow !

But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift,  
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe ;  
But, first of all, with tender hand doth shift  
His college gown, because of solar glow,  
And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow :  
Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappled bean,  
Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,



Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage green,  
With that crisp curly herb, called Kale in Aberdeen.

And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,  
Linked each to each by labor, like a bee,  
Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims her bowers ; —  
Would there were many more such wights as he,  
To sway each capital academie  
Of Cam and Isis ; for, alack ! at each  
There dwells I wot some dronish Dominie,  
That does no garden work, nor yet doth teach,  
But wears a floury head, and talks in flowery speech !

## EPIGRAMS.

## ON THE ART-UNIONS.

THAT picture-raffles will conduce to nourish  
Design, or cause good Coloring to flourish,  
Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing,  
But surely Lotteries encourage Drawing !

## THE SUPERIORITY OF MACHINERY.

A MECHANIC his labor will often discard  
If the rate of his pay he dislikes :  
But a clock — and its *case* is uncommonly hard —  
Will continue to work though it *strikes*.



## THE FORGE:

A ROMANCE OF THE IRON AGE.

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"Who's here, beside foul weather?" — KING LEAR.

"Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me,  
Should have stood that night against my fire." — CORDELIA.

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### PART I.

LIKE a dead man gone to his shroud,  
The sun has sunk in a coppery cloud,  
And the wind is rising squally and loud  
With many a stormy token,—  
Playing a wild funereal air,  
Through the branches bleak, bereaved, and bare,  
To the dead leaves dancing here and there —  
In short, if the truth were spoken,  
It's an ugly one for anywhere,  
But an awful night for the Brocken.

For, O! to stop  
On that mountain top,  
After the dews of evening drop,  
Is always a dreary frolic —  
Then what must it be when Nature groans,  
And the very mountain murmurs and moans  
As if it writhed with the colic —  
With other strange supernatural tones,  
From wood, and water, and echoing stones,  
Not to forget unburied bones —  
In a region so diabolic!  
A place where he whom we call Old Scratch,  
By help of his Witches — a precious batch —



Gives midnight concerts and sermons,  
In a pulpit and orchestra built to match,  
A plot right worthy of him to hatch,  
And well adapted, he knows, to catch  
The musical, mystical Germans !

However, it 's quite  
As wild a night  
As ever was known on that sinister height  
Since the Demon-Dance was morrised —  
The earth is dark, and the sky is scowling,  
And the blast through the pines is howling and growling.  
As if a thousand wolves were prowling  
About in the old BLACK FOREST !

Madly, sadly, the tempest raves  
Through the narrow gulleys and hollow caves,  
And bursts on the rocks in windy waves,

Like the billows that roar  
On a gusty shore  
Mourning over the mariners' graves —  
Nay, more like a frantic lamentation  
From a howling set  
Of demons met  
To wake a dead relation.

Badly, madly, the vapors fly  
Over the dark distracted sky,  
At a pace that no pen can paint !  
Black and vague like the shadows of dreams,  
Scudding over the moon that seems  
Shorn of half her usual beams,  
As pale as if she would faint !

The lightning flashes,  
The thunder crashes,



The trees encounter with horrible clashes,  
While rolling up from marish and bog,  
Rank and rich,  
As from Stygian ditch,  
Rises a foul sulphureous fog,  
Hinting that Satan himself is agog,—  
But, leaving at once this heroical pitch,  
The night is a very bad night, in which  
You would n't turn out a dog.

Yet ONE there is abroad in the storm,  
And whenever by chance  
The moon gets a glance,  
She spies the traveller's lonely form,  
Walking, leaping, striding along,  
As none can do but the super-strong;  
And flapping his arms to keep him warm,  
For the breeze from the north is a regular starver,  
And, to tell the truth,  
More keen, in sooth,  
And cutting than any German carver !

However, no time it is to lag ;  
And on he scrambles from crag to crag,  
Like one determined never to flag —  
Now weathers a block  
Of jutting rock,  
With hardly room for a toe to wag ;  
But holding on by a timber-snap,  
That looks like the arm of a friendly hag .  
Then stooping under a drooping bough,  
Or leaping over some horrid chasm,  
Enough to give any heart a spasm !  
And sinking down a precipice now,  
Keeping his feet the Deuce knows how,



In spots whence all creatures would keep aloof,  
Except the goat, with his cloven hoof,  
Who clings to the shallowest ledge as if  
He grew like the weed on the face of the cliff!  
So down, still down, the traveller goes,  
Safe as the chamois amid his snows,  
Though fiercer than ever the hurricane blows,

And round him eddy, with whirl and whizz,  
Tornadoes of hail, and sleet, and rain,  
Enough to bewilder a weaker brain,

Or blanch any other visage than his,  
Which, spite of lightning, thunder, and hail,  
The blinding sleet, and the freezing gale,

And the horrid abyss,

If his foot should miss,

Instead of tending at all to pale,  
Like cheeks that feel the chill of affright —  
Remains — the very reverse of white!

His heart is granite — his iron nerve

Feels no convulsive twitches;

And as to his foot, it does not swerve,

Though the screech-owls are flitting about him that serve

For parrots to Brocken Witches!

Nay, full in his very path he spies

The gleam of the wehr wolf's horrid eyes;

But if his members quiver —

It is not for *that* — no, it is not for *that* —

Nor rat, nor cat, as black as your hat,

Nor the snake that hissed, nor the toad that spat,

Nor glimmering candles of dead men's fat,

Nor even the flap of the vampire bat,

No anserine skin would rise thereat,

It's the cold that makes *Him* shiver!



So down, still down, through gully and glen,  
 Never trodden by foot of men,  
 Past the eagle's nest, and the she-wolf's den,  
     Never caring a jot how steep  
     Or how narrow the track he has to keep,  
     Or how wide and deep  
     An abyss to leap,  
     Or what may fly, or walk, or creep,  
 Down he hurries through darkness and storm,  
 Flapping his arms to keep him warm —  
 Till, threading many a pass abhorrent,  
     At last he reaches the mountain gorge,  
 And takes a path along by a torrent —  
     The very identical path, by St. George!  
     Down which young Fridolin went to the Forge,  
 With a message meant for his own death-warrant!  
     Young Fridolin! young Fridolin!  
     So free from sauce, and sloth, and sin,  
     The best of pages,  
     Whatever their ages,  
 Since first that singular fashion came in —  
 Not he like those modern and idle young gluttons  
     With little jackets, so smart and spruce,  
     Of Lincoln green, sky-blue, or puce —  
     And a little gold-lace you may introduce --  
     Very showy, but as for use,  
 Not worth so many buttons!  
     Young Fridolin! young Fridolin!  
     Of his duty so true a fulfiller —  
     But here we need no further go,  
     For whoever desires the tale to know  
 May read it all in Schiller.  
     Faster now the traveller speeds,  
     Whither his guiding beacon leads,



For by yonder glare  
In the murky air,  
He knows that the Eisen Hutte is there !  
With its sooty Cyclops, savage and grim,  
Hosts a guest had better forbear,  
Whose thoughts are set upon dainty fare —  
But, stiff with cold in every limb,  
The furnace fire is the bait for *Him* !

Faster and faster still he goes,  
Whilst redder and redder the welkin glows,  
And the lowest clouds that scud in the sky  
Get crimson fringes in fitting by.  
Till, lo ! amid the lurid light,  
The darkest object intensely dark,  
Just where the bright is intensely bright,  
The Forge, the Forge itself is in sight,  
Like the pitch-black hull of a burning bark,  
With volleying smoke, and many a spark,  
Vomiting fire, red, yellow, and white !

Restless, quivering tongues of flame !  
Heavenward striving still to go,  
While others, reversed in the stream below,  
Seem seeking a place we will not name,  
But well that traveller knows the same,  
Who stops and stands,  
So rubbing his hands,  
And snuffing the rare  
Perfumes in the air,  
For old familiar odors are there,  
And then direct by the shortest cut,  
Like Alpine marmot, whom neither rut,  
Rivers, rocks, nor thickets rebut,  
Makes his way to the blazing hut !



## PART II.

Idly watching the furnace-flames,  
The men of the stithy  
Are in their smithy,  
Brutal monsters, with bulky frames,  
Beings Humanity scarcely claims,  
But hybrids rather of demon race,  
Unblessed by the holy rite of grace,  
Who never had gone by Christian names,  
Mark, or Matthew, Peter, or James —  
Naked, foul, unshorn, unkempt,  
From touch of natural shame exempt,  
Things of which Delirium has dreamt —  
But wherefore dwell on these verbal sketches,  
When traced with frightful truth and vigor,  
Costume, attitude, face, and figure,  
Retsch has drawn the very wretches !  
However, there they lounge about,  
The grim, gigantic fellows,  
Hardly hearing the storm without,  
That makes so very dreadful a rout,  
For the constant roar  
From the furnace door,  
And the blast of the monstrous bellows !  
O, what a scene  
That Forge had been  
For Salvator Rosa's study !  
With wall, and beam, and post, and pin,  
And those ruffianly creatures, like Shapes of Sin !  
Hair, and eyes, and rusty skin ;  
Illumed by a light so ruddy,  
The hut, and whatever there is therein,  
Looks either red-hot or bloody !



And, O! to hear the frequent burst  
Of strange extravagant laughter,  
Harsh and hoarse,  
And resounding perforce  
From echoing roof and rafter!  
Though curses, the worst  
That ever were curst,  
And threats that Cain invented the first,  
Come growling the instant after!  
But again the livelier peal is rung,  
For the Smith-hight Salamander,  
In the jargon of some Titanic tongue,  
Elsewhere never said or sung,  
With the voice of a Stentor in joke has flung  
Some cumbrous sort  
Of sledge-hammer retort  
At Red-Beard, the crew's commander.  
Some frightful jest — who knows how wild,  
Or obscene, from a monster so defiled,  
And a horrible mouth, of such extent,  
From flapping ear to ear it went,  
And showed such tusks whenever it smiled —  
The very mouth to devour a child!  
But fair or foul, the jest gives birth  
To another bellow of demon mirth,  
That far outroars the weather,  
As if all the hyenas that prowl the earth  
Had clubbed their laughs together!  
And, lo! in the middle of all the din,  
Not seeming to care a single pin,  
For a prospect so volcanic,  
A stranger steps abruptly in,



Of an aspect rather Satanic :  
And he looks, with a grin, at those Cyclops grim  
Who stare and grin again at him  
With wondrous little panic.

Then up to the furnace the stranger goes,  
Eager to thaw his ears and nose,  
And warm his frozen fingers and toes —  
While each succeeding minute  
Hotter and hotter the smithy grows,  
And seems to declare,  
By a fiercer glare,  
On wall, roof, floor, and everywhere,  
It knows the Devil is in it !

Still not a word  
Is uttered or heard,  
But the beetle-browed foreman nods and winks,  
Much as a shaggy old lion blinks,  
And makes a shift  
To impart his drift  
To a smoky brother, who, joining the links,  
Hints to a third the thing he thinks ;  
And whatever it be,  
They all agree  
In smiling with faces full of glee,  
As if about to enjoy high jinks.

What sort of tricks they mean to play  
By way of diversion, who can say,  
Of such ferocious and barbarous folk,  
Who chuckled, indeed, and never spoke  
Of burning Robert the Jäger to coke,  
Except as a capital practical joke !

Who never thought of Merrey, or heard her,  
Or any gentle emotion felt ;



But, hard as the iron they had to melt,  
Sported with Danger and romped with Murder !

Meanwhile the stranger,—  
The Brocken Ranger,  
Besides another and hotter post,  
That renders him not averse to a roast,—  
Creeping into the furnace almost,  
Has made himself as warm as a toast —

When, unsuspecting of any danger,  
And least of all of any such maggot  
As treating his body like a fagot,  
All at once he is seized and shoven

In pastime cruel,  
Like so much fuel,  
Headlong into the blazing oven !

In he goes ! with a frightful shout  
Mocked by the rugged ruffianly band,  
As round the furnace mouth they stand,  
Bar, and shovel, and ladle in hand,  
To hinder their butt from crawling out,  
Who, making one fierce attempt, but vain,  
Receives such a blow  
From Red-Beard's crow

As crashes the skull and gashes the brain,  
And blind, and dizzy, and stunned with pain,

With merely an interjectional O !  
Back he rolls in the flames again.  
“ Ha ! Ha ! Ho ! Ho ! ” That second fall  
Seems the very best joke of all,

To judge by the roar,  
Twice as loud as before,  
That fills the hut from the roof to the floor,  
And flies a league or two out of the door,



Up the mountain and over the moor —  
But scarcely the jolly echoes they wake  
    Have well begun  
    To take up the fun,  
Ere the shaggy felons have cause to quake,  
    And begin to feel that the deed they have done,  
    Instead of being a pleasant one,  
Was a very great error — and no mistake.

    For why ? — in lieu  
    Of its former hue,  
    So natural, warm, and florid,  
The furnace burns of brimstone blue,  
And instead of the *couleur de rose* it threw,  
With a cooler reflection, — justly due —  
Exhibits each of the Pagan crew,  
    Livid, ghastly and horrid !  
But vainly they close their guilty eyes  
    Against prophetic fears ;  
Or with hard and horny palms devise  
    To dam their enormous ears —  
    There are sounds in the air,  
    Not here or there,  
Irresistible voices everywhere,  
No bulwarks can ever rebut,  
    And to match the screams,  
    Tremendous gleams,  
Of horrors that like the phantoms of dreams  
    They see with their eyelids shut !  
For awful coveys of terrible things,  
With forkéd tongues and venomous stings,  
On hagweed, broomsticks, and leathern wings,  
    Are hovering round the hut !



Shapes ! that within the focus bright  
Of the Forge, are like shadows and blots ;  
But further off, in the shades of night,  
Clothed with their own phosphoric light,  
Are seen in the darkest spots.  
Sounds ! that fill the air with noises,  
Strange and indescribable voices,  
From hags, in a diabolical clatter —  
Cats that spit curses, and apes that chatter  
Scraps of cabalistical matter —  
Owls that screech, and dogs that yell —  
Skeleton hounds that will never be fatter —  
All the domestic tribes of Hell,  
Shrieking for flesh to tear and tatter,  
Bones to shatter,  
And limbs to scatter, —  
And who it is that must furnish the latter  
Those blue-looking men know well !  
Those blue-looking men that huddle together,  
For all their sturdy limbs and thews,  
Their unshorn locks, like Nazarene Jews,  
And buffalo beards, and hides of leather,  
Huddled all in a heap together,  
Like timid lamb, and ewe, and wether,  
And as females say,  
In a similar way,  
Fit for knocking down with a feather !  
In and out, in and out,  
The gathering goblins hover about,  
Every minute augmenting the rout ;  
For like a spell  
The unearthly smell  
That fumes from the furnace, chimney and mouth,  
30\*



Draws them in — an infernal legion —  
From East, and West, and North, and South,  
Like carrion birds from every region,

Till not a yard square  
Of the sickening air  
But has a Demon or two for its share,  
Breathing fury, woe, and despair.  
Never, never was such a sight !

It beats the very Walpurgis Night,  
Displayed in the story of Doctor Faustus ;  
For the scene to describe,  
Of the awful tribe,

If we were *two* Göthes would quite exhaust us !  
Suffice it, amid that dreary swarm,  
There musters each foul repulsive form  
That ever a fancy overwarm

Begot in its worst delirium :  
Besides some others of monstrous size,  
Never before revealed to eyes,  
Of the genus Megatherium !

Meanwhile the demons, filthy and foul,  
Gorgon, Chimera, Harpy, and Ghoul,  
Are not contented to gibber and howl

As a dirge for their late commander ;  
But one of the bevy — witch or wizard,  
Disguised as a monstrous flying lizard,

Springs on the grisly Salamander,  
Who stoutly fights, and struggles, and kicks,  
And tries the best of his wrestling tricks,—

No paltry strife,  
But for life, dear life,—  
But the ruthless talons refuse to unfix,  
Till, far beyond a surgical case,  
With starting eyes and black in the face,



Down he tumbles as dead as bricks !  
A pretty sight for his mates to view !  
Those shaggy murderers looking so blue,  
    And for him above all,  
    Red-bearded and tall,

With whom, at that very particular nick,  
There is such an unlucky crow to pick,  
As the one of iron that did the trick

    In a recent bloody affair —  
No wonder, feeling a little sick,  
With pulses beating uncommonly quick,  
And breath he never found so thick,  
    He longs for the open air !

    Three paces, or four,  
    And he gains the door ;

    But ere he accomplishes one,  
The sound of a blow comes, heavy and dull,  
And, clasping his fingers round his skull,  
    However the deed was done,

    That gave him that florid  
    Red gash on the forehead —  
With a roll of the eyeballs perfectly horrid  
    There 's a tremulous quiver,  
    The last death-shiver,  
And Red-Beard's course is run !

    Halloo ! Halloo !

    They have done for two !  
But a heavyish job remains to do !  
    For yonder, sledge and shovel in hand,  
Like elder Sons of Giant Despair,  
    A couple of Cyclops make a stand,  
And, fiercely hammering here and there,  
Keep at bay the Powers of Air —



But desperation is all in vain ! —  
 They faint — they choke,  
 For the sulphurous smoke  
 Is poisoning heart, and lung, and brain ;  
 They reel, they sink, they gasp, they smother,  
 One for a moment survives his brother,  
 Then rolls a corpse across the other !

Hulloo ! Hulloo !

And Hullabaloo !

There is only one more thing to do —  
 And, seized by beak, and talon, and claw,  
 Bony hand, and hairy paw,  
 Yea, crooked horn, and tusky jaw,  
 The four huge bodies are hauled and shoven  
 Each after each in the roaring oven !

\* \* \* \*

The Eisen Hutte is standing still ;  
 Go to the Hartz whenever you will,  
 And there it is beside a hill,  
 And a rapid stream that turns many a mill ;  
 The self-same Forge,— you'll know it at sight —  
 Casting upward, day and night,  
 Flames of red, and yellow, and white !

Ay, half a mile from the mountain gorge,  
 There it is, the famous Forge,  
 With its furnace,— the same that blazed of yore,—  
 Hugely fed with fuel and ore ;  
 But ever since that tremendous revel,

Whatever iron is melted therein,—

As travellers know who have been to Berlin,—  
 Is all *as black as the Devil* !



## COMPOSED AT ROTTERDAM.

I GAZE upon a city,—a city new and strange;  
 Down many a watery vista my fancy takes a range:  
 From side to side I saunter, and wonder where I am;  
 And can *you* be in England, and *I* at Rotterdam!

Before me lie dark waters in broad canals and deep,  
 Whereon the silver moonbeams sleep, restless in their sleep;  
 A sort of vulgar Venice reminds me where I am;  
 Yes, yes, you are in England, and I'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables, where frequent windows shine,  
 And quays that lead to bridges, and trees in formal line,  
 And masts of spicy vessels from western Surinam,  
 All tell me you're in England, but I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish the face and form of each!  
 They deal in foreign gestures, and use a foreign speech;  
 A tongue not learned near Isis, or studied by the Cam,  
 Declares that you're in England, and I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market my doubtful way I trace,  
 Where stands a solemn statue, the Genius of the place;  
 And to the great Erasmus I offer my salaam;  
 Who tells me you're in England, but I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open — I mingle in its crowd,—  
 The dominos are noisy — the hookahs raise a cloud;  
 The flavor now of Fearon's, that mingles with my dram,  
 Reminds me you're in England, and I'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper — the toast it shall be mine,  
 In schiedam, or in sherry, tokay, or hock of Rhine;  
 It well deserves the brightest, where sunbeam ever swam —  
 "The Girl I love in England" I drink at Rotterdam!

March, 1835.



## THE SEASON.

SUMMER's gone and over !

Fogs are falling down ;  
And with russet tinges  
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled  
By the gusty thieves,  
And the Book of Nature  
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,  
Swallows, as they flit,  
Give, like yearly tenants,  
Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,  
Weep by turns, and laugh —  
Night and Day together  
Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth —  
Cold, and most perverse —  
But the month that follows  
Sure will pinch us worse !

## LOVE.

O, LOVE ! what art thou, Love ? the ace of hearts,  
Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits ;  
A player, masquerading many parts  
In life's odd carnival ; — a boy that shoots,  
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts ;  
A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots ;  
The Puck of Passion — partly false — part real —  
A marriageable maiden's " beau ideal " ?



O, Love! what art thou, Love? a wicked thing,  
Making green misses spoil their work at school;  
A melancholy man, cross-gartering!  
Grave ripe-faced Wisdom made an April fool?  
A youngster, tilting at a wedding-ring?  
A sinner, sitting on a cuttie-stool?  
A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,  
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?  
O, Love! what art thou, Love? one that is bad  
With palpitations of the heart — like mine —  
A poor bewildered maid, making so sad  
A necklace of her garters — fell design!  
A poet, gone unreasonably mad,  
Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?  
O, Love! — but whither, now? forgive me, pray;  
I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

## FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade;  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
That was a lady's maid.  
But as they fetched a walk one day,  
They met a press-gang crew;  
And Sally she did faint away,  
Whilst Ben he was brought to.  
The boatswain swore with wicked words,  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That though she did seem in a fit,  
'T was nothing but a feint.



"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,  
He'll be as good as me;  
For when your swain is in our boat,  
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"  
She cried, and wept outright:  
"Then I will to the water side,  
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,—  
"Now, young woman," said he,  
"If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,  
To sail with old Benbow;"  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him  
To the Tender-ship, you see;"  
"The Tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,  
"What a hard-ship that must be!"

"O! would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I'd follow him;  
But, O!—I'm not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath  
The virgin and the scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales."



Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
That 's underneath the world ;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,  
To see how she got on,  
He found she 'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.

" O, Sally Brown, O, Sally Brown,  
How could you serve me so ?  
I 've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow ! "

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,  
He heaved a heavy sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing " All 's Well,"  
But could not, though he tried ;  
His head was turned, and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,  
At forty-odd befell :  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton tolled the bell.

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BIANCA'S DREAM.

A VENETIAN STORY.

BIANCA ! — fair Bianca ! — who could dwell  
With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,  
Nor find there lurked in it a witching spell,  
Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days ?



The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell  
She turned to gas, and set it in a blaze ;  
Each eye of hers had Love's Eupyrion in it,  
That he could light his link at in a minute.

So that, wherever in her charms she shone,  
A thousand breasts were kindled into flame ;  
Maidens who cursed her looks forgot their own,  
And beaux were turned to flambeaux where she came ;  
All hearts indeed were conquered but her own,  
Which none could ever temper down or tame :  
In short, to take our haberdasher's hints,  
She might have written over it,— "From Flints."

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,  
At least in Venice — where with eyes of brown,  
Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex  
An amorous gentle with a needless frown ;  
Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks,  
And love at casements climbeth up and down,  
Whom, for his tricks and custom in that kind,  
Some have considered a Venetian blind.

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,  
Amongst more youths who had this cruel jailer,  
To hapless Julio — all in vain he sought  
With each new moon his hatter and his tailor ;  
In vain the richest padusoy he bought,  
And went in bran-new beaver to assail her —  
As if to show that Love had made him *smart*  
All over — and not merely round his heart.

In vain he labored through the sylvan park  
Bianca haunted in — that where she came  
Her learned eyes in wandering might mark  
The twisted cipher of her maiden name,



Wholesomely going through a course of bark :

No one was touched or troubled by his flame,  
Except the Dryads, those old maids that grow  
In trees,— like wooden dolls in embryo.

In vain complaining elegies he writ,

And taught his tuneful instrument to grieve,  
And sang in quavers how his heart was split,  
Constant beneath her lattice with each eve ;

She mocked his wooing with her wicked wit,  
And slashed his suit so that it matched his sleeve,  
Till he grew silent at the vesper star,  
And, quite despairing, hamstringed his guitar.

Bianca's heart was coldly frosted o'er

With snows unmelting —an eternal sheet ;  
But his was red within him, like the core

Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat ;  
And oft he longed internally to pour

His flames and glowing lava at her feet,  
But when his burnings he began to spout,  
She stopped his mouth, and put the *crater* out.

Meanwhile he wasted in the eyes of men,

So thin, he seemed a sort of skeleton-key  
Suspended at Death's door — so pale — and then

He turned as nervous as an aspen-tree ;  
The life of man is three-score years and ten,

But he was perishing at twenty-three,  
For people truly said, as grief grew stronger,  
" It could not shorten his poor life — much longer."

For why, he neither slept, nor drank, nor fed,

Nor relished any kind of mirth below ;  
Fire in his heart, and frenzy in his head,  
Love had become his universal foe,



Salt in his sugar — nightmare in his bed,  
At last, no wonder wretched Julio,  
A sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth  
Of hope, — made up his mind to cut her girth !

For hapless lovers always died of old,  
Sooner than chew reflection's bitter cud ;  
So Thisbe stuck herself, what time 't is told  
The tender-hearted mulberries wept blood :  
And so poor Sappho, when her boy was cold,  
Drowned her salt tear-drops in a salter flood,  
Their fame still breathing, though their breath be past  
For those old *suitors* lived beyond their last.

So Julio went to drown, — when life was dull,  
But took his corks, and merely had a bath ;  
And once, he pulled a trigger at his skull,  
But merely broke a window in his wrath ;  
And once, his hopeless being to annul,  
He tied a pack-thread to a beam of lath,  
A line so ample, 't was a query whether  
'T was meant to be a halter or a tether.

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust  
His sorrows through — 't is horrible to die ;  
And come down with our little all of dust,  
That dun of all the duns to satisfy ;  
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,  
In Death's most dreary sponging-house to lie,  
Where even all our personals must go  
To pay the debt of nature that we owe !

So Julio lived : — 't was nothing but a pet  
He took at life — a momentary spite ;  
Besides, he hoped that time would some day get  
The better of love's flame, however bright.



A thing that time has never compassed yet,  
 For love, we know, is an immortal light.  
 Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,  
 Was always in,—for none have found it out.

Meanwhile, Bianca dreamed—'t was once when night

Along the darkened plain began to creep,  
 Like a young Hottentot, whose eyes are bright,  
 Although in skin as sooty as a sweep :

The flowers had shut their eyes — the zephyr light

Was gone, for it had rocked the leaves to sleep,  
 And all the little birds had laid their heads  
 Under their wings — sleeping in feather beds.

Lone in her chamber sate the dark-eyed maid,

By easy stages jaunting through her prayers,  
 But listening side long to a serenade,

That robbed the saints a little of their shares ;  
 For Julio underneath the lattice played

His *Deh Vieni*, and such amorous airs,  
 Born only underneath Italian skies,  
 Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs.

Sweet was the tune — the words were even sweeter,

Praising her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,  
 With all the common tropes wherewith in metre

The hackney poets overcharge their fair.  
 Her shape was like Diana's, but completer ;

Her brow with Grecian Helen's might compare.  
 Cupid, alas ! was cruel Sagittarius,  
 Julio — the weeping waterman Aquarius.

Now, after listing to such laudings rare,

'T was very natural indeed to go —  
 What if she did postpone one little prayer ! —  
 To ask her mirror " if it was not so ? "



'T was a large mirror, none the worse for wear,  
Reflecting her at once from top to toe :  
And there she gazed upon that glossy track,  
That showed her front face, though it "gave her back."

And long her lovely eyes were held in thrall,  
By that dear page where first the woman reads :  
That Julio was no flatterer, none at all,  
She told herself — and then she told her beads ;  
Meanwhile, the nerves insensibly let fall  
Two curtains fairer than the lily breeds ;  
For sleep had crept and kissed her unawares,  
Just at the half-way milestone of her prayers.

Then like a drooping rose so bended she,  
Till her bowed head upon her hand reposed ;  
But still she plainly saw, or seemed to see,  
That fair reflection, though her eyes were closed,  
A beauty bright, as it was wont to be,  
A portrait Fancy painted while she dozed :  
'T is very natural, some people say,  
To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

Still shone her face — yet not, alas ! the same,  
But 'gan some dreary touches to assume,  
And sadder thoughts with sadder changes came —  
Her eyes resigned their light, her lips their bloom,  
Her teeth fell out, her tresses did the same,  
Her cheeks were tinged with bile, her eyes with rheum .  
There was a throbbing at her heart within,  
For, O ! there was a shooting in her chin.

And, lo ! upon her sad desponding brow  
The cruel trenches of besieging age,  
With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show  
Her place was booking for the seventh stage ;



And where her raven tresses used to flow,  
 Some locks that time had left her in his rage,  
 And some mock ringlets, made her forehead shady,  
 A compound (like our Psalms) of tête and braidy.

Then for her shape — alas! how Saturn wrecks,  
 And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,  
 Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest necks,

Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout,  
 Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex :

Witness those pensioners called In and Out,  
 Who, all day watching first and second rater,  
 Quaintly unbend themselves — but grow no straighter

So time with fair Bianca dealt, and made

Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow ;  
 His iron hand upon her spine he laid,

And twisted all awry her “ winsome marrow.”  
 In truth it was a change ! — she had obeyed

The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow,  
 But spectacles and palsy seemed to make her  
 Something between a Glassite and a Quaker.

Her grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme,

And she had ample reason for her trouble ;  
 For what sad maiden can endure to seem

Set in for singleness, though growing double ?  
 The fancy maddened her ; but now the dream,

Grown thin by getting bigger, like a bubble,  
 Burst, — but still left some fragments of its size,  
 That, like the soap-suds, smarted, in her eyes.

And here — just here — as she began to heed

The real world, her clock chimed out its score ;  
 A clock it was of the Venetian breed,

That cried the hour from one to twenty-four ;



The works moreover standing in some need  
Of workmanship, it struck some dozens more ;  
A warning voice that clenched Bianca's fears,  
Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

At fifteen chimes she was but half a nun,  
By twenty she had quite renounced the veil ;  
She thought of Julio just at twenty-one,  
And thirty made her very sad and pale,  
To paint that ruin where her charms would run ;  
At forty all the maid began to fail,  
And thought no higher, as the late dream crossed her,  
Of single blessedness, than single Gloster.

And so Bianca changed ; — the next sweet even,  
With Julio in a black Venetian bark,  
Rowed slow and stealthily — the hour, eleven,  
Just sounding from the tower old St. Mark,  
She sate with eyes turned quietly to heaven,  
Perchance rejoicing in the grateful dark  
That veiled her blushing cheek, — for Julio brought her  
Of course — to break the ice upon the water.

But what a puzzle is one's serious mind  
To open ! — oysters, when the ice is thick,  
Are not so difficult and disinclined ;  
And Julio felt the declaration stick  
About his throat in a most awful kind ;  
However, he contrived by bits to pick  
His trouble forth, — much like a rotten cork  
Groped from a long-necked bottle with a fork.

But Love is still the quickest of all readers ;  
And Julio spent, besides those signs profuse  
That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders,  
In help of language, are so apt to use,



Arms, shoulders, fingers, all were interceders,  
 Nods, shrugs and bends,— Bianca could not choose  
 But soften to his suit with more facility,  
 He told his story with so much agility.

“ Be thou my park, and I will be thy dear,  
 (So he began at last to speak or quote;)   
 Be thou my bark, and I thy gondolier,  
 (For passion takes this figurative note;)   
 Be thou my light, and I thy chandelier;  
 Be thou my dove, and I will be thy cote;  
 My lily be, and I will be thy river;  
 Be thou my life — and I will be thy liver.”

This, with more tender logic of the kind,  
 He poured into her small and shell-like ear,  
 That timidly against his lips inclined :  
 Meanwhile her eyes glanced on the silver sphere  
 That even now began to steal behind  
 A dewy vapor, which was lingering near,  
 Wherein the dull moon crept all dim and pale,  
 Just like a virgin putting on the veil : —

Bidding adieu to all her sparks — the stars,  
 That erst had wooed and worshipped in her train,  
 Saturn and Hesperus, and gallant Mars —  
 Never to flirt with heavenly eyes again.  
 Meanwhile, remindful of the convent bars,  
 Bianca did not watch these signs in vain,  
 But turned to Julio at the dark eclipse,  
 With words, like verbal kisses, on her lips.

He took the hint full speedily, and, backed  
 By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,  
 Bestowed a something on her cheek that smacked  
 (Though quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness;  
 That made her think all other kisses lacked



Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness  
 Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,  
 Insipid things — like sandwiches of veal.

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wring  
 The pretty fingers all, instead of one ;  
 Anon his stealthy arm began to cling  
 About her waist that had been clasped by none ;  
 Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,  
 Since cold description would but be outrun ;  
 For bliss and Irish watches have the power  
 In twenty minutes to lose half an hour !

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OVER THE WAY.

“I sat over against a window where there stood a pot with very pretty flowers ; and had my eyes fixed on it, when on a sudden the window opened, and a young lady appeared whose beauty struck me.” — ARABIAN NIGHTS.

ALAS ! the flames of an unhappy lover  
 About my heart and on my vitals prey ;  
 I've caught a fever that I can't get over,  
 Over the way !

O ! why are eyes of hazel ? noses Grecian ?  
 I've lost my rest by night, my peace by day,  
 For want of some brown Holland or Venetian,  
 Over the way !

I've gazed too often, till my heart's as lost  
 As any needle in a stack of hay :  
 Crosses belong to love, and mine is crossed  
 Over the way !

I cannot read or write, or thoughts relax —  
 Of what avail Lord Althorpe or Earl Grey ?  
 They cannot ease me of *my* window-tax  
 Over the way !



Even on Sunday my devotions vary,  
And from St. Bennet Flint they go astray  
To dear St. Mary Overy — the Mary  
Over the way !

O ! if my godmother were but a fairy,  
With magic wand, how I would beg and pray  
That she would change me into that canary  
Over the way !

I envy everything that's near Miss Lindo,  
A pug, a poll, a squirrel or a jay —  
Blest blue-bottles ! that buzz about the window  
Over the way !

Even at even, for there be no shutters,  
I see her reading on, from grave to gay,  
Some tale or poem, till the candle gutters,  
Over the way !

And then — O ! then — while the clear waxen taper  
Emits, two stories high, a starlike ray,  
I see twelve auburn curls put into paper  
Over the way !

But how breathe unto her my deep regards,  
Or ask her for a whispered ay or nay, —  
Or offer her my hand, some thirty yards  
Over the way !

Cold as the pole she is to my adoring ; —  
Like Captain Lyon, at Repulse's Bay,  
I meet an icy end to my exploring  
Over the way !

Each dirty little Savoyard that dances  
She looks on — Punch — or chimney-sweeps in May'  
Zounds ! wherefore cannot I attract her glances  
Over the way ?



Half out she leans to watch a tumbling brat,  
Or yelping cur, run over by a dray ;  
But I'm in love — she never pities that !

Over the way !

I go to the same church — a love-lost labor ;  
Haunt all her walks, and dodge her at the play ;  
She does not seem to know she has a neighbor

Over the way !

At private theatres she never acts ;  
No Crown-and-Anchor balls her fancy sway ;  
She never visits gentlemen with tracts

Over the way !

To billets-doux by post she shows no favor —  
In short, there is no plot that I can lay  
To break my window-pains to my enslaver

Over the way !

I play the flute — she heeds not my chromatics —  
No friend an introduction can purvey ;  
I wish a fire would break out in the attics

Over the way !

My wasted form ought of itself to touch her ;  
My baker feels my appetite's decay ;  
And as for butcher's meat — O ! she's my butcher

Over the way !

At beef I turn ; at lamb or veal I pout ;  
I never ring now to bring up the tray ;  
My stomach grumbles at my dining out

Over the way !

I'm weary of my life ; without regret  
I could resign this miserable clay  
To lie within that box of mignonette

Over the way !







With such a lot my heart would be in clover —  
 But what — O, horror ! — what do I survey !  
 Postilions and white favors ! — all is over  
 Over the way !

EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES OF A SENTIMENTALIST.

*" My Tables ! Meat it is, I set it down ! " — HAMLET.*

I THINK it was Spring — but not certain I am —  
 When my passion began first to work ;  
 But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,  
 And the season was over for pork.

'T was at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase,  
 Yes,— for Morris had asked me to dine,—  
 And I thought I had never beheld such a face,  
 Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild  
 With sheer envy to witness my luck ;  
 How she blushed as I gave her some turtle, and smiled  
 As I afterwards offered some duck.

I looked and I languished, alas ! to my cost,  
 Through three courses of dishes and meats ;  
 Getting deeper in love — but my heart was quite lost,  
 When it came to the trifle and sweets !

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land,  
 To her parents I told my designs —  
 And then to herself I presented my hand,  
 With a very fine pottle of pines !

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,  
 And she did not object in the least ; —  
 I can't tell the date — but we married, I know,  
 Just in time to have game at the feast.



We went to ——, it certainly was the sea-side ;  
For the next, the most blessed of morns,  
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,  
Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

O, never may memory lose sight of that year,  
But still hallow the time as it ought !  
That season the "grass" was remarkably dear,  
And the peas at a guinea a quart.

So happy, like hours, all our days seemed to haste,  
A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,  
So united in heart — so congenial in taste —  
We were both of us partial to brawn !

A long life I looked for of bliss with my bride,  
But then Death — I ne'er dreamt about that !  
O, there's nothing is certain in life, as I cried  
When my turbot eloped with the cat !

My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,  
But the cause no physician could nab ;  
But something it seemed like consumption, I fear,—  
It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctored, in vain she was dosed,  
Still her strength and her appetite pined ;  
She lost relish for what she had relished the most,  
Even salmon she deeply declined !

For months still I lingered in hope and in doubt,  
While her form it grew wasted and thin ;  
But the last dying spark of existence went out,  
As the oysters were just coming in !

She died, and she left me the saddest of men,  
To indulge in a widower's moan ;  
O, I felt all the power of solitude then,  
As I ate my first natives alone !



But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,  
And with sorrowful crape on their hats,  
O my grief poured a flood ! and the out-of-door folks  
Were all crying — I think it was sprats !

## THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD.

I SAWE a Mayd sitte on a Bank,  
Beguiled by Wooer fayne and fond ;  
And whiles His flatteryng Vowes She drank,  
Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond !

All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist,  
For She was fayre and He was Kinde ;  
The Sunne went down before She wist  
Another Sonne had sett behinde !

With angrie Hands and frownyng Browe,  
That deemd Her owne the Urchine's Sinne,  
She pluckt Him out, but he was now  
Past being Whipt for fallynge in.

She then beginnes to wayle the Ladde  
With Shrikes that Echo answerede round —  
O ! foolishe Mayd to be soe sadde  
The Momente that her Care was drown'd !



## ODE TO PERRY,

THE INVENTOR OF THE PATENT PERRYAN PEN.

"In this good work, Penn appears the greatest, usefulest of God's instruments. Firm and unbending when the exigency requires it — soft and yielding when rigid inflexibility is not a desideratum — fluent and flowing, at need, for eloquent rapidity — slow and retentive in cases of deliberation — never spluttering or by amplification going wide of the mark — never splitting, if it can be helped, with any one, but ready to wear itself out rather in their service — all things as it were with all men, — ready to embrace the hand of Jew, Christian, or Mahometan, — heavy with the German, light with the Italian, oblique with the English, upright with the Roman, backward in coming forward with the Hebrew, — in short, for flexibility, amiability, constitutional durability, general ability, and universal utility, it would be hard to find a parallel to the great Penn." — PERRY'S CHARACTERISTICS OF A SETTLER.

O ! PATENT Pen-inventing Perrian Perry !

Friend of the goose and gander,  
That now unplucked of their quill-feathers wander,  
Cackling, and gabbling, dabbling, making merry,  
About the happy fen,  
Untroubled for one penny-worth of pen,  
For which they chant thy praise all Britain through,  
From Goose-Green unto Gander-Cleugh ! —

Friend to all Author-kind, —  
Whether of Poet or of Proser, —  
Thou art composer unto the composer  
Of pens, — yea, patent vehicles for Mind  
To carry it on jaunts, or more extensive  
*Perrygrinations* through the realms of thought ;  
Each plying from the Comic to the Pensive,  
An Omnibus of intellectual sort !

Modern improvements in their course we feel ;  
And while to iron-railroads heavy wares,



Dry goods, and human bodies, pay their fares,  
 Mind flies on steel,  
 To Penrith, Penrhyn, even to Penzance ;  
 Nay, penetrates, perchance,  
 To Pennsylvania, or, without rash vaunts,  
 To where the Penguin haunts !

In times bygone, when each man cut his quill,  
 With little Perryan skill,  
 What horrid, awkward, bungling tools of trade  
 Appeared the writing implements home-made !  
 What Pens were sliced, hewed, hacked, and haggled out,  
 Slit or unslit, with many a various snout,  
 Aquiline, Roman, crooked, square, and snubby,  
 Stumpy and stubby ;  
 Some capable of ladye-billets neat,  
 Some only fit for ledger-keeping clerk,  
 And some to grub down Peter Stubbs his mark,  
 Or smudge through some illegible receipt ;  
 Others in florid caligraphic plans,  
 Equal to ships, and wiggy heads, and swans !

To try in any common inkstands, then,  
 With all their miscellaneous stocks,  
 To find a decent pen,  
 Was like a dip into a lucky box :  
 You drew,—and got one very curly,  
 And split like endive in some hurly-burly ;  
 The next unslit, and square at end, a spade ;  
 The third, incipient pop-gun, not yet made ;  
 The fourth a broom ; the fifth of no avail,  
 Turned upwards, like a rabbit's tail ;  
 And last, not least, by way of a relief,  
 A stump that Master Richard, James or John,



Had tried his candle-cookery upon,  
Making "roast-beef!"

Not so thy Perryan Pens!  
True to their M's and N's,  
They do not with a whizzing zig-zag split,  
Straddle, turn up their noses, sulk, and spit,  
Or drop large dots,  
Huge full-stop blots,  
Where even semicolons were unfit.  
They will not frizzle up, or, broom-like, drudge  
In sable sludge —  
Nay, bought at proper "Patent Perryan" shops,  
They write good grammar, sense, and mind their stops:  
Compose both prose and verse, the sad and merry —  
For when the editor, whose pains compile  
The grown-up Annual, or the Juvenile,  
Vaunteth his articles, not women's, men's,  
But lays "by the most celebrated Pens,"  
What means he but thy Patent Pens, my Perry?

Pleasant they are to feel!  
So firm! so flexible! composed of steel  
So finely tempered — fit for tenderest Miss  
To give her passion breath,  
Or kings to sign the warrant stern of death —  
But their supremest merit still is this,  
Write with them all your days,  
Tragedy, Comedy, all kinds of plays —  
(No dramatist should ever be without 'em) —  
And, just conceive the bliss, —  
There is so little of the goose about 'em,  
One's safe from any hiss!



Ah ! who can paint that first great awful night,  
 Big with a blessing or a blight,  
 When the poor dramatist, all fume and fret,  
 Fuss, fidget, fancy, fever, funking, fright,  
 Ferment, fault-fearing, faintness — more f's yet :  
 Flushed, frigid, flurried, flinching, fitful, flat,  
 Add famished, fuddled, and fatigued, to that ;  
 Funeral, fate-foreboding — sits in doubt,  
 Or rather doubt with hope, a wretched marriage,  
 To see his play upon the stage come out ;  
 No stage to him ! it is Thalia's carriage,  
 And he is sitting on the spikes behind it,  
 Striving to look as if he did n't mind it !

Witness how Beazley vents upon his hat  
 His nervousness, meanwhile his fate is dealt :  
 He kneads, moulds, pummels it, and sits it flat,  
 Squeezes and twists it up, until the felt,  
 That went a beaver in, comes out a rat !  
 Miss Mitford had mis-givings, and in fright,  
 Upon Rienzi's night,  
 Gnawed up one long kid glove, and all her bag,  
 Quite to a rag.

Knowles has confessed he trembled as for life,  
 Afraid of his own " Wife ;"  
 Poole told me that he felt a monstrous pail  
 Of water backing him, all down his spine, —  
 " The ice-brook's temper " — pleasant to the chine !  
 For fear that Simpson and his Co. should fail.  
 Did Lord Glengall not frame a mental prayer,  
 Wishing devoutly he was Lord knows where ?  
 Nay, did not Jerrold, in enormous drouth,  
 While doubtful of Nell Gwynne's eventful luck,  
 Squeeze out and suck



More oranges with his one fevered mouth  
 Than Nelly had to hawk from north to south ?  
 Yea, Buckstone, changing color like a mullet,  
 Refused, on an occasion, once, twice, thrice,  
 From his best friend, an ice,  
 Lest it should hiss in his own red-hot gullet.

Doth punning Peake not sit upon the points  
 Of his own jokes, and shake in all his joints,  
     During their trial ?

    'T is past denial.

And does not Pocock, feeling, like a peacock,  
 All eyes upon him, turn to very meacock ?  
 And does not Planché, tremulous and blank,  
 • Meanwhile his personages tread the boards,  
     Seem goaded by sharp swords,  
 And called upon himself to "walk the plank" ?  
 As for the Dances, Charles and George to boot,  
     What have they more  
 Of ease and rest, for sole of either foot,  
 Than bear that capers on a hotted floor !

Thus pending — does not Mathews, at sad shift  
 For voice, croak like a frog in waters fenny ? —  
 Serle seem upon the surly seas adrift ? —  
 And Kenny think he's going to Kilkenny ? —  
 Haynes Bayly feel Old ditto, with the note  
 Of Cotton in his ear, a mortal grapple

    About his arms, and Adam's apple  
 Big as a fine Dutch codling in his throat ?  
 Did Rodwell, on his chimney-piece, desire  
 Or not to take a jump into the fire ?  
 Did Wade feel as composed as music can ?  
 And was not Bernard his own Nervous Man ?



Lastly, don't Farley, a bewildered elf,  
 Quake at the Pantomime he loves to cater,  
 And ere its changes ring transform himself? —

A frightful mug of human delf?

A spirit-bottle — empty of "the cratur"? —

A leaden-platter ready for the shelf?

A thunderstruck dumb-waiter?

To clench the fact,

Myself, once guilty of one small rash act,

Committed at the Surrey,

Quite in a hurry,

Felt all this flurry,

Corporal worry,

And spiritual scurry,

Dram-devil — attic curry!

All going well,

From prompter's bell,

Until befell

A hissing at some dull imperfect dunce —

There's no denying

I felt in all four elements at once!

My head was swimming, while my arms were flying!

My legs for running — all the rest was frying!

Thrice welcome, then, for this peculiar use,

Thy pens so innocent of goose!

For this shall dramatists, when they make merry,

Discarding port and sherry,

Drink — "Perry!"

Perry, whose fame, pennated, is let loose

To distant lands,

Perry, admitted on all hands,

Text, running, German, Roman,

For Patent Perrys approached by no man!



And when, ah me ! far distant be the hour !  
 Pluto shall call thee to his gloomy bower,  
 Many shall be thy pensive mourners, many !  
 And Penury itself shall club its penny  
 To raise thy monument in lofty place,  
 Higher than York's or any son of War ;  
 Whilst time all meaner effigies shall bury,  
     On due pentagonal base  
 Shall stand the Parian, Perryan, periwigged Perry,  
 Perched on the proudest peak of Penman Mawr !

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## NUMBER ONE.

VERSIFIED FROM THE PROSE OF A YOUNG LADY.

It's very hard ! — and so it is, to live in such a row, —  
 And witness this that every miss but me has got a beau. —  
 For Love goes calling up and down, but here he seems to  
     shun ;

I'm sure he has been asked enough to call at Number One !

I'm sick of all the double knocks that come to Number  
     Four ! —

That Number Three, I often see a lover at the door ; —  
 And one in blue, at Number Two, calls daily like a dun, —  
 It's very hard they come so near, and not to Number One !

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear exactly to her mind, —  
 By sitting at the window-pane without a bit of blind ; —  
 But I go in the balcony, which she has never done,  
 Yet arts that thrive at Number Five don't take at Number  
     One !

'T is hard, with plenty in the street, and plenty passing by, —  
 There's nice young men at Number Ten, but only rather  
     shy ; —



And Mrs. Smith across the way has got a grown-up son,  
But, la ! he hardly seems to know there is a Number One !

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine, but he's intent on pelf,  
And though he's pious will not love his neighbor as him-  
self.—

At Number Seven there was a sale — the goods had quite  
a run !

And here I've got my single lot on hand at Number One !

My mother often sits at work and talks of props and stays,  
And what a comfort I shall be in her declining days : —  
The very maids about the house have set me down a nun,  
The sweethearts all belong to them that call at Number One !

Once only, when the flue took fire, one Friday afternoon,  
Young Mr. Long came kindly in and told me not to swoon :  
Why can't he come again without the Phoenix and the Sun ?  
We cannot always have a flue on fire at Number One !

I am not old, I am not plain, nor awkward in my gait —  
I am not crooked, like the bride that went from Number  
Eight : —

I'm sure white satin made her look as brown as any bun —  
But even beauty has no chance, I think, at Number One !

At Number Six they say Miss Rose has slain a score of  
hearts,

And Cupid, for her sake, has been quite prodigal of darts.  
The imp they show with bended bow, I wish he had a gun !  
But if he had, he'd never deign to shoot with Number One.

It's very hard, and so it is, to live in such a row !  
And here's a ballad-singer come to aggravate my woe ; —  
O, take away your foolish song and tones enough to stun —  
There is "Nae luck about the house," I know, at Number  
One !



LINES ON THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE.

BY DORCAS DOVE.

AND is it thus ye welcome Peace,  
 From mouths of forty-pounding Bores ?  
 O, cease, exploding Cannons, cease !  
 Lest Peace, affrighted, shun our shores !  
 Not so the quiet Queen should come ;  
 But like a Nurse to still our Fears,  
 With shoes of List, demurely dumb,  
 And Wool or Cotton in her Ears !  
 She asks for no triumphal Arch ;  
 No Steeples for their ropy Tongues ;  
 Down, Drumsticks, down ! She needs no March,  
 Or blasted Trumps from brazen Lungs.  
 She wants no Noise of mobbing Throats  
 To tell that She is drawing nigh :  
 Why this Parade of scarlet Coats,  
 When War has closed his bloodshot Eye ?  
 Returning to Domestic Loves,  
 When War has ceased with all its Ills,  
 Captains should come like sucking Doves,  
 With Olive Branches in their Bills.  
 No need there is of vulgar Shout,  
 Bells, Cannons, Trumpets, Fife and Drum,  
 And Soldiers marching all about,  
 To let Us know that Peace is come.  
 O, mild should be the Signs, and meek,  
 Sweet Peace's Advent to proclaim !  
 Silence her noiseless Foot should speak,  
 And Echo should repeat the same.



Lo ! where the Soldier walks, alas !  
 With Scars received on foreign Grounds ;  
 Shall we consume in colored Glass  
 The Oil that should be poured in Wounds ?  
 The bleeding Gaps of War to close,  
 Will whizzing Rocket-Flight avail ?  
 Will Squibs enliven Orphans' Woes ?  
 Or Crackers cheer the Widow's Tale ?

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## THE DEMON-SHIP.

'T WAS off the Wash — the sun went down — the sea looked  
 black and grim,  
 For stormy clouds with murky fleece were mustering at the  
 brim ;  
 Titanic shades ! enormous gloom ! — as if the solid night  
 Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light !  
 It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,  
 With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky !  
 Down went my helm — close reefed — the tack held freely  
 in my hand —  
 With ballast snug — I put about, and scudded for the land.  
 Loud hissed the sea beneath her lee ; my little boat flew fast,  
 But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.  
 Lord ! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail !  
 What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of  
 hail !  
 What darksome caverns yawned before ! what jagged steeps  
 behind !  
 Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the  
 wind.  
 Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,  
 But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place ;



As black as night — they turned to white, and cast against  
the cloud

A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's shroud :  
Still flew my boat ; alas ! alas ! her course was nearly run !  
Behold yon fatal billow rise — ten billows heaped in one !  
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling fast,  
As if the scooping sea contained one only wave, at last !  
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift-pursuing grave ;  
It seemed as though some cloud had turned its hugeness to  
a wave !

Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face —  
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base !  
I saw its Alpine hoary head impending over mine !  
Another pulse, and down it rushed, an avalanche of brine !  
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home ;  
The waters closed — and when I shrieked, I shrieked below  
the foam !

Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed —  
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of  
death?”

With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath ;  
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound,  
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around ?

A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft ;  
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft ?  
A face that mocked the human face before me watched alone ;  
But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against  
my own ?

O ! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight  
As met my gaze, when first I looked on that accursed night



I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes  
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my  
dreams —

Hyenas, cats, blood-loving bats, and apes with hateful stare,  
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls, the lion and she-bear,  
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite —  
Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished by the light !

Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their  
tombs —

All fantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms —  
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—  
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the  
mast !

His cheek was black — his brow was black — his eyes and  
hair as dark :

His hand was black, and where it touched it left a sable  
mark ;

His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked  
beneath,

His breast was black — all, all was black, except his grin-  
ning teeth.

His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves !  
O, horror ! e'en the ship was black that ploughed the inky  
waves !

"Alas !" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,  
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?  
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?  
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained my soul !  
O, mother dear ! my tender nurse ! dear meadows that  
beguiled

My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—  
My mother dear — my native fields, I never more shall see  
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea !"



Loud laughed that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return  
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to  
stern —

A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce --  
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once :  
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,  
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like demons of the Pit.  
They crowed their fill, and then the Chief made answer for  
the whole ; —

“ Our skins,” said he, “ are black, ye see, because we carry  
coal ;

You ’ll find your mother sure enough, and see your native  
fields —

For this here ship has picked you up — the Mary Ann of  
Shields ! ”

SPRING.

A NEW VERSION.

“ *Ham.* The air bites shrewdly — it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.” — HAMLET.

“ COME, *gentle* Spring ! ethereal *mildness*, come ! ”

O ! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,  
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum ?

There ’s no such season.

The Spring ! I shrink and shudder at her name !

For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter !  
And suffer from her *blows* as if they came  
From Spring the Fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,  
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,  
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*  
Poured down their shoulders !



Let others eulogize her floral shows ;  
From me they cannot win a single stanza.  
I know her blooms are in full blow — and so 's  
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,  
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,  
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,  
Are things I sneeze at !

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year !  
And fair its early buddings and its blowings —  
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear  
With other sowings !

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,  
A frigid, not a genial inspiration ;  
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy  
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,  
To me all vernal luxuries are fables,  
O ! where 's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,  
Stiff as a table's ?

I limp in agony, — I wheeze and cough ;  
And quake with Ague, that great Agitator ;  
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off  
My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack  
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on ? —  
Spring mild and gentle ! — yes, a Spring-heeled Jack  
To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie  
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,  
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,  
And that is blighted !



FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms;  
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms!

Now, as they bore him off the field,  
Said he, "Let others shoot,  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:  
Said he, "They're only pegs:  
But there's as wooden members quite  
As represent my legs!"

Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
Her name was Nelly Gray;  
So he went to pay her his devours,  
When he devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff;  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off!

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray  
Is this your love so warm?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat  
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once  
For he was blithe and brave;  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave!"



"Before you had those timber toes,  
Your love I did allow,  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now!"

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call, I left my legs,  
In Badajos's *breaches*!"

"Why then," said she, "you've lost the feet  
Of legs in war's alarms,  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!  
I know why you refuse:—  
Though I've no feet—some other man  
Is standing in my shoes!"

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;  
But, now, a long farewell!  
For you will be my death;—alas  
You will not be my *Nell*!"

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got,  
And life was such a burthen grown,  
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck  
A rope he did entwine,  
And, for his second time in life,  
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs,  
And, as his legs were off,—of course,  
He soon was off his legs!



And there he hung, till he was dead  
As any nail in town,—  
For, though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down !  
A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
To find out why he died —  
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,  
With a *stake* in his inside !

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## THE FLOWER.

ALONE, across a foreign plain,  
The exile slowly wanders,  
And on his isle beyond the main  
With saddened spirit ponders ;  
This lovely isle beyond the sea,  
With all its household treasures ;  
Its cottage homes, its merry birds,  
And all its rural pleasures ;  
Its leafy woods, its shady vales,  
Its moors, and purple heather ;  
Its verdant fields bedecked with stars  
His childhood loved to gather ;  
When, lo ! he starts, with glad surprise,  
Home-joys come rushing o'er him,  
For "modest, wee, and crimson-tipped,"  
He spies the flower before him !  
With eager haste he stoops him down,  
His eyes with moisture hazy,  
And as he plucks the simple bloom  
He murmurs, " Lawk-a-daisy ! "



## THE SEA-SPELL.

*"Cauld, cauld, he lies beneath the deep."—Old Scotch Ballad.*

It was a jolly mariner !  
The tallest man of three,—  
He loosed his sail against the wind,  
And turned his boat to sea :  
The ink-black sky told every eye  
A storm was soon to be !

But still that jolly mariner  
Took in no reef at all,  
For, in his pouch, confidently,  
He wore a baby's caul ;  
A thing, as gossip-nurses know,  
That always brings a squall !

His hat was new, or, newly glazed,  
Shone brightly in the sun ;  
His jacket, like a mariner's,  
True blue as e'er was spun :  
His ample trousers, like St. Paul,  
Bore forty stripes save one.

And now the fretting, foaming tide  
He steered away to cross ;  
The bounding pinnace played a game  
Of dreary pitch and toss ;  
A game that, on the good dry land,  
Is apt to bring a loss !

Good Heaven befriend that little boat,  
And guide her on her way !  
A boat, they say, has canvas wings,  
But cannot fly away !  
Though, like a merry singing-bird,  
She sits upon the spray !



Still south by east the little boat,  
With tawny sail, kept beating :  
Now out of sight, between two waves,  
Now o'er the horizon fleeting ;  
Like greedy swine that feed on mast,—  
The waves her mast seemed eating !

The sullen sky grew black above,  
The wave as black beneath ;  
Each roaring billow showed full soon  
A white and foamy wreath ;  
Like angry dogs that snarl at first,  
And then display their teeth.

The boatman looked against the wind,  
The mast began to creak,  
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,  
In salt, upon his cheek !  
The pointed wave against him reared,  
As if it owned a pique !

Nor rushing wind nor gushing wave  
The boatman could alarm,  
But still he stood away to sea,  
And trusted in his charm ;  
He thought by purchase he was safe,  
And armed against all harm !

Now thick and fast and far aslant  
The stormy rain came pouring,  
He heard, upon the sandy bank,  
The distant breakers roaring,—  
A groaning intermitting sound,  
Like Gog and Magog snoring !

The sea-fowl shrieked around the mast,  
Ahead the grampus tumbled,



And far off, from a copper cloud,  
The hollow thunder rumbled ;  
It would have quailed another heart,  
But his was never humbled.

For why ? he had that infant's caul ;  
And wherefore should he dread ?  
Alas ! alas ! he little thought,  
Before the ebb-tide sped,—  
That, like that infant, he should die,  
And with a watery head !

The rushing brine flowed in apace ;  
His boat had ne'er a deck :  
Fate seemed to call him on, and he  
Attended to her beck ;  
And so he went, still trusting on,  
Though reckless — to his wreck !

For as he left his helm, to heave  
The ballast-bags a-weather,  
Three monstrous seas came roaring on,  
Like lions leagued together.  
The two first waves the little boat  
Swam over like a feather,—

The two first waves were past and gone,  
And sinking in her wake ;  
The hugest still came leaping on,  
And hissing like a snake.  
Now helm a-lee ! for through the midst  
The monster he must take !

Ah, me ! it was a dreary mount !  
Its base as black as night,  
Its top of pale and livid green,  
Its crest of awful white,



Like Neptune with a leprosy,—  
And so it reared upright !

With quaking sails the little boat  
Climbed up the foaming heap ;  
With quaking sails it paused a while,  
At balance on the steep ;  
Then, rushing down the nether slope,  
Plunged with a dizzy sweep !

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear,  
Disdains his careful guide ;  
So now the headlong headstrong boat,  
Unmanaged, turns aside,  
And straight presents her reeling flank  
Against the swelling tide !

The gusty wind assaults the sail ;  
Her ballast lies a-lee !  
The sheet's to windward taut and stiff,  
O ! the Lively — where is she ?  
Her capsized keel is in the foam,  
Her pennon's in the sea !

The wild gull, sailing overhead,  
Three times beheld emerge  
The head of that bold mariner,  
And then she screamed his dirge !  
For he had sunk within his grave,  
Lapped in a shroud of surge !

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,  
Rushed o'er and covered all ;  
The jolly boatman's drowning scream  
Was smothered by the squall,  
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did  
The ocean heed his *caul*.



## A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

THERE'S some is born with their straight legs by natur —  
And some is born with bow-legs from the first —  
And some that should have growed a good deal straighter,  
    But they were badly nursed,  
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs  
    Astride of casks and kegs :  
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,  
    And starboard,  
And this is what it was that warped my legs.—  
'T was all along of Poll, as I may say,  
That fouled my cable when I ought to slip;  
    But on the tenth of May,  
    When I gets under weigh,  
Down there in Hartfordshire, to join my ship,  
    I sees the mail  
    Get under sail,  
The only one there was to make the trip.  
    Well — I gives chase,  
    But as she run  
    Two knots to one,  
There warn't no use in keeping on the race !  
Well — casting round about, what next to try on,  
    And how to spin,  
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,  
And bears away to leeward for the inn,  
    Beats round the gable,  
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable :  
Well — there they stand, four kickers in a row,  
    And so  
I just makes free to cut a brown 'un's cable.  
But riding is n't in a seaman's natur —  
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,



And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter  
    To splice me, heel to heel,  
    Under the she-mare's keel,  
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn .

    My eyes ! how she did pitch !  
And would n't keep her own to go in no line,  
Though I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,  
But always making lee-way to the ditch,  
And yawed her head about all sorts of ways.

    The devil sink the craft !  
And was n't she trimendous slack in stays !  
We could n't, nohow, keep the inn abaft !

    Well — I suppose  
We had n't run a knot — or much beyond —  
(What will you have on it ?) — but off she goes,  
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond !

    There I am ! — all a-back !  
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,  
To heave her head round on the t'other tack ;

    But when I starts,  
    The leather parts,  
And goes away right over by the ears !

    What could a fellow do,  
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,  
But trim myself upright for bringing-to,  
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,

    In rig all snug and clever,  
Just while his craft was taking in her water ?  
I did n't like my berth, though, howsomedever,  
Because the yarn, you see, kept getting tauter, —  
Says I — I wish this job was rather shorter !

    The chase had gained a mile  
Ahead, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking :



Now, all the while  
Her body did n't take of course to shrinking.  
Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking —  
And so she swelled, and swelled,  
And yet the tackle held,  
Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.  
My eyes ! but she took in enough to founder !  
And there's my timbers straining every bit,  
Ready to split,  
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder !

Well, there — off Hartford Ness,  
We lay both lashed and water-logged together,  
And can't contrive a signal of distress ;  
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,  
Though sick of riding out — and nothing less ;  
When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn : —  
Hollo ! says I, come underneath her quarter ! —  
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.  
So I gets off, and lands upon the road,  
And leaves the she-mare to her own consarn,  
A-standing by the water.  
If I get on another, I'll be blowed ! —  
And that's the way, you see, my legs got bowed !

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THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,  
My curtains drawn and all is snug ;  
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,  
And Tray is sitting on the rug.  
Last night I had a curious dream,  
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg —  
What d' ye think of that, my cat ?  
What d' ye think of that, my dog ?



She looked so fair, she sang so well,  
I could but woo and she was won;  
Myself in blue, the bride in white,  
The ring was placed, the deed was done!  
Away we went in chaise-and-four,  
As fast as grinning boys could flog —  
What d' ye think of that, my cat?  
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!  
But tête-à-têtes must still defer!  
When Susan came to live with me,  
Her mother came to live with her!  
With sister Belle she could n't part,  
But all *my* ties had leave to jog —  
What d' ye think of that, my cat?  
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll —  
A monkey too, what work he made!  
The sister introduced a beau —  
My Susan brought a favorite maid.  
She had a tabby of her own, —  
A snappish mongrel christened Gog, —  
What d' ye think of that, my cat?  
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit — the parrot screamed,  
All day the sister strummed and sung;  
The petted maid was such a scold!  
My Susan learned to use her tongue;  
Her mother had such wretched health,  
She sate and croaked like any frog —  
What d' ye think of that, my cat?  
What d' ye think of that, my dog?



No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,  
I soon came down to simple "M!"  
The very servants crossed my wish,  
My Susan let me down to them.  
The poker hardly seemed my own,  
I might as well have been a log —  
What d' ye think of that, my cat?  
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!  
Such coats and hats she never met!  
My ways they were the oddest ways!  
My friends were such a vulgar set!  
Poor Tompkinson was snubbed and huffed,  
She could not bear that Mister Blogg —  
What d' ye think of that, my cat?  
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a spar, and then  
Mamma must mingle in the song —  
The sister took a sister's part —  
The maid declared her master wrong —  
The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"  
My life was like a London fog —  
What d' ye think of that, my cat?  
What d' ye think of that, my dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,  
As proved by bills that had no end;  
I never had a decent coat —  
I never had a coin to spend!  
She forced me to resign my club,  
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog —  
What d' ye think of that, my cat?  
What d' ye think of that, my dog?



Each Sunday night we gave a rout  
To fops and flirts, a pretty list ;  
And when I tried to steal away,  
I found my study full of whist !  
Then, first to come, and last to go,  
There always was a Captain Hogg —  
What d' ye think of that, my cat ?  
What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

Now was not that an awful dream  
For one who single is and snug —  
With Pussy in the elbow-chair,  
And Tray reposing on the rug ? —  
If I must totter down the hill,  
'T is safest done without a clog —  
What d' ye think of that, my cat ?  
What d' ye think of that, my dog ?

## THE WEE MAN.

A ROMANCE.

It was a merry company,  
And they were just afloat,  
When, lo ! a man, of dwarfish span,  
Came up and hailed the boat.

“ Good-morrow to ye, gentle folks,  
And will you let me in ? —  
A slender space will serve my case,  
For I am small and thin.”

They saw he was a dwarfish man,  
And very small and thin ;  
Not seven such would matter much,  
And so they took him in.



They laughed to see his little hat,  
With such a narrow brim ;  
They laughed to note his dapper coat,  
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,  
When, gravely, one and all  
At once began to think the man  
Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,  
His hat a broader brim,  
His leg grew stout, and soon plumped out  
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went  
More rough the billows grew,—  
And rose and fell, a greater swell,  
And he was swelling too !

And, lo ! where room had been for seven,  
For six there scarce was space !  
For five !—for four !—for three !—not more  
Than two could find a place !

There was not even room for one !  
They crowded by degrees —  
Ay — closer yet, till elbows met,  
And knees were jogging knees.

“ Good sir, you must not sit astern,  
The wave will else come in ! ”  
Without a word he gravely stirred,  
Another seat to win.

“ Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,  
You must not sit a-lee ! ”  
With smiling face and courteous grace,  
The middle seat took he.



But still, by constant quiet growth,

His back became so wide,

Each neighbor wight, to left and right,

Was thrust against the side.

Lord ! how they chided with themselves,

That they had let him in !

To see him grow so monstrous now,

That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,

They grew so scared and hot,—

“ I’ the name of all that ’s great and tall,

Who are ye, sir, and what ? ”

Loud laughed the Gogmagog, a laugh

As loud as giant’s roar —

“ When first I came, my proper name

Was Little — now I ’m *Moore* ! ”

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DEATH'S RAMBLE.

ONE day the dreary old King of Death

Inclined for some sport with the carnal,

So he tied a pack of darts on his back,

And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,

His body was lean and lank ;

His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur

Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,

This goblin of grisly bone ?

He dabbled and spilled man’s blood, and he killed

Like a butcher that kills his own.



The first he slaughtered it made him laugh,  
(For the man was a coffin-maker,)  
To think how the mutes, and men in black suits,  
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church;  
Quoth he, "We shall not differ."  
And he let them alone, like figures of stone,  
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,  
In fear they could not smother;  
And he shot one through at once — for he knew  
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,  
And he gave a snore infernal;  
Said Death, "He may keep his breath, for his sleep  
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving a coach  
So slow that his fare grew sick;  
But he let him stray on his tedious way,  
For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a tollman taking a toll,  
In the spirit of his fraternity;  
But he knew that sort of man would extort,  
Though summoned to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,  
But he let him write no further;  
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,  
Is jealous of all self-murder!

Death saw a patient that pulled out his purse,  
And a doctor that took the sum;  
But he let them be — for he knew that the "fee"  
Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."



He met a dustman ringing a bell,  
And he gave him a mortal thrust ;  
For himself, by law, since Adam's flaw,  
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,  
And he marked him out for slaughter ;  
For on water he scarcely had cared for death,  
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,  
But the game was n't worth a dump,  
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,  
To wait for the final trump !

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THE PROGRESS OF ART.

O HAPPY time ! — Art's early days !  
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,  
Narcissus-like I hung !  
When great Rembrandt but little seemed,  
And such Old Masters all were deemed  
As nothing to the young !

Some scratchy strokes — abrupt and few,  
So easily and swift I drew,  
Sufficed for my design ;  
My sketchy, superficial hand,  
Drew solids at a dash — and spanned  
A surface with a line.

Not long my eye was thus content,  
But grew more critical — my bent  
Essayed a higher walk ;  
I copied leaden eyes in lead —  
Rheumatic hands in white and red,  
And gouty feet — in chalk.



Anon my studious art for days  
Kept making faces — happy phrase,  
For faces such as mine !

Accomplished in the details then,  
I left the minor parts of men,  
And drew the form divine.

Old gods and heroes — Trojan — Greek,  
Figures — long after the antique,  
Great Ajax justly feared ;  
Hectors, of whom at night I dreamt,  
And Nestor, fringed enough to tempt  
Bird-nesters to his beard.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,  
A Pallas, that out-stared her owl,  
A Vulcan — very lame ;  
A Dian stuck about with stars,  
With my right hand I murdered Mars —  
(One Williams did the same.)

But tired of this dry work at last,  
Crayon and chalk aside I cast,  
And gave my brush a drink ?  
Dipping — “ as when a painter dips  
In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,” —  
That is — in Indian ink.

O then, what black Mont Blancs arose,  
Crested with soot, and not with snows :  
What clouds of dingy hue !

In spite of what the bard has penned,  
I fear the distance did not “ lend  
Enchantment to the view.”

Not Radclyffe's brush did e'er design  
Black forests half so black as mine,



Or lakes so like a pall ;  
The Chinese cake dispersed a ray  
Of darkness, like the light of Day  
And Martin, over all.

Yet urchin pride sustained me still ;  
I gazed on all with right good will,  
And spread the dingy tint ;  
" No holy Luke helped me to paint ;  
The Devil, surely not a Saint,  
Had any finger in 't ! "

But colors came ! — like morning light,  
With gorgeous hues displacing night,  
Or Spring's enlivened scene :  
At once the sable shades withdrew ;  
My skies got very, very blue ;  
My trees, extremely green.

And, washed by my cosmetic brush,  
How Beauty's cheek began to blush !  
With lock of auburn stain —  
(Not Goldsmith's Auburn) — nut-brown hair,  
That made her loveliest of the fair ;  
Not " loveliest of the plain ! "

Her lips were of vermilion hue ;  
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,  
Set all my heart in flame !  
A young Pygmalion, I adored  
The maids I made — but time was stored  
With evil — and it came !

Perspective dawned — and soon I saw  
My houses stand against its law ;  
And " keeping " all unkept !



My beauties were no longer things  
 For love and fond imaginings;  
 But horrors to be wept!

Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?  
 Why did I get more artist-wise?

It only serves to hint  
 What grave defects and wants are mine;  
 That I'm no Hilton in design—  
 In nature no Dewint!

Thrice happy time!— Art's early days!  
 When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,  
 Narcissus-like I hung!  
 When great Rembrandt but little seemed,  
 And such Old Masters all were deemed  
 As nothing to the young!

## A FAIRY TALE.

ON Hounslow heath — and close beside the road,  
 As western travellers may oft have seen,—  
 A little house some years ago there stood,  
 A minikin abode;  
 And built like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood;  
 The walls of white, the window-shutters green; —  
 Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,  
 (Though now at rest,)  
 On which it used to wander to and fro,  
 Because its master ne'er maintained a rider,  
 Like those who trade in Paternoster Row;  
 But made his business travel for itself,  
 Till he had made his pelf,  
 And then retired — if one may call it so.  
 Of a roadsider.



Perchance, the very race and constant riot  
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,  
Made him more relish the repose and quiet  
    Of his now sedentary caravan ;  
Perchance, he loved the ground because 't was common,  
    And so he might impale a strip of soil,  
    That furnished, by his toil,  
Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman ; —  
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower.  
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil  
His peace, — unless, in some unlucky hour,  
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bower !

But, tired of always looking at the coaches,  
The same to come, — when they had seen them one day !

    And, used to brisker life, both man and wife  
Began to suffer N U E's approaches,  
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday, —  
So, having had some quarters of school-breeding,  
They turned themselves, like other folks, to reading ;  
But setting out where others nigh have done,

    And being ripened in the seventh stage,  
    The childhood of old age,

Began, as other children have begun, —  
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,

    Or Bard of Hope,  
Or Paley ethical, or learned Porson, —  
But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,  
And then relaxed themselves with Whittington,

    Or Valentine and Orson —  
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,  
And being easily melted in their dotage,

    Slobbered, — and kept  
    Reading, — and wept  
Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.



Thus reading on — the longer  
They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger  
In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—  
If talking trees and birds revealed to him,  
She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-wagons,  
And magic fishes swim  
In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—  
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flagons;  
When, as it fell upon a summer's day,  
As the old man sat a feeding  
On the old babe-reading,  
Beside his open street-and-parlor door,  
A hideous roar  
Proclaimed a drove of beasts was coming by the way.  
Long-horned, and short, of many a different breed,  
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels,  
Or Durham feed,  
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils,  
From nether side of Tweed,  
Or Firth of Forth;  
Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—  
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—  
When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment  
Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank;  
Or whether  
Only in some enthusiastic moment,—  
However, one brown monster, in a frisk,  
Giving his tale a perpendicular whisk,  
Kicked out a passage through the beastly rabble;  
And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a  
Hornpipe before the basket-maker's villa,  
Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—  
Backed his beef-steaks against the wooden gable,  
And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail



Right o'er the page  
Wherein the sage  
Just then was spelling some romantic fable.  
The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,  
Could not peruse — who could? — two tales at once;  
And being huffed  
At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft,  
Banged-to the door,  
But most unluckily enclosed a morsel  
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel: —  
The monster gave a roar,  
And bolting off with speed, increased by pain,  
The little house became a coach once more,  
And, like Macheath, "took to the road" again!

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,  
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper  
Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,  
Was getting up some household herbs for supper:  
Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,  
And quaintly wondering if magic shifts  
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,  
To turn it to a coach,— what pretty gifts  
Might come of cabbages, and curly kale:  
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,  
Nor turned, till home had turned a corner, quite  
Gone out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,  
Weary of sitting on her russet clothing;  
And looking round  
Where rest was to be found,  
There was no house — no villa there — no nothing!  
No house!



The change was quite amazing ;  
 It made her senses stagger for a minute,  
 The riddle's explication seemed to harden ;  
 But soon her superannuated *nous*  
 Explained the horrid mystery ; — and raising  
 Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,

On which she meant to sup, —  
 “ Well ! this is Fairy Work ! I'll bet a farden,  
 Little Prince Silverwings has ketched me up,  
 And set me down in some one else's garden ! ”

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 THE TURTLES.

## A FABLE.

The rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle.” — BYRON.

ONE day, it was before a civic dinner,  
 Two London Aldermen, no matter which, —  
 Cordwainer, Girdler, Pattern-maker, Skinner, —  
 But both were florid, corpulent, and rich,  
 And both right fond of festive demolition,  
 Set forth upon a secret expedition.  
 Yet not, as might be fancied from the token,  
 To Pudding Lane, Pie Corner, or the Street  
 Of Bread, or Grub, or anything to eat,  
 Or drink, as Milk, or Vintry, or Portsoken,  
 But eastward to that more aquatic quarter,  
 Where folks take water,  
 Or, bound on voyages, secure a berth  
 For Antwerp or Ostend, Dundee or Perth,  
 Calais, Boulogne, or any port on earth !

Jostled and jostling, through the mud,  
 Peculiar to the town of Lud,  
 Down narrow streets and crooked lanes they dived,



Past many a gusty avenue, through which  
Came yellow fog, and smell of pitch,  
From barge, and boat, and dusky wharf derived ;  
With darker fumes, brought eddying by the draught,  
From loco-smoko-motive craft ;  
Mingling with scents of butter, cheese, and gammons,  
Tea, coffee, sugar, pickles, rosin, wax,  
Hides, tallow, Russia-matting, hemp and flax,  
Salt-cod, red-herrings, sprats, and kippered salmons,  
Nuts, oranges, and lemons,  
Each pungent spice, and aromatic gum,  
Gas, pepper, soaples, brandy, gin, and rum ;  
Alamode-beef and greens — the London soil —  
Glue, coal, tobacco, turpentine, and oil,  
Bark, asafoetida, squills, vitriol, hops,  
In short, all whiffs, and sniffs, and puffs, and snuffs,  
From metals, minerals, and dyewood stuffs,  
Fruits, victual, drink, solidities, or slops —  
In flasks, casks, bales, trucks, wagons, taverns, shops,  
Boats, lighters, cellars, wharfs, and warehouse-tops,  
That, as we walk upon the river's ridge,  
Assault the nose — below the bridge.

A walk, however, as tradition tells,  
That once a poor blind Tobit used to choose,  
Because, incapable of other views,  
He met with "such a sight of smells."

But on, and on, and on,  
In spite of all unsavory shocks,  
Progress the stout Sir Peter and Sir John,  
Steadily steering ship-like for the docks —  
And now they reach a place the Muse, unwilling,  
Recalls for female slang and vulgar doing,  
The famous Gate of Billing  
That does not lead to cooing —



And now they pass that house that is so ugly  
A customer to people looking smuggl'y —  
And now along that fatal hill they pass  
Where centuries ago an Oxford bled,  
And proved — too late to save his life, alas ! —  
That *he* was "off his head."

At last before a lofty brick-built pile  
Sir Peter stopped, and with mysterious smile  
Tinkled a bell that served to bring  
The wire-drawn genius of the ring,  
A species of commercial Samuel Weller —  
To whom Sir Peter, tipping him a wink,  
And something else to drink,  
"Show us the cellar."

Obsequious bowed the man, and led the way  
Down sundry flights of stairs, where windows small,  
Dappled with mud, let in a dingy ray —  
A dirty tax, if they were taxed at all.  
At length they came into a cellar damp,  
With venerable cobwebs fringed around,  
A cellar of that stamp  
Which often harbors vintages renowned,  
The feudal Hock, or Burgundy the courtly,  
With sherry, brown or golden,  
Or port, so olden,  
Bereft of body 't is no longer portly —  
But old or otherwise — to be veracious —  
That cobwebbed cellar, damp, and dim, and spacious  
Held nothing crusty — but crustaceous.  
Prone on the chilly floor,  
Five splendid turtles — such a five !  
Natives of some West Indian shore,  
Were flapping all alive,



Late landed from the Jolly Planter's yawl —

A sight whereon the dignitaries fixed

Their eager eyes, with ecstasy unmixed,  
Like fathers that behold their infants crawl,  
Enjoying every little kick and sprawl.

Nay — far from fatherly the thoughts they bred,

Poor loggerheads from far Ascension ferried !

The Aldermen too plainly wished them dead

And Aldermanbury'd !

"There !" cried Sir Peter, with an air

Triumphant as an ancient victor's,

And pointing to the creatures rich and rare,

"There's picters !

"Talk of Olympic Games ! They're not worth mention ;

The real prize for wrestling is when Jack,

In Providence or Ascension,

Can throw a lively turtle on its back !"

"Ay !" cried Sir John, and with a score of nods,

Thoughtful of classical symposium,

"There's food for gods !

There's nectar ! there's ambrosium !

There's food for Roman emperors to eat —

O, there had been a treat

(Those ancient names will sometimes hobble us)

For Helio-gobble-us !

"There were a feast for Alexander's Feast !

The real sort — none of your mock or spurious !"

And then he mentioned Aldermen deceased,

And "Epicurius,"

And how Tertullian had enjoyed such foison ;

And speculated on that *verdigrease*

That is n't poison.



"Talk of your Spring, and verdure, and all that !  
Give *me* green fat !

As for your poets with their groves of myrtles  
And billing turtles,

Give me, for poetry, them Turtles there,  
A-billing in a bill of fare !

"Of all the things I ever swallow —  
Good, well-dressed turtle beats them hollow ;  
It almost makes me wish, I vow,  
To have *two* stomachs, like a cow ! "

And, lo ! as with the cud, an inward thrill  
Upheaved his waistcoat and disturbed his frill,  
His mouth was oozing and he worked his jaw - -  
"I almost think that I could eat one raw ! "

And thus, as "inward love breeds outward talk,"  
The portly pair continued to discourse ;  
And then — as Gray describes of life's divorce —  
With "longing, lingering look" prepared to walk,—  
Having through one delighted sense, at least,  
Enjoyed a sort of Barmecidal feast,  
And with prophetic gestures, strange to see,  
Forestalled the civic banquet yet to be,  
Its callipash and callipee !

A pleasant prospect — but, alack !  
Scarcely each Alderman had turned his back,  
When, seizing on the moment so propitious,  
And having learned that they were so delicious  
To bite and sup,  
From praises so high flown and injudicious,—  
And nothing could be more pernicious !  
The Turtles fell to work, and ate each other up !



**Moral.**

Never, from folly or urbanity,  
 Praise people thus profusely to their faces,  
 Till, quite in love with their own graces,  
 They're eaten up by vanity !

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## THE DESERT-BORN.

"Fly to the desert, fly with me." — LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

T WAS in the wilds of Lebanon, amongst its barren hills,—  
 To think upon it, even now, my very blood it chills ! —  
 My sketch-book spread before me, and my pencil in my hand,  
 I gazed upon the mountain range, the red tumultuous sand,  
 The plamy palms, the sombre firs, the cedars tall and proud,  
 When, lo ! a shadow passed across the paper like a cloud,  
 And looking up I saw a form, apt figure for the scene,  
 Methought I stood in presence of some oriental queen !

The turban on her head was white as any driven snow ;  
 A purple bandalette passed o'er the lofty brow below,  
 And thence upon her shoulders fell, by either jewelled ear ;  
 In yellow folds voluminous she wore her long cachemere ;  
 Whilst underneath, with ample sleeves, a Turkish robe of silk  
 Enveloped her in drapery the color of new milk ;  
 Yet oft it floated wide in front, disclosing underneath  
 A gorgeous Persian tunic, rich with many a brodered wreath,  
 Compelled by clasps of costly pearl around her neck to meet,  
 And yellow as the amber were the buskins on her feet !

Of course I bowed my lowest bow ; of all the things on earth,  
 The reverence due to loveliness, to rank, or ancient birth,  
 To power, to wealth, to genius, or to any thing uncommon,  
 A man should bend the lowest in a *Desert* to a *Woman* !



Yet some strange influence stronger still, though vague and undefined,

Compelled me, and with magic might subdued my soul and mind;

There was a something in her air that drew the spirit nigh,  
Beyond the common witchery that dwells in woman's eye!  
With reverence deep, like any slave of that peculiar land,  
I bowed my forehead to the earth, and kissed the arid sand;  
And then I touched her garment's hem, devoutly as a Dervise,  
Predestinated (so I felt) forever to her service.

Nor was I wrong in auguring thus my fortune from her face;  
She knew me, seemingly, as well as any of her race;

"Welcome!" she cried, as I uprose submissive to my feet;

"It was ordained that you and I should in this desert meet!

Ay, ages since, before thy soul had burst its prison-bars,

This interview was promised in the language of the stars!"

Then clapping, as the Easterns wont, her all-commanding hands,

A score of mounted Arabs came fast spurring o'er the sands,  
Nor reined they up their foaming steeds till in my very face  
They blew the breath impetuous, and panting from the race.

"Fear naught," exclaimed the radiant one, as I sprang off aloof;

"Thy precious frame need never fear a blow from horse's hoof!

Thy natal star was fortunate as any orb of birth,

And fate hath held in store for thee the rarest gift of earth."

Then turning to the dusky men, that humbly waited near,

She cried, "Go bring the BEAUTIFUL — for, lo! the MAN is here!"

Off went the obsequious train as swift as Arab hoofs could flee,  
But Fancy fond outraced them all, with bridle loose and free,



And brought me back, for love's attack, some fair Circassian  
bride,

Or Georgian girl, the Harem's boast, and fit for Sultan's side ;  
Methought I lifted up her veil, and saw dark eyes beneath,  
Mild as gazelle's, a snowy brow, ripe lips, and pearly teeth,  
A swanlike neck, a shoulder round, full bosom, and a waist  
Not too compact, and rounded limbs, to oriental taste.

Methought — but here, alas ! alas ! the airy dream to blight,  
Behold the Arabs leading up a Mare of milky white !

To tell the truth, without reserve, evasion, or remorse,  
The last of creatures in my love or liking is a horse ;  
Whether in early youth some kick untimely laid me flat,  
Whether from born antipathy, as some dislike a cat,  
I never yet could bear the kind, from Meux's giant steeds  
Down to those little bearish cubs of Shetland's shaggy breeds ;  
As for a war-horse, he that can bestride one is a hero, —  
Merely to look at such a sight my courage sinks to zero.  
With lightning eyes, and thunder mane, and hurricanes of  
legs,

Tempestuous tail — to picture him description vainly begs !  
His fiery nostrils send forth clouds of smoke instead of breath ;  
Nay, was it not a horse that bore the grisly shape of Death ?  
Judge then how cold an ague-fit of agony was mine  
To see the mistress of my fate, imperious, make a sign  
To which my own foreboding soul the cruel sense supplied :  
" Mount, happy man, and *run away* with your Arabian  
bride ! "

Grim was the smile, and tremulous the voice with which I  
spoke,

Like any one's when jesting with a subject not a joke,  
So men have trifled with the axe before the fatal stroke.

" Lady, if mine had been the luck in Yorkshire to be born,  
Or any of its *ridings*, this would be a blessed morn ;



But, hapless one! I cannot ride; there's something in a horse  
That I can always honor, but I never could endorse;  
To speak still more commercially, in riding I am quite  
Averse to running long, and apt to be paid off at sight:  
In legal phrase, for every class to understand me still,  
I never was in stirrups yet a tenant but at will;  
Or, if you please, in artist terms, I never went a-straddle  
On any horse without 'a want of keeping' in the saddle.  
In short," and here I blushed, abashed, and held my head  
full low,  
"I'm one of those whose infant ears have heard the chimes  
of Bow!"

The lady smiled, as houris smile, adown from Turkish skies,  
And beams of cruel kindness shone within her hazel eyes;  
"Stranger," she said, "or rather say, my nearest, dearest  
friend,  
There's something in your eyes, your air, and that high  
instep's bend,  
That tells me you're of Arab race,—whatever spot of earth,  
Cheapside, or Bow, or Stepney, had the honor of your birth,  
The East it is your country! Like an infant changed at  
nurse  
By fairies, you have undergone a nurtureship perverse;  
But this—these desert sands—these palms, and cedars  
waving wild,  
All, all, adopt thee as their own—an oriental child;—  
The cloud may hide the sun a while, but soon or late, no doubt,  
The spirit of your ancestry will burst and sparkle out!  
I read the starry characters—and, lo! 'tis written there,  
Thou wert foredoomed of sons of men to ride upon this Mare,  
A Mare till now was never backed by one of mortal mould;  
Hark! how she neighs, as if for thee she knew that she was  
foaled!"



And truly—I devoutly wished a blast of the simoom  
Had stifled her!—the mare herself appeared to mock my  
doom;

With many a bound she capered round and round me like a  
dance:

I feared indeed some wild caress would end the fearful prance,  
And felt myself, and saw myself—the fantasy was horrid!  
Like old Redgauntlet, with a shoe imprinted on my forehead!  
On bended knees, with bowing head, and hands upraised in  
prayer,

I begged the turbaned Sultanness the issue to forbear;  
I painted weeping orphan babes, around a widowed wife,  
And drew my death as vividly as others draw from life;  
“Behold,” I said, “a simple man, for such high feats unfit,  
Who never yet has learned to know the crupper from the bit,  
Whereas the boldest horsemanship, and first equestrian skill,  
Would well be tasked to bend so wild a creature to the will.”  
Alas! alas! ’t was all in vain, to supplicate and kneel,  
The quadruped could not have been more cold to my appeal!

“Fear nothing,” said the smiling Fate, “when human help  
is vain,

Spirits shall by thy stirrups fly, and fairies guide the rein;  
Just glance at yonder animal, her perfect shape remark,  
And in thy breast at once shall glow the oriental spark!  
As for thy spouse and tender babes, no Arab roams the wild  
But for a Mare of such descent would barter wife and child.”

“Nay, then,” cried I—(Heaven shrive the lie!) “to tell  
the secret truth,

’T was my unhappy fortune once to over-ride a youth!  
A playful child,—so full of life!—a little fair-haired boy,  
His sister’s pet, his father’s hope, his mother’s darling joy!  
Ah me! the frantic shriek she gave! I hear it ringing now!  
That hour, upon the bloody spot, I made a holy vow;



A solemn compact, deeply sworn, to witness my remorse,  
That never more these limbs of mine should mount on living  
horse ! ”

Good Heaven ! to see the angry glance that flashed upon  
me now !

A chill ran all my marrow through — the drops were on my  
brow !

I knew my doom, and stole a glance at that accursed Mare,  
And there she stood, with nostrils wide, that snuffed the  
sultry air.

How lion-like she lashed her flanks with her abundant tail ;  
While on her neck the stormy mane kept tossing to the gale !  
How fearfully she rolled her eyes between the earth and sky,  
As if in wild uncertainty to gallop or to fly !

While with her hoof she scooped the sand as if before she gave  
My plunge into eternity she meant to dig my grave !

And I, that ne'er could calmly bear a horse's ears at play —  
Or hear without a yard of jump his shrill and sudden neigh —  
Whose foot within a stable-door had never stood an inch —  
Whose hand to pat a living steed would feel an awful flinch,—  
I, that had never thrown a leg across a pony small,  
To scour the pathless desert on the tallest of the tall !  
For, O ! it is no fable, but at every look I cast,  
Her restless legs seemed twice as long as when I saw them last !

In agony I shook — and yet, although congealed by fears,  
My blood was boiling fast, to judge from noises in my ears ;  
I gasped as if in vacuo, and, thrilling with despair,  
Some secret demon seemed to pass his fingers through my hair.  
I could not stir — I could not speak — I could not even see —  
A sudden mist rose up between that awful Mare and me,—  
I tried to pray, but found no words, though ready ripe to weep,  
No tear would flow, o'er every sense a swoon began to creep



When, lo! to bring my horrid fate at once unto the brunt,  
Two Arabs seized me from behind, two others in the front,  
And ere a muscle could be strung to try the strife forlorn,  
I found myself, Mazeppa-like, upon the Desert-Born!

Terrific was the neigh she gave, the moment that my weight  
Was felt upon her back, as if exulting in her freight;  
Whilst dolefully I heard a voice that set each nerve ajar,—  
“Off with the bridle—quick!—and leave his guidance to  
his star!”

“Allah! il Allah!” rose the shout, and starting with a bound,  
The dreadful Creature cleared at once a dozen yards of  
ground;

And grasping at her mane with both my cold convulsive  
hands,

Away we flew—away! away! across the shifting sands!  
My eyes were closed in utter dread of such a fearful race,  
But yet by certain signs I knew we went no earthly pace,  
For turn whichever way we might, the wind with equal force  
Rushed like a torrid hurricane still adverse to our course—  
One moment close at hand I heard the roaring Syrian Sea,  
The next it only murmured like the humming of a bee!  
And when I dared at last to glance across the wild immense,  
O, ne’er shall I forget the whirl that met the dizzy sense!  
What seemed a little sprig of fern, ere lips could reckon  
twain,

A palm of forty cubits high, we passed it on the plain!  
What tongue could tell,—what pencil paint,—what pen  
describe the ride?

Now off—now on—now up—now down,—and flung  
from side to side!

I tried to speak, but had no voice, to soothe her with its tone;  
My scanty breath was jolted out with many a sudden groan,



My joints were racked — my back was strained, so firmly I  
had clung —  
My nostrils gushed, and thrice my teeth had bitten through  
my tongue —  
When, lo ! — farewell all hope of life ! — she turned and faced  
the rocks, —  
None but a flying horse could clear those monstrous granite  
blocks !  
So thought I, — but I little knew the desert pride and fire,  
Derived from a most deer-like dam, and lion-hearted sire ;  
Little I guessed the energy of muscle, blood and bone ;  
Bound after bound, with eager springs, she cleared each  
massive stone ; —  
Nine mortal leaps were passed before a huge gray rock at  
length  
Stood planted there as if to dare her utmost pitch of strength ;  
My time was come ! that granite heap my monument of  
death !  
She paused, she snorted loud and long, and drew a fuller  
breath ;  
Nine strides, and then a louder beat that warned me of her  
spring,  
I felt her rising in the air like eagle on the wing —  
But, O ! the crash ! — the hideous shock ! — the million sparks  
around !  
Her hindmost hoofs had struck the crest of that prodigious  
mound !  
Wild shrieked the headlong Desert-Born — or else 't was  
demons' mirth,  
One second more, and Man and Mare rolled breathless on  
the earth !

\* \* \* \* \*

How long it was I cannot tell ere I revived to sense,  
And then but to endure the pangs of agony intense :



For over me lay powerless, and still as any stone,  
The Corse that erst had so much fire, strength, spirit of its own.  
My heart was still — my pulses stopped — midway 'twixt life  
and death,

With pain unspeakable I fetched the fragment of a breath,  
Not vital air enough to frame one short and feeble sigh,  
Yet even that I loathed because it would not let me die.  
O ! slowly, slowly, slowly on, from starry night till morn,  
Time flapped along, with leaden wings, across that waste  
forlorn,

I cursed the hour that brought me first within this world of  
strife —

A sore and heavy sin it is to scorn the gift of life —  
But who hath felt a horse's weight oppress his laboring  
breast ?

Why, any who has had, like me, the NIGHT MARE on his  
chest.

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LOVE LANE.

IF I should love a maiden more,  
And woo her every hope to crown,  
I'd love her all the country o'er,  
But not declare it out of town.

One even, by a mossy bank,  
That held a hornet's nest within,  
To Ellen on my knees I sank,—  
How snakes will twine around the shin !

A bashful fear my soul unnerved,  
And gave my heart a backward tug ;  
Nor was I cheered when she observed,  
Whilst I was silent, " What a slug ! "

At length my offer I preferred,  
And Hope a kind reply forebode —



Alas ! the only sound I heard  
Was, " What a horrid ugly toad ! "

I vowed to give her all my heart,  
To love her till my life took leave,  
And painted all a lover's smart —  
Except a wasp gone up his sleeve !

But when I ventured to abide  
Her father's and her mother's grants —  
Sudden she started up and cried,  
" O dear ! I am all over ants ! "

Nay, when beginning to beseech  
The cause that led to my rebuff,  
The answer was as strange a speech —  
A " Daddy-Longlegs, sure enough ! "

I spoke of fortune — house, — and lands,  
And still renewed the warm attack, —  
'T is vain to offer ladies hands  
That have a spider on the back !

'T is vain to talk of hopes and fears,  
And hope the least reply to win,  
From any maid that stops her ears  
In dread of earwigs creeping in !

'T is vain to call the dearest names  
Whilst stoats and weasels startle by —  
As vain to talk of mutual flames  
To one with glowworms in her eye !

What checked me in my fond address,  
And knocked each pretty image down ?  
What stopped my Ellen's faltering yes ?  
A caterpillar on her gown !

To list to Philomel is sweet —  
To see the moon rise silver-pale, —



But not to kneel at lady's feet  
And crush a rival in a snail !

Sweet is the eventide, and kind  
Its zephyr, balmy as the south ;  
But sweeter still to speak your mind  
Without a chafer in your mouth !

At last, emboldened by my bliss,  
Still fickle Fortune played me foul,  
For when I strove to snatch a kiss  
She screamed — by proxy, through an owl !

Then, lovers, doomed to life or death,  
Shun moonlight, twilight, lanes and bats,  
Lest you should have in self-same breath  
To bless your fate — and curse the gnats !

## DOMESTIC POEMS.

"It's hame, hame, hame." — A. CUNNINGHAM.

"There's no place like home." — CLARI.

## I.

## HYMENEAL RETROSPECTIONS.

O KATE ! my dear partner, through joy and through strife  
When I look back at Hymen's dear day,  
Not a lovelier bride ever changed to a wife,  
Though you 're now so old, wizened, and gray !

Those eyes, then, were stars, shining rulers of fate !  
But as liquid as stars in a pool ;  
Though now they're so dim, they appear, my dear Kate,  
Just like gooseberries boiled for a fool !

That brow was like marble, so smooth and so fair ;  
Though it's wrinkled so crookedly now,



As if Time, when those furrows were made by the share,  
Had been tipsy whilst driving his plough !

Your nose, it was such as the sculptors all chose,  
When a Venus demanded their skill ;  
Though now it can hardly be reckoned a nose,  
But a sort of Poll-Parrotty bill !

Your mouth, it was then quite a bait for the bees,  
Such a nectar there hung on each lip ;  
Though now it has taken that lemon-like squeeze,  
Not a blue-bottle comes for a sip !

Your chin, it was one of Love's favorite haunts,  
From its dimple he could not get loose ;  
Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,  
Or a singe, like the breast of a goose !

How rich were those locks, so abundant and full,  
With their ringlets of auburn so deep !  
Though now they look only like frizzles of wool,  
By a bramble torn off from a sheep !

That neck, not a swan could excel it in grace,  
While in whiteness it vied with your arms :  
Though now a grave 'kerchief you properly place,  
To conceal that scrag-end of your charms !

Your figure was tall, then, and perfectly straight,  
Though it now has two twists from upright —  
But bless you ! still bless you ! my partner ! my Kate !  
Though you be such a perfect old fright !

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II.

THE sun was slumbering in the west, my daily labors past ;  
On Anna's soft and gentle breast my head reclined at last ;



The darkness closed around, so dear to fond congenial souls ;  
And thus she murmured at my ear, " My love, we're out of  
coals !

" That Mister Bond has called again, insisting on his rent ;  
And all the Todds are coming up to see us, out of Kent ;  
I quite forgot to tell you John has had a tipsy fall ; —  
I'm sure there's something going on with that vile Mary  
Hall !

" Miss Bell has bought the sweetest silk, and I have bought  
the rest —  
Of course, if we go out of town, Southend will be the best.  
I really think the Jones's house would be the thing for us ;  
I think I told you Mrs. Pope had parted with her *nus* —

" Cook, by the way, came up to-day, to bid me suit myself —  
And, what d' ye think ? the rats have gnawed the victuals  
on the shelf.

And, Lord ! there's such a letter come, inviting you to fight !  
Of course you don't intend to go — God bless you, dear,  
good-night ! "

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### III.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND  
FIVE MONTHS.

THOU happy, happy elf !  
(But stop,— first let me kiss away that tear) —  
Thou tiny image of myself !  
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear !)  
Thou merry, laughing sprite !  
With spirits feather-light,  
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin —  
(Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)



Thou little tricky Puck !  
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
Light as the singing bird that wings the air —  
(The door ! the door ! he 'll tumble down the stair !)  
Thou darling of thy sire !  
(Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore afire !)  
Thou imp of mirth and joy !  
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,  
Thou idol of thy parents — (Drat the boy !  
There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub — but of earth ;  
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,  
In harmless sport and mirth,  
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)  
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
From every blossom in the world that blows,  
Singing in youth's elysium ever sunny,  
(Another tumble ! — that 's his precious nose !)

Thy father's pride and hope !  
(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)  
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint —  
(Where *did* he learn that squint ?)  
Thou young domestic dove !  
(He 'll have that jug off, with another shove !)  
Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest !  
(Are those torn clothes his best ?)  
Little epitome of man !  
(He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan !)  
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life —  
(He 's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being !  
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,



Play on, play on,  
 My elfin John !  
 Toss the light ball — bestride the stick —  
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)  
 With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,  
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,  
     With many a lamb-like frisk,  
 (He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)  
     Thou pretty opening rose !  
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)  
 Balmy and breathing music like the South,  
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)  
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star, —  
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)  
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove, —  
     (I 'll tell you what, my love,  
 I cannot write, unless he 's sent above !)

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 IV.

## A SERENADE.

“ LULLABY, O, lullaby ! ”  
 Thus I heard a father cry,  
 “ Lullaby, O, lullaby ! ”  
 The brat will never shut an eye;  
 Hither come, some power divine !  
 Close his lids, or open mine ! ”  
 “ Lullaby, O, lullaby ! ”  
 What the devil makes him cry ?  
 Lullaby, O, lullaby !  
 Still he stares — I wonder why,  
 Why are not the sons of earth  
 Blind, like puppies, from the birth ? ”  
 37



“Lullaby, O, lullaby !”  
 Thus I heard the father cry ;  
 “Lullaby, O, lullaby !  
 Mary, you must come and try ! —  
 Hush, O, hush, for mercy’s sake —  
 The more I sing, the more you wake !”

“Lullaby, O, lullaby !  
 Fie, you little creature, fie !  
 Lullaby, O, lullaby !  
 Is no poppy-syrup nigh ?  
 Give him some, or give him all,  
 I am nodding to his fall !”

“Lullaby, O, lullaby !  
 Two such nights and I shall die !  
 Lullaby, O, lullaby !  
 He ’ll be bruised, and so shall I, —  
 How can I from bed-posts keep,  
 When I ’m walking in my sleep !”

“Lullaby, O, lullaby !  
 Sleep his very looks deny —  
 Lullaby, O, lullaby !  
 Nature soon will stupefy —  
 My nerves relax, — my eyes grow dim —  
 Who ’s that fallen — me or him ?”

## A PLAIN DIRECTION.

“Do you never deviate ?” — JOHN BULL.

IN London once I lost my way in faring to and fro,  
 And asked a little ragged boy the way that I should go ;  
 He gave a nod, and then a wink, and told me to get there  
 “Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square.”



I boxed his little saucy ears, and then away I strode ;  
But since I've found that weary path is quite a common road.  
Utopia is a pleasant place, but how shall I get there ?

"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've read about a famous town that drove a famous trade,  
Where Whittington walked up and found a fortune ready made.  
The very streets are paved with gold ; but how shall I get  
there ?

"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've read about a Fairy Land, in some romantic tale,  
Where dwarfs if good are sure to thrive and wicked giants fail ;  
My wish is great, my shoes are strong, but how shall I get  
there ?

"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've heard about some happy isle, where every man is free,  
And none can lie in bonds for life for want of L. S. D.  
O ! that 's the land of Liberty ! but how shall I get there ?

"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've dreamt about some blessed spot, beneath the blessed sky,  
Where bread and justice never rise too dear for folks to buy.  
It's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap, but how shall I get  
there ?

"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

They say there is an ancient house, as pure as it is old,  
Where members always speak their minds, and votes are  
never sold.

I'm fond of all antiquities, but how shall I get there ?

"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

They say there is a royal court maintained in noble state,  
Where every able man, and good, is certain to be great !

I'm very fond of seeing sights, but how shall I get there ?

"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."



They say there is a temple too, where Christians come to pray;  
But canting knaves and hypocrites and bigots keep away.  
O! that's the parish church for me! but how shall I get there?  
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

They say there is a garden fair, that's haunted by the dove,  
Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse the golden light of love;  
The place must be a Paradise, but how shall I get there?  
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've heard there is a famous land for public spirit known —  
Whose patriots love its interests much better than their own.  
The Land of Promise sure it is! but how shall I get there?  
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've read about a fine estate, a mansion large and strong;  
A view all over Kent and back, and going for a song.  
George Robins knows the very spot, but how shall I get there?  
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've heard there is a company all formal and enrolled,  
Will take your smallest silver coin and give it back in gold.  
Of course the office-door is mobbed, but how shall I get there?  
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

I've heard about a pleasant land, where omelettes grow on trees,  
And roasted pigs run crying out, "Come eat me, if you  
please."

My appetite is rather keen, but how shall I get there?  
"Straight down the Crooked Lane, and all round the Square."

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#### EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP.

It was a young maiden went forth to ride,  
And there was a wooer to pace by her side;  
His horse was so little, and hers so high,  
He thought his angel was up in the sky.



His love was great, though his wit was small;  
 He bade her ride easy — and that was all.  
 The very horses began to neigh,—  
 Because their betters had naught to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,  
 They rode by a church-yard, and then he spoke:—  
 “My pretty maiden, if you ’ll agree  
 You shall always ramble through life with me.”

The damsel answered him never a word,  
 But kicked the gray mare, and away she spurred.  
 The wooer still followed behind the jade,  
 And enjoyed — like a wooer — the dust she made.

They rode through moss, and they rode through moor,—  
 The gallant behind and the lass before;—  
 At last they came to a miry place,  
 And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, “If my nag were better to ride,  
 I’d follow her over the world so wide.  
 O, it is not my love that begins to fail,  
 But I’ve lost the last glimpse of the gray mare’s tail!”

## AN OPEN QUESTION.

“It is the king’s highway that we are in, and in this way it is that thou hast placed the lions.”—BUNYAN.

WHAT! shut the Gardens! lock the latticed gate!

Refuse the shilling and the fellow’s ticket!

And hang a wooden notice up to state,

“On Sundays no admittance at this wicket!”

The Birds, the Beasts, and all the Reptile race,

Denied to friends and visitors till Monday!

Now, really, this appears the common case



Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs Grundy ?

The Gardens, — so unlike the ones we dub  
Of Tea, wherein the artisan carouses, —  
Mere shrubberies without one drop of shrub, —  
Wherefore should they be closed like public-houses ?  
No ale is vended at the wild Deer's Head, —  
No rum — nor gin — not even of a Monday —  
The Lion is not carved — or gilt — or red,  
And does not send out porter of a Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

The Bear denied ! the Leopard under locks !  
As if his spots would give contagious fevers !  
The Beaver close as hat within its box ;  
So different from other Sunday beavers !  
The Birds invisible — the Gnaw-way Rats —  
The Seal hermetically sealed till Monday —  
The Monkey tribe — the Family of Cats, —  
We visit other families on Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What is the brute profanity that shocks  
The super-sensitively serious feeling ?  
The Kangaroo — is he not orthodox  
To bend his legs, the way he does, in kneeling ?  
Was strict Sir Andrew, in his Sabbath coat,  
Struck all a-heap to see a *Coati mundi* ?  
Or did the Kentish Plumtree faint to note  
The Pelicans presenting bills on Sunday ? —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

What feature has repulsed the serious set ?  
What error in the bestial birth or breeding,  
To put their tender fancies on the fret ?  
One thing is plain — it is not in the feeding !



Some stiffish people think that smoking joints  
Are carnal sins 'twixt Saturday and Monday —  
But then the beasts are pious on these points,  
For they all eat cold dinners on a Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What change comes o'er the spirit of the place,  
As if transmuted by some spell organic?  
Turns fell Hyena of the Ghoulish race?  
The Snake, *pro tempore*, the true Satanic?  
Do Irish minds, — (whose theory allows  
That now and then Good Friday falls on Monday) —  
Do Irish minds suppose that Indian Cows  
Are wicked Bulls of Bashan on a Sunday? —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

There are some moody Fellows, not a few,  
Who, turned by Nature with a gloomy bias,  
Renounce black devils to adopt the blue,  
And think when they are dismal they are pious:  
Is 't possible that Pug's untimely fun  
Has sent the brutes to Coventry till Monday —  
Or perhaps some animal, no serious one,  
Was overheard in laughter on a Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What dire offence have serious Fellows found  
To raise their spleen against the Regent's spinney?  
Were charitable boxes handed round,  
And would not Guinea Pigs subscribe their guinea?  
Perchance, the Demoiselle refused to moult  
The feathers in her head — at least till Monday;  
Or did the Elephant, unseemly, bolt  
A tract presented to be read on Sunday? —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?



At whom did Leo struggle to get loose ?

Who mourns through Monkey tricks his damaged clothing ?  
Who has been hissed by the Canadian Goose ?

On whom did Llama spit in utter loathing ?  
Some Smithfield Saint did jealous feelings tell  
To keep the Puma out of sight till Monday,  
Because he preyed extempore as well  
As certain wild Itinerants on Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

To me it seems that in the oddest way  
(Begging the pardon of each rigid Socius)  
Our would-be Keepers of the Sabbath-day  
Are like the Keepers of the brutes ferocious —  
As soon the Tiger might expect to stalk  
About the grounds from Saturday till Monday,  
As any harmless man to take a walk,  
If Saints could clap him in a cage on Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

In spite of all hypocrisy can spin,  
As surely as I am a Christian scion,  
I cannot think it is a mortal sin —  
(Unless he's loose) — to look upon a lion.  
I really think that one may go, perchance,  
To see a bear, as guiltless as on Monday —  
(That is, provided that he did not dance) —  
Bruin's no worse than bakin' on a Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

In spite of all the fanatic compiles,  
I cannot think the day a bit diviner,  
Because no children, with forestalling smiles,  
Throng, happy, to the gates of Eden Minor —  
It is not plain, to my poor faith at least,  
That what we christen "Natural" on Monday,



The wondrous history of Bird and Beast,  
Can be unnatural because it's Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Whereon is sinful fantasy to work?

The Dove, the winged Columbus of man's haven?  
The tender Love-Bird — or the filial Stork?

The punctual Crane — the providential Raven?  
The Pelican whose bosom feeds her young?

Nay, must we cut from Saturday till Monday  
That feathered marvel with a human tongue,  
Because she does not preach upon a Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The busy Beaver — that sagacious beast!

The Sheep that owned an Oriental Shepherd —  
That Desert-ship, the Camel of the East,

The horned Rhinoceros — the spotted Leopard —  
The Creatures of the Great Creator's hand

Are surely sights for better days than Monday —  
The Elephant, although he wears no band,

Has he no sermon in his trunk for Sunday? —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil,

Weary of frame, and worn and wan of feature,  
Seek once a week their spirits to assoil,

And snatch a glimpse of "Animated Nature"?  
Better it were if, in his best of suits,

The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,  
Should spend a leisure-hour amongst the brutes,  
Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday —  
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Why, zounds! what raised so Protestant a fuss  
(Omit the zounds! for which I make apology)



But that the Papists, like some Fellows, thus  
 Had somehow mixed up *Dens* with their Theology ?  
 Is Brahma's Bull — a Hindoo god at home —  
 A Papal Bull to be tied up till Monday —  
 Or Leo, like his namesake, Pope of Rome,  
 That there is such a dread of them on Sunday —  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

Spirit of Kant ! have we not had enough  
 To make Religion sad, and sour, and snubbish,  
 But Saints Zoological must cant their stuff,  
 As vessels cant their ballast — rattling rubbish !  
 Once let the sect, triumphant to their text,  
 Shut Nero up from Saturday till Monday,  
 And sure as fate they will deny us next  
 To see the Dandelions on a Sunday —  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

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MORNING MEDITATIONS.

LET Taylor preach, upon a morning breezy,  
 How well to rise while nights and larks are flying —  
 For my part, getting up seems not so easy  
 By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,  
 Soaring beyond the sight to find him out —  
 Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly ?  
 I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such-like hums,  
 The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime -  
 Only lie long enough, and bed becomes  
 A bed of *time*.



To me Dan Phœbus and his car are naught,  
His steeds that paw impatiently about,—  
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,  
The first turn-out !

Right beautiful the dewy maids appear  
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl ;  
What then,—if I prefer my pillow-beer  
To early pearl ?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,  
And, grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs  
Wherefore should master rise before the hens  
Have laid their eggs ?

Why from a comfortable pillow start  
To see faint flushes in the east awaken ?  
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,  
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,  
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,  
“ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,” —  
Well — he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,  
And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and sup ;  
But I 'm no climbing boy, and need not be  
All up — all up !

So here I lie, my morning calls deferring,  
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon ; —  
A man that 's fond precociously of *stirring*,  
Must be a spoon.



## A BLACK JOB.

"No doubt the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated as to cheat." — HUDIBRAS.

THE history of human-kind to trace  
Since Eve — the first of dupes — our doom unriddled,  
A certain portion of the human race  
Has certainly a taste for being diddled.

Witness the famous Mississippi dreams !  
A rage that time seems only to redouble —  
The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,  
For rolling in Pactolian streams,  
That cost our modern rogues so little trouble.  
No matter what, — to pasture cows on stubble,  
To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,  
To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,  
Or light with gas the whole celestial cope —  
Only propose to blow a bubble,  
And, Lord ! what hundreds will subscribe for soap !

Soap ! it reminds me of a little tale,  
Though not a pig's, the hawbuck's glory,  
When rustic games and merriment prevail —

But here's my story :  
Once on a time — no matter when —  
A knot of very charitable men  
Set up a Philanthropical Society,  
Professing on a certain plan  
To benefit the race of man,  
And in particular that dark variety,  
Which some suppose inferior — as in vermin,  
The sable is to ermine,  
As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,  
As crows to swans, as soot to driven snow,



As blacking, or as ink to "milk below,"  
Or yet, a better simile to show,  
As ragman's dolls to images in plaster !

However, as is usual in our city,  
They had a sort of managing Committee,  
A board of grave, responsible Directors —  
A Secretary, good at pen and ink —  
A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,  
And quite an army of Collectors !  
Not merely male, but female duns,  
Young, old, and middle-aged — of all degrees —  
With many of those persevering ones,  
Who mite by mite would beg a cheese !  
And what might be their aim ?  
To rescue Afric's sable sons from fetters —  
To save their bodies from the burning shame  
Of branding with hot letters —  
Their shoulders from the cowhide's bloody strokes,  
Their necks from iron yokes ?  
To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,  
The Planter's avarice, the Driver's knavery ?  
To school the heathen negroes and enlighten 'em,  
To polish up and brighten 'em,  
And make them worthy of eternal bliss ?  
Why, no — the simple end and aim was this —  
Reading a well-known proverb much amiss —  
To wash and whiten 'em !

They looked so ugly in their sable hides ;  
So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot  
Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,  
However the poor elves  
Might wash themselves,



Nobody knew if they were clean or not —  
On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot !  
Not to forget more serious complaints  
That even while they joined in pious hymn,  
    So black they were and grim,  
    In face and limb,  
They looked like Devils, though they sang like Saints !  
The thing was undeniable !  
They wanted washing ! not that slight ablution  
To which the skin of the white man is liable,  
Merely removing transient pollution —  
    But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing  
    And scrubbing,  
Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head  
    With stiff, strong saponaceous lather,  
    And pails of water — hottish rather,  
But not so boiling as to turn 'em red !  
  
So spoke the philanthropic man  
Who laid, and hatched, and nursed the plan —  
    And, O ! to view its glorious consummation !  
    The brooms and mops,  
    The tubs and slops,  
    The baths and brushes in full operation !  
To see each Crow, or Jim, or John,  
Go in a raven and come out a swan !  
    While fair as Cavendishes, Vanes, and Russels,  
Black Venus rises from the soapy surge,  
And all the little Niggerlings emerge  
    As lily-white as mussels.  
  
Sweet was the vision — but, alas !  
    However in prospectus bright and sunny,  
To bring such visionary scenes to pass  
    One thing was requisite, and that was — money !



Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,  
For socks, and collars, shirts, and frills,  
Cravats, and kerchiefs — money, without which  
The Negroes must remain as dark as pitch ;

A thing to make all Christians sad and shivery,  
To think of millions of immortal souls  
Dwelling in bodies black as coals,

And living — so to speak — in Satan's livery !

Money — the root of evil — dross and stuff !

But, O ! how happy ought the rich to feel,  
Whose means enabled them to give enough

To blanch an African from head to heel !  
How blessed — yea, thrice blessed — to subscribe  
Enough to scour a tribe !

While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,  
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know  
He helped to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,  
Or little one !

Moved by this logic, or appalled,

To persons of a certain turn so proper,  
The money came when called,  
In silver, gold, and copper,  
Presents from " friends to blacks," or foes to whites,  
" Trifles," and " offerings," and " widow's mites,"  
Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,

With other gifts  
And charitable lifts,  
Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.  
As thus — Elisha Brettel,

An iron kettle.

The Dowager Lady Scannel,

A piece of flannel.

Rebecca Pope,

A bar of soap.



The Misses Howels,  
Half-a-dozen towels.  
The Master Rush's  
Two scrubbing-brushes.  
Mr. T. Groom,  
A stable-broom,  
And Mrs. Grubb,  
A tub.

Great were the sums collected !  
And great results in consequence expected.  
But somehow: in the teeth of all endeavor,  
According to reports  
At yearly courts,  
The Blacks, confound them ! were as black as ever !  
Yes ! spite of all the water soused aloft,  
Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,  
Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,  
Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,  
And scourers in the office strong and clever,  
In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,  
The routing and the grubbing,  
The Blacks, confound them ! were as black as ever !  
In fact, in his perennial speech,  
The Chairman owned the Niggers did not bleach,  
As he had hoped,  
From being washed and soaped,  
A circumstance he named with grief and pity ;  
But still he had the happiness to say,  
For self and the Committee,  
By persevering in the present way,  
And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,  
Although he could not promise perfect white,  
From certain symptoms that had come to light,  
He hoped in time to get them gray !



Lulled by this vague assurance,  
The friends and patrons of the sable tribe  
Continued to subscribe,  
And waited, waited on with much endurance —  
Many a frugal sister, thrifty daughter —  
Many a stinted widow, pinching mother —  
With income by the tax made somewhat shorter,  
Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter,  
Only to hear, as every year came round,  
That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound ;  
And as she loved her sable brother,  
That Mr. Treasurer must have another !

But, spite of pounds or guineas,  
Instead of giving any hint  
Of turning to a neutral tint,  
The plaguy Negroes and their piccaninnies  
Were still the color of the bird that caws —  
Only some very aged souls,  
Showing a little gray upon their polls,  
Like daws !

However, nothing dashed  
By such repeated failures, or abashed,  
The Court still met ; — the Chairman and Directors,  
The Secretary, good at pen and ink,  
The worthy Treasurer, who kept the chink,  
And all the cash Collectors ;  
With hundreds of that class, so kindly credulous,  
Without whose help no charlatan alive  
Or Bubble Company could hope to thrive,  
Or busy Chevalier, however sedulous —  
Those good and easy innocents, in fact,  
Who, willingly receiving chaff for corn,  
As pointed out by Butler's tact,  
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Still find a secret pleasure in the act  
Of being plucked and shorn !

However, in long hundreds there they were,  
Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,  
To hear once more addresses from the Chair,

And regular Report.

Alas ! concluding in the usual strain,

That what with everlasting wear and tear,

The scrubbing-brushes had n't got a hair —

The brooms — mere stumps — would never serve again —

The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds,

The towels worn to threads,

The tubs and pails too shattered to be mended —

And what was added with a deal of pain,

But as accounts correctly would explain,

Though thirty thousand pounds had been expended —

The Blackamoors had still been washed in vain !

“ In fact, the Negroes were as black as ink,

Yet, still as the Committee dared to think,

And hoped the proposition was not rash,

A rather free expenditure of cash —”

But ere the prospect could be made more sunny —

Up jumped a little, lemon-colored man,

And with an eager stammer, thus began,

In angry earnest, though it sounded funny :

“ What ! More subscriptions ! No — no — no, — not I !

You have had time — time — time enough to try !

They won't come white ! then why — why — why — why  
— why,

More money ? ”

“ Why ! ” said the Chairman, with an accent bland,  
And gentle waving of his dexter hand,

“ Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,



More filthily lucre, in a word more gold —  
 The why, sir, very easily is told,  
 Because Humanity declares we must !  
 We 've scrubbed the Negroes till we 've nearly killed 'em,  
 And, finding that we cannot wash them white,  
 But still their nigritude offends the sight,  
*We mean to gild 'em !* "

## ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQUIRE.

" Close, close your eyes with holy dread,  
 And weave a circle round him thrice ;  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise ! " — COLERIDGE

" It 's very hard them kind of men  
 Won't let a body be. " — OLD BALLAD.

A WANDERER, Wilson, from my native land,  
 Remote, O Rae, from godliness and thee,  
 Where rolls between us the eternal sea,  
 Besides some furlongs of a foreign sand,—  
 Beyond the broadest Scotch of London Wall ;  
 Beyond the loudest Saint that has a call ;  
 Across the wavy waste between us stretched,  
 A friendly missive warns me of a stricture,  
 Wherein my likeness you have darkly etched,  
 And though I have not seen the shadow sketched,  
 Thus I remark prophetic on the picture.

I guess the features : — in a line to paint  
 Their moral ugliness, I 'm not a saint.  
 Not one of those self-constituted saints,  
 Quacks — not physicians — in the cure of souls,  
 Censors who sniff out moral taints,  
 And call the devil over his own coals —  
 Those pseudo Privy Councillors of God,  
 Who write down judgments with a pen hard-nibbed ;



Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,  
 Commending sinners not to ice thick-ribbed,  
 But endless flames, to scorch them like flax,—  
 Yet sure of heaven themselves, as if they'd cribbed  
 The impression of St. Peter's keys in wax !

Of such a character no single trace  
 Exists, I know, in my fictitious face ;  
 There wants a certain cast about the eye ;  
 A certain lifting of the nose's tip ;  
 A certain curling of the nether lip,  
 In scorn of all that is, beneath the sky ;  
 In brief, it is an aspect deleterious,  
 A face decidedly not serious,  
 A face profane, that would not do at all  
 To make a face at Exeter Hall,—  
 That Hall where bigots rant, and cant, and pray,  
 And laud each other face to face,  
 Till every farthing-candle *ray*  
 Conceives itself a great gas-light of grace !

Well ! — be the graceless lineaments confest !  
 I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth ;

And dote upon a jest

“ Within the limits of becoming mirth ; ” —  
 No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,  
 Nor think I 'm pious when I 'm only bilious —  
 Nor study in my sanctum supercilious  
 To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.  
 I pray for grace — repent each sinful act —  
 Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible ;  
 And love my neighbor, far too well, in fact,  
 To call and twit him with a godly tract  
 That 's turned by application to a libel.  
 My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,  
 All creeds I view with toleration thorough,



And have a horror of regarding heaven  
As anybody's rotten borough.

What else? No part I take in party fray,  
With tropes from Billingsgate's slang-whanging Tartars,  
I fear no Pope — and let great Ernest play  
At Fox and Goose with Fox's Martyrs!  
I own I laugh at over-righteous men,  
I own I shake my sides at ranters,  
And treat sham Abr'am saints with wicked banters,  
I even own, that there are times — but then  
It's when I've got my wine — I say d—— canters!

I've no ambition to enact the spy  
On fellow-souls, a spiritual Pry —  
'Tis said that people ought to guard their noses  
Who thrust them into matters none of theirs:  
And, though no delicacy discomposes  
Your saint, yet I consider faith and prayers  
Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.

I do not hash the Gospel in my books,  
And thus upon the public mind intrude it,  
As if I thought, like Otaheitian cooks,  
No food was fit to eat till I had chewed it.

On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk;  
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk,—  
For man may pious texts repeat,  
And yet religion have no inward seat;  
'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,  
A man has got his belly full of meat  
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth!

Mere verbiage,—it is not worth a carrot!  
Why, Socrates or Plato—where's the odds?—



Once taught a Jay to supplicate the gods,  
And made a Polly-theist of a Parrot!

A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is  
Not a whit better than a Mantis,—  
An insect, of what clime I can't determine,  
That lifts its paws most parson-like, and thence,  
By simple savages — through sheer pretence —  
Is reckoned quite a saint amongst the vermin.  
But where's the reverence, or where the *nous*  
To ride on one's religion through the lobby,  
Whether as stalking-horse or hobby,  
To show its pious paces to "the house."

I honestly confess that I would hinder  
The Scottish member's legislative rigs,  
That spiritual Pindar,  
Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,  
That must be lashed by law, wherever found,  
And driven to church as to the parish pound.  
I do confess, without reserve or wheedle,  
I view that grovelling idea as one  
Worthy some parish clerk's ambitious son,  
A charity-boy who longs to be a beadle.  
On such a vital topic sure 'tis odd  
How much a man can differ from his neighbor;  
One wishes worship freely given to God,  
Another wants to make it statute-labor —  
The broad distinction in a line to draw,  
As means to lead us to the skies above,  
You say — Sir Andrew and his love of law,  
And I — the Saviour with his law of love.  
Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,  
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole;



But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,  
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,

Fresh from St. Andrew's college,  
Should nail the conscious needle to the north?

I do confess that I abhor and shrink  
From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,  
That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink  
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly—

My soul revolts at such bare hypocrisy,  
And will not, dare not, fancy in accord  
The Lord of Hosts with an exclusive lord  
Of this world's aristocracy.

It will not own a notion so unholy,  
As thinking that the rich by easy trips  
May go to heaven, whereas the poor and lowly  
Must work their passage, as they do in ships.

One place there is—beneath the burial-sod,  
Where all mankind are equalized by death;  
Another place there is—the Fane of God,  
Where all are equal who draw living breath;—

Juggle who will *elsewhere* with his own soul,  
Playing the Judas with a temporal dole—

He who can come beneath that awful cope,

In the dread presence of a Maker just,

Who metes to every pinch of human dust

One even measure of immortal hope—

He who can stand within that holy door,

With soul unbowed by that pure spirit-level,

And frame unequal laws for rich and poor,—

Might sit for Hell, and represent the Devil!

Such are the solemn sentiments, O Rae,

In your last journey-work, perchance, you ravage,

Seeming, but in more courtly terms, to say

I'm but a heedless, creedless, godless, savage;



A very Guy, deserving fire and fagots,—  
A scoffer, always on the grin,  
And sadly given to the mortal sin  
Of liking Mawworms less than merry maggots !

The humble records of my life to search,  
I have not herded with mere pagan beasts ;  
But sometimes I have "sat at good men's feasts,"  
And I have been "where bells have knolled to church."  
Dear bells ! how sweet the sound of village bells  
When on the undulating air they swim !  
Now loud as welcomes ! faint, now, as farewells !  
And trembling all about the breezy dells,  
As fluttered by the wings of Cherubim.  
Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn ;  
And lost to sight the ecstatic lark above  
Sings, like a soul beatified, of love,  
With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon :—  
O pagans, heathens, infidels, and doubters !  
If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,  
Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters ?

A man may cry Church ! Church ! at every word,  
With no more piety than other people —  
A daw 's not reckoned a religious bird  
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple ;  
The Temple is a good, a holy place,  
But quacking only gives it an ill savor ;  
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,  
And bring religion's self into disfavor !

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,  
Who, binding up his Bible with his ledger,  
Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,  
A black-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,



Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,  
 Against the wicked remnant of the week,  
 A saving bet against his sinful bias —  
 "Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself,  
 "I lie—I cheat—do anything for pelf,  
 But who on earth can say I am not pious!"

In proof how over-righteousness reäcts,  
 Accept an anecdote well based on facts;  
 On Sunday morning — (at the day don't fret) —  
 In riding with a friend to Ponder's End  
 Outside the stage, we happened to commend  
 A certain mansion that we saw To Let.  
 "Ay," cried our coachman, with our talk to grapple,  
 "You're right! no house along the road comes nigh it!"  
 'T was built by the same man as built yon chapel,  
     And master wanted once to buy it,—  
 But t'other driv the bargain much too hard,—  
     He axed sure-*ly* a sum prodigious!  
 But being so particular religious,  
 Why, *that*, you see, put master on his guard!"  
     Church is "a little heaven below,  
     I have been there and still would go,"—  
 Yet I am none of those who think it odd  
     A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,  
     And, passing by the customary hassock  
 Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,  
 And sue in formâ pauperis to God.

As for the rest,—intolerant to none,  
 Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,  
 Even the poor pagan's homage to the sun  
 I would not harshly scorn, lest even there  
 I spurned some elements of Christian prayer —



An aim, though erring, at a "world ayont"—  
 Acknowledgment of good — of man's futility,  
 A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed  
 That very thing so many Christians want —  
 Humility.

Such, unto Papists, Jews or Turbaned Turks,  
 Such is my spirit — (I don't mean my wraith!)  
 Such, may it please you, is my humble faith;  
 I know, full well, you do not like my *works*!

I have not sought, 't is true, the Holy Land,  
 As full of texts as Cuddie Hedrigg's mother,  
     The Bible in one hand,  
 And my own commonplace-book in the other —  
 But you have been to Palestine — alas!  
 Some minds improve by travel — others, rather,  
     Resemble copper wire or brass,  
 Which gets the narrower by going further!

Worthless are all such pilgrimages — very!  
 If Palmers at the Holy Tomb contrive  
 The human heats and rancor to revive  
 That at the Sepulchre they ought to bury.  
 A sorry sight it is to rest the eye on,  
 To see a Christian creature graze at Sion,  
 Then homeward, of the saintly pasture full,  
 Rush bellowing, and breathing fire and smoke,  
 At crippled Papistry to butt and poke,  
 Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull  
 Haunts an old woman in a scarlet cloak,

Why leave a serious, moral, pious home,  
 Scotland, renowned for sanctity of old,  
 Far distant Catholics to rate and scold  
 For — doing as the Romans do at Rome?



With such a bristling spirit wherefore quit  
The Land of Cakes for any land of wafers,  
About the graceless images to flit,  
And buzz and chafe importunate as chafers,  
Longing to carve the carvers to Scotch collops? —  
People who hold such absolute opinions  
Should stay at home in Protestant dominions,  
Not travel like male Mrs. Trollopes.

Gifted with noble tendency to climb,  
Yet weak at the same time,  
Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,  
That grasps the nearest stem with tendril rings;  
And as the climate and the soil may grant,  
So is the sort of tree to which it clings.  
Consider, then, before, like Hurlothrumbo,  
You aim your club at any creed on earth,  
That, by the simple accident of birth,  
*You* might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo.

For me — through heathen ignorance perchance,  
Not having knelt in Palestine,— I feel  
None of that griffinish excess of zeal,  
Some travellers would blaze with here in France.  
Dolls I can see in Virgin-like array,  
Nor for a scuffle with the idols hanker  
Like crazy Quixotte at the puppet's play,  
If their "offence be rank," should mine be *rancor*?

Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan  
To cure the dark and erring mind;  
But who would rush at a benighted man,  
And give him two black eyes for being blind?

Suppose the tender but luxuriant hop  
Around a cankered stem should twine,



What Kentish boor would tear away the prop  
So roughly as to wound, nay, kill the bine ?

The images, 't is true, are strangely dressed,  
With gauds and toys extremely out of season ;  
The carving nothing of the very best,  
The whole repugnant to the eye of Reason,  
Shocking to Taste, and to Fine Arts a treason —  
Yet ne'er o'erlook in bigotry of sect  
One truly *Catholic*, one common form,

At which unchecked

All Christian hearts may kindle or keep warm.

Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,  
One bright and balmy morning, as I went  
From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,  
If hard by the wayside I found a cross,  
That made me breathe a prayer upon the spot —  
While Nature of herself, as if to trace  
The emblem's use, had trailed around its base  
The blue significant Forget-Me-Not ?  
Methought, the claims of Charity to urge  
More forcibly along with Faith and Hope,  
The pious choice had pitched upon the verge

Of a delicious slope,

Giving the eye much variegated scope ! —

"Look round," it whispered, "on that prospect rare,  
Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue ;  
Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh, and fair,  
But" — (how the simple legend pierced me through ! ;

"PRIEZ POUR LES MALHEUREUX."

With sweet kind natures, as in honeyed cells,  
Religion lives, and feels herself at home ;  
But only on a formal visit dwells  
Where wasps instead of bees have formed the comb.



Shun pride, O Rae! — whatever sort beside  
 You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!  
 A pride there is of rank — a pride of birth,  
 A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,  
 A London pride — in short, there be on earth  
 A host of prides, some better and some worse;  
 But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,  
 The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,  
 Fancy a peacock in a poultry-yard.  
 Behold him in conceited circles sail,  
 Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,  
 In all his pomp of pageantry, as if  
 He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!  
 As for the humble breed retained by man,

He scorns the whole domestic clan —

He bows, he bridles,

He wheels, he sidles,

As last, with stately dodgings in a corner,  
 He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her  
 Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan!

"Look here," he cries, (to give him words,)

"Thou feathered clay, — thou scum of birds!"

Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes, —

"Look here, thou vile predestined sinner,

Doomed to be roasted for a dinner,

Behold these lovely variegated dyes!

These are the rainbow colors of the skies,

That heaven has shed upon me *con amore* —

A Bird of Paradise? — a pretty story!

I am that Saintly Fowl, thou paltry chick!

Look at my crown of glory!

Thou dingy, dirty, dabbled, draggled jill!"



And off goes Partlett, wriggling from a kick,  
With bleeding scalp laid open by his bill !

That little simile exactly paints  
How sinners are despised by saints.  
By saints ! — the Hypocrites that ope heaven's door  
Obsequious to the sinful man of riches —  
But put the wicked, naked, bare-legged poor,  
In parish stocks, instead of breeches.

The Saints ? — the Bigots that in public spout,  
Spread phosphorus of zeal on scraps of fustian,  
And go like walking "Lucifers" about  
Mere living bundles of combustion.

The Saints ! — the aping Fanatics that talk  
All cant and rant and rhapsodies high flown —  
That bid you balk  
A Sunday walk,  
And shun God's work as you should shun your own.

The Saints ! — the Formalists, the extra pious,  
Who think the mortal husk can save the soul,  
By trundling, with a mere mechanic bias,  
To church, just like a lignum-vitæ bowl !

The Saints ! — the Pharisees, whose beadle stands  
Beside a stern coërcive kirk,  
A piece of human mason-work,  
Calling all sermons contrabands,  
In that great Temple that's not made with hands !

Thrice blessed, rather, is the man with whom  
The gracious prodigality of nature,  
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,  
The bounteous providence in every feature,  
Recall the good Creator to his creature,  
Making all earth a fane, all heaven its dome !



To *his* tuned spirit the wild heather-bells  
    Ring Sabbath knells ;  
The jubilate of the soaring lark  
    Is chant of clerk ;  
For Choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet ;  
The sod 's a cushion for his pious want ;  
And, consecrated by the heaven within it,  
The sky-blue pool, a font.  
Each cloud-capped mountain is a holy altar ;  
    An organ breathes in every grove ;  
    And the full heart 's a Psalter,  
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love !  
Sufficiently by stern necessitarians  
Poor Nature, with her face begrimed by dust,  
Is stoked, coked, smoked, and almost choked ; but must  
Religion have its own Utilitarians,  
Labelled with evangelical phylacteries,  
To make the road to heaven a railway trust,  
And churches—that's the naked fact—mere factories ?  
O ! simply open wide the temple door,  
And let the solemn, swelling organ greet,  
    With *Voluntaries* meet,  
The *willing* advent of the rich and poor !  
And while to God the loud Hosannas soar,  
With rich vibrations from the vocal throng—  
From quiet shades that to the woods belong,  
    And brooks with music of their own,  
Voices may come to swell the choral song  
With notes of praise they learned in musings lone.  
How strange it is, while on all vital questions,  
That occupy the House and public mind,  
We always meet with some humane suggestions  
Of gentle measures of a healing kind,



Instead of harsh severity and vigor,  
 The saint alone his preference retains  
 For bills of penalties and pains,  
 And marks his narrow code with legal rigor !  
 Why shun, as worthless of affiliation,  
 What men of all political persuasion  
 Extol — and even use upon occasion —  
 That Christian principle, conciliation ?  
 But possibly the men who make such fuss  
 With Sunday pippins and old Trots infirm,  
 Attach some other meaning to the term,

As thus :

One market morning, in my usual rambles,  
 Passing along Whitechapel's ancient shambles,  
 Where meat was hung in many a joint and quarter,  
 I had to halt a while, like other folks,

To let a killing butcher coax

A score of lambs and fatted sheep to slaughter.  
 A sturdy man he looked to fell an ox,  
 Bull-fronted, ruddy, with a formal streak  
 Of well-greased hair down either cheek,  
 As if he dee-dashed-dee'd some other flocks  
 Besides those woolly-headed stubborn blocks  
 That stood before him, in vexatious huddle —  
 Poor little lambs, with bleating wethers grouped,  
 While, now and then, a thirsty creature stooped  
 And meekly snuffed, but did not taste the puddle.

Fierce barked the dog, and many a blow was dealt,  
 That loin, and chump, and scrag and saddle felt,  
 Yet still, that fatal step they all declined it,—  
 And shunned the tainted door as if they smelt  
 Onions, mint-sauce, and lemon-juice behind it.



At last there came a pause of brutal force ;  
The cur was silent, for his jaws were full  
Of tangled locks of tarry wool ;  
The man had whooped and bellowed till dead hoarse,  
The time was ripe for mild expostulation,  
And thus it stammered from a stander-by —  
“ Zounds ! — my good fellow, — it quite makes me — why  
It really — my dear fellow — do just try  
Conciliation ! ”

Stringing his nerves like flint,  
The sturdy butcher seized upon the hint,—  
At least he seized upon the foremost wether,—  
And hugged and lugged and tugged him neck and crop  
Just *volens volens* through the open shop —  
If tails come off he did n't care a feather,—  
Then walking to the door, and smiling grim,  
He rubbed his forehead and his sleeve together —  
“There ! — I've *conciliated* him !”

Again — good-humoredly to end our quarrel —  
(Good humor should prevail !)  
I'll fit you with a tale  
Whereto is tied a moral.

Once on a time a certain English lass  
Was seized with symptoms of such deep decline,  
Cough, hectic flushes, every evil sign,  
That, as their wont is at such desperate pass,  
The doctors gave her over — to an ass.

Accordingly, the grisly Shade to bilk,  
Each morn the patient quaffed a frothy bowl  
Of assinine new milk,  
Robbing a shaggy suckling of a foal  
Which got proportionably spare and skinny —



Meanwhile the neighbors cried "Poor Mary Ann!  
 She can't get over it! she never can!"  
 When, lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny,  
 The one that died was the poor wet-nurse Jenny.

To aggravate the case,  
 There were but two grown donkeys in the place;  
 And, most unluckily for Eve's sick daughter,  
 The other long-eared creature was a male,  
 Who never in his life had given a pail  
 Of milk, or even chalk and water.  
 No matter: at the usual hour of eight  
 Down trots a donkey to the wicket-gate,  
 With Mister Simon Gubbins on his back,—  
 "Your sarvant, Miss,—a werry spring-like day,—  
 Bad time for hasses, though! good lack! good lack!  
 Jenny be dead, Miss,—but I'ze brought ye Jack,—  
 He does n't give no milk—but he can bray."  
 So runs the story,  
 And, in vain self-glory,  
 Some Saints would sneer at Gubbins for his blindness;  
 But what the better are their pious saws  
 To ailing souls, than dry hee-haws,  
 Without the milk of human kindness?

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A TABLE OF ERRATA.

(*Hostess loquitur.*)

WELL! thanks be to Heaven,  
 The summons is given;  
 It's only gone seven,  
 And should have been six;  
 There's fine overdoing  
 In roasting and stewing,



And victuals past chewing  
To rags and to sticks !

How dreadfully chilly !  
I shake, willy-nilly ;  
That John is so silly,  
And never will learn  
This plate is a cold one,  
That cloth is an old one,—  
I wish they had told one  
The lamp would n't burn

Now then for some blunder  
For nerves to sink under :  
I never shall wonder,  
Whatever goes ill.  
That fish is a riddle !  
It's broke in the middle.  
A Turbot ! a fiddle !  
It's only a Brill !

It's quite over-boiled too,  
The butter is oiled too,  
The soup is all spoiled too,  
It's nothing but slop.  
The smelts looking flabby,  
The soles are as dabby,  
It all is so shabby  
That Cook shall not stop !

As sure as the morning,  
She gets a month's warning,  
My orders for scorning —  
There's nothing to eat !  
I hear such a rushing,  
I feel such a flushing,



I know I am blushing  
As red as a beet !

Friends flatter and flatter,  
I wish they would chatter ;  
What *can* be the matter  
That nothing comes next ?  
How very unpleasant !  
Lord ! there is the pheasant !  
Not wanted at present,  
I 'm born to be vexed !

The pudding brought on too,  
And aiming at ton too !  
And where is that John too,  
The plague that he is ?  
He 's off on some ramble :  
And there is Miss Campbell,  
Enjoying the scramble,  
Detestable Quiz !

The veal they all eye it,  
But no one will try it,  
An Ogre would shy it  
So ruddy as that !  
And as for the mutton,  
The cold dish it 's put on  
Converts to a button  
Each drop of the fat.

The beef without mustard !  
My fate 's to be flustered,  
And there comes the custard  
To eat with the hare !  
Such flesh, fowl, and fishing,  
Such waiting and dishing,



I cannot help wishing  
     A woman might swear !  
  
 O dear ! did I ever —  
 But no, I did never —  
 Well, come, that is clever,  
     To send up the brawn !  
 That cook, I could scold her,  
 Gets worse as she's older ;  
 I wonder who told her  
     That woodcocks are drawn '

It's really audacious !  
 I cannot look gracious ;  
 Lord help the voracious  
     That came for a cram !  
 There's Alderman Fuller  
 Gets duller and duller.  
 Those fowls, by the color,  
     Were boiled with the ham !

Well, where is the curry ?  
 I'm all in a flurry.  
 No, Cook's in no hurry —  
     A stoppage again !  
 And John makes it wider,  
 A pretty provider !  
 By bringing up cider  
     Instead of champagne !

My troubles come faster !  
 There's my lord and master  
 Detects each disaster,  
     And hardly can sit :  
 He cannot help seeing,



All things disagreeing;  
 If *he* begins d—ing  
 I'm off in a fit!

This cooking? — it's messing!  
 The spinach wants pressing,  
 And salads in dressing  
 Are best with good eggs.  
 And John — yes, already —  
 Has had something heady,  
 That makes him unsteady  
 In keeping his legs.

How *shall* I get through it?  
 I never can do it,  
 I'm quite looking to it,  
 To sink by and by.  
 O! would I were dead now,  
 Or up in my bed now,  
 To cover my head now,  
 And have a good cry!

## A ROW AT THE OXFORD ARMS.

"Glorious Apollo from on high behold us." — OLD SONG.

As latterly I chanced to pass  
 A Public House, from which, alas!  
 The Arms of Oxford dangle!  
 My ear was startled by a din,  
 That made me tremble in my skin,  
 A dreadful hubbub from within,  
 Of voices in a wrangle —  
 Voices loud, and voices high,  
 With now and then a party-cry,  
 Such as used in times gone by



To scare the British border :  
 When foes from North and South of Tweed —  
 Neighbors — and of Christian creed —  
 Met in hate to fight and bleed,  
 Upsetting Social Order.  
 Surprised, I turned me to the crowd,  
 Attracted by that tumult loud,  
 And asked a gazer, beetle-browed,  
 The cause of such disquiet.  
 When, lo ! the solemn-looking man  
 First shook his head on Burleigh's plan,  
 And then, with fluent tongue, began  
 His version of the riot :

A row ! — why, yes,—a pretty row, you might hear from  
 this to Garmany,

And what is worse, it's all got up among the Sons of Har-  
 mony,

The more 's the shame for them as used to be in time and tune,  
 And all unite in chorus like the singing-birds in June !

Ah ! many a pleasant chant I've heard in passing here along,  
 When Swiveller was President a-knocking down a song ;  
 But Dick 's resigned the post, you see, and all them shouts  
 and hollers

Is 'cause two other candidates, some sort of larned scholars,  
 Are squabbling to be Chairman of the Glorious Apollers !

Lord knows their names, I'm sure I don't, no more than  
 any yokel,

But I never heard of either as connected with the vocal ;  
 Nay, some do say, although of course the public rumor varies,  
 They've no more warble in 'em than a pair of hen canaries ;  
 Though that might pass if they were dabs at t' other sort of  
 thing.

For a man may make a song, you know, although he cannot  
 sing ;



But, lork ! it's many folks' belief they're only good at prosing,  
 For Catnach swears he never saw a verse of their composing ;  
 And when a piece of poetry has stood its public trials,  
 If pop'lar, it gets printed off at once in Seven Dials,  
 And then about all sorts of streets, by every little monkey,  
 It's chanted like the " Dog's Meat Man," or " If I had a  
 Donkey."

Whereas, as Mr. Catnach says, and not a bad judge neither,  
 No ballad worth a ha'penny has ever come from either,  
 And him as writ " Jim Crow," he says, and got such lots  
 of dollars,

Would make a better Chairman for the Glorious Appollers.

Howsomever that 's the meaning of the squabble that arouses  
 This neighborhood, and quite disturbs all decent Heads of  
 Houses,

Who want to have their dinners and their parties, as is reason,  
 In Christian peace and charity according to the season.

But from Number Thirty-Nine, since this electioneering job,  
 Ay, as far as Number Ninety, there's an everlasting mob ;  
 Till the thing is quite a nuisance, for no creature passes by,  
 But he gets a card, a pamphlet, or a summut in his eye ;  
 And a pretty noise there is ! — what with canvassers and  
 spouters,

For in course each side is furnished with its backers and its  
 touters ;

And surely among the Clergy to such pitches it is carried,  
 You can hardly find a Parson to get buried or get married ;  
 Or supposing any accident that suddenly alarms,  
 If you're dying for a surgeon, you must fetch him from the  
 " Arms : "

While the Schoolmasters and Tooters are neglecting of their  
 scholars,

To write about a Chairman for the Glorious Appollers.



Well, that, sir, is the racket; and the more the sin and shame  
 Of them that help to stir it up, and propagate the same;  
 Instead of vocal ditties, and the social flowing cup,—  
 But they'll be the House's ruin, or the shutting of it up,—  
 With their riots and their hubbubs, like a garden full of bears,  
 While they've damaged many articles and broken lots of  
     squares,

And kept their noble Club Room in a perfect dust and  
     smother,

By throwing *Morning Heralds*, *Times*, and *Standards*  
     at each other;

Not to name the ugly language Gemmen ought n't to repeat,  
 And the names they call each other — for I've heard 'em  
     in the street —

Such as Traitors, Guys, and Judases, and Vipers, and what  
     not,

For Pasley and his divers an't so blowing-up a lot.

And then such awful swearing! — for there's one of them  
     that cusses

Enough to shock the cads that hang on opposition 'busses;

For he cusses every member that's agin him at the poll,

As I would n't cuss a donkey, though it has n't got a soul;

And he cusses all their families, Jack, Harry, Bob, or Jim,

To the babby in the cradle, if they don't agree with him.

Whereby, although as yet they have not took to use their fives,

Or, according as the fashion is, to sticking with their knives,

I'm bound there'll be some milling yet, and shakings by  
     the collars,

Afore they choose a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers!

To be sure, it is a pity to be blowing such a squall,

Instead of clouds, and every man his song, and then his call —

And as if there was n't Whigs enough and Tories to fall out,

Besides politics in plenty for our splits to be about —



Why, a corn-field is sufficient, sir, as anybody knows,  
 For to furnish them in plenty who are fond of picking crows —  
 Not to name the Maynooth Catholics, and other Irish stewes,  
 To agitate society and loosen all its screws ;  
 And which all may be agreeable and proper to their spheres, —  
 But it 's not the thing for musicals to set us by the ears.  
 And as to College larning, my opinion for to broach,  
 And I 've had it from my cousin, and he driv a college coach,  
 And so knows the University, and all as there belongs,  
 And he says that Oxford 's famouser for sausages than songs,  
 And seldom turns a poet out like Hudson that can chant,  
 As well as make such ditties as the Free and Easies want,  
 Or other Tavern Melodists I can't just call to mind —  
 But it 's not the classic system for to propagate the kind.  
 Whereby it so may happen as that neither of them Scholars  
 May be the proper Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

For my part in the matter, if so be I had a voice,  
 It's the best among the vocalists I 'd honor with the choice ;  
 Or a poet as could furnish a new Ballad to the bunch ;  
 Or, at any rate, the surest hand at mixing of the punch ;  
 'Cause why, the members meet for that and other tuneful  
 frolics —

And not to say, like Muffincaps, their Catichiz and Collec's.  
 But you see them there Initerants that preach so long and loud,  
 And always take advantage like the prigs of any crowd,  
 Have brought their jangling voices, and as far as they can  
 compass,

Have turned a tavern shindy to a seriouiser rumpus,  
 And him as knows most hymns — although I can't see how  
 it follers —

They want to be the Chairman of the Glorious Appollers !

Well, that 's the row — and who can guess the upshot after all ?  
 Whether Harmony will ever make the " Arms " her House  
 of call,



Or whether this here mobbing — as some longish heads fore-  
tell it,

Will grow to such a riot that the Oxford Blues must quell it,  
Howsomever, for the present, there 's no sign of any peace;  
For the hubbub keeps a growing, and defies the New Police;  
But if I was in the Vestry, and a leading sort of Man,  
Or a Member of the Vocals, to get backers for my plan,  
Why, I'd settle all the squabble in the twinkle of a needle,  
For I'd have another candidate — and that 's the Parish

Beadle,

Who makes such lots of Poetry, himself, or else by proxy,  
And no one never has no doubts about his orthodoxy;  
Whereby — if folks was wise — instead of either of them  
Scholars,

And straining their own lungs along of contradictory hollers,  
They'll lend their ears to reason, and take my advice as follers,  
Namely — Bumble for the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

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ETCHING MORALIZED.

TO A NOBLE LADY.

“To point a moral.” — JOHNSON.

FAIREST Lady and Noble, for once on a time,  
Condescend to accept, in the humblest of rhyme,

And a style more of Gay than of Milton,  
A few opportune verses designed to impart  
Some didactical hints in a Needlework Art,  
Not described by the Countess of Wilton.

An Art not unknown to the delicate hand  
Of the fairest and first in this insular land,

But in Patronage Royal delighting;  
And which now your own feminine fantasy wins,  
Though it scarce seems a lady-like work that begins  
In a *scratching* and ends in a *biting*!



Yet, O ! that the dames of the Scandalous School  
 Would but use the same acid, and sharp-pointed tool,  
 That are plied in the said operations —  
 O ! would that our Candors on copper would sketch !  
 For the first of all things in beginning to etch  
 Are — good *grounds* for our representations.

Those protective and delicate coatings of wax,  
 Which are meant to resist the corrosive attacks  
 That would ruin the copper completely ;  
 Thin cerements which whoso remembers the Bee  
 So applauded by Watts, the divine L.L.D.,  
 Will be careful to spread very neatly.

For why ? like some intricate deed of the law,  
 Should the ground in the process be left with a flaw,  
 Aquafortis is far from a joker ;  
 And attacking the part that no coating protects  
 Will turn out as distressing to all your *effects*  
 As a landlord who puts in a broker.

Then carefully spread the conservative stuff,  
 Until all the bright metal is covered enough  
 To repel a destructive so active ;  
 For in Etching, as well as in Morals, pray note  
 That a little raw spot, or a hole in a coat,  
 Your ascetics find vastly attractive.

Thus the ground being laid, very even and flat,  
 And then smoked with a taper, till black as a hat,  
 Still from future disasters to screen it,  
 Just allow me, by way of precaution, to state,  
 You must hinder the footman from changing your *plate*,  
 Nor yet suffer the butler to clean it.

Nay, the housemaid, perchance, in her passion to scrub,  
 May suppose the dull metal in want of a rub,



Like the Shield which Swift's readers remember —  
Not to mention the chance of some other mishaps,  
Such as having your copper made up into caps  
To be worn on the First of September.

But aloof from all damage by Betty or John,  
You secure the veiled surface, and trace thereupon  
The design you conceive the most proper :  
Yet gently, and not with a needle too keen,  
Lest it pierce to the wax through the paper between,  
And of course play Old Scratch with the copper.

So in worldly affairs, the sharp-practising man  
Is not always the one who succeeds in his plan,  
Witness Shylock's judicial exposure ;  
Who, as keen as his knife, yet with agony found,  
That while urging his *point* he was losing his *ground*,  
And incurring a fatal disclosure.

But, perhaps, without tracing at all, you may choose  
To indulge in some little extempore views,  
Like the older artistical people ;  
For example, a Corydon playing his pipe,  
In a Low Country marsh, with a Cow after Cuypp,  
And a Goat skipping over a steeple.

A wild Deer at a rivulet taking a sup,  
With a couple of Pillars put in to fill up,  
Like the columns of certain diurnals ;  
Or a very brisk sea, in a very stiff gale,  
And a very Dutch boat, with a very big sail —  
Or a bevy of Retzsch's Infernals.

Architectural study — or rich Arabesque —  
Allegorical dream — or a view picturesque,  
Near to Naples, or Venice, or Florence ;  
Or "as harmless as lambs and as gentle as doves,"



A sweet family cluster of plump little Loves,  
Like the Children by Reynolds or Lawrence.

But whatever the subject, your exquisite taste  
Will insure a design very charming and chaste,  
Like yourself, full of nature and beauty —  
Yet besides the *good points* you already reveal,  
You will need a few others — of well-tempered steel,  
And especially formed for the duty.

For suppose that the tool be imperfectly set,  
Over many *weak lengths in your line* you will fret,  
Like a pupil of Walton and Cotton  
Who remains by the brink of the water, agape,  
While the jack, trout, or barbel, effects its escape  
Through the gut or silk line being rotten.

Therefore let the steel point be set truly and round,  
That the finest of strokes may be even and sound,  
Flowing glibly where fancy would lead 'em.  
But, alas for the needle that fetters the hand,  
And forbids even sketches of Liberty's land  
To be drawn with the requisite freedom !

O ! the botches I 've seen by a tool of the sort,  
Rather hitching, than etching, and making, in short,  
Such stiff, crabbed, and angular scratches,  
That the figures seemed statues or mummies from tombs,  
While the trees were as rigid as bundles of brooms,  
And the herbage like bunches of matches !

The stiff clouds as if carefully ironed and starched,  
While a cast-iron bridge, meant for wooden, o'er-arched  
Something more like a road than a river.  
Prithee, who in such characteristics could see  
Any trace of the beautiful land of the free —  
The Free-Mason — Free-Trader — Free-Liver !



But prepared by a hand that is skilful and nice,  
 The fine point glides along like a skate on the ice,  
 At the will of the Gentle Designer,  
 Who impelling the needle just presses so much,  
 That each line of her labor *the copper may touch*.  
 As if done by a penny-a-liner.

And, behold ! how the fast-growing images gleam !  
 Like the sparkles of gold in a sunshiny stream,  
 Till, perplexed by the glittering issue,  
 You repine for a light of a tenderer kind —  
 And in choosing a substance for making a blind,  
 Do not sneeze at the paper called *tissue*.

For, subdued by the sheet so transparent and white,  
 Your design will appear in a soberer light.  
 And reveal its defects on inspection,  
 Just as Glory achieved, or political scheme,  
 And some more of our dazzling performances, seem  
 Not so bright on a *cooler reflection*.

So the juvenile Poet with ecstasy views  
 His first verses, and dreams that the songs of his Muse  
 Are as brilliant as Moore's and as tender —  
 Till some critical sheet scans the faulty design,  
 And, alas ! *takes the shine out of every line*  
 That had formed such a vision of splendor.

Certain objects, however, may come in your sketch,  
 Which, designed by a hand unaccustomed to etch,  
 With a luckless result may be branded ;  
 Wherefore add this particular rule to your code,  
 Let all vehicles take the *wrong* side of the road,  
 And man, woman, and child, be *left-handed*.

Yet regard not the awkward appearance with doubt,  
 But remember how often mere blessings fall out,



That at first seemed no better than curses;  
 So, till *things take a turn*, live in hope, and depend,  
 That whatever is wrong will come right in the end,  
 And console you for all your *reverses*.

But of errors why speak, when for beauty and truth  
 Your free, spirited Etching is worthy, in sooth,  
 Of that Club (may all honor betide it!)  
 Which, though dealing in copper, by genius and taste  
 Has accomplished a *service of plate* not disgraced  
 By the work of a Goldsmith beside it! \*

So your sketch superficially drawn on the plate  
 It becomes you to fix in a permanent state,  
 Which involves a precise operation,  
 With a keen-biting fluid, which *eating its way* —  
 As in other professions is common, they say —  
 Has attained an artistical station.

And it's O! that some splenetic folks I could name,  
 If they *must* deal in acids, would use but the same  
 In such innocent graphical labors!  
 In the place of the virulent spirit wherewith —  
 Like the polecat, the weasel, and things of that kith —  
 They keep biting the backs of their neighbors!

But beforehand, with wax or the shoemaker's pitch,  
 You must build a neat dyke round the margin, in which  
 You may pour the dilute aquafortis.  
 For if raw, like a dram, it will shock you to trace  
 Your design with a horrible froth on its face,  
 Like a wretch in articulo mortis.

Like a wretch in the pangs that too many endure,  
 From the use of *strong waters*, without any pure,  
 A vile practice, most sad and improper!

\* The Deserted Village, illustrated by the Etching Club.



For, from painful examples, this warning is found,  
That the raw burning spirit will *take up the ground*,  
In the church-yard, as well as on copper !

But the Acid has duly been lowered, and bites  
Only just where the visible metal invites,  
Like a nature inclined to meet troubles ;  
And, behold ! as each slender and glittering line  
Effervesces, you trace the completed design  
In an elegant bead-work of bubbles !

And yet, constantly, secretly, eating its way,  
The shrewd acid is making the substance its prey,  
Like some sorrow beyond inquisition,  
Which is gnawing the heart and the brain all the while  
That the face is illumed by its cheerfulest smile,  
And the wit is in bright ebullition.

But still stealthily feeding, the treacherous stuff  
Has corroded and deepened some portions enough —  
The pure sky, and the water so placid —  
And, these tenderer tints to defend from attack,  
With some turpentine, varnish, and sooty lampblack,  
You must *stop* out the ferreting acid.

But before with the varnishing brush you proceed,  
Let the plate with cold water be thoroughly freed  
From the other less innocent liquor —  
After which, on whatever you want to protect,  
Put a *coat* that will act to that very effect,  
Like the black one that hangs on the Vicar.

Then the varnish well dried — urge the biting again,  
But how long at its meal the *eau forte* may remain,  
Time and practice alone can determine :  
But of course not so long that the Mountain, and Mill,



The rude Bridge, and the Figures, whatever you will,  
Are as black as the spots on your ermine.

It is true, none the less, that a dark-looking scrap,  
With a sort of Blackheath, and Black Forest, mayhap,  
Is considered as rather Rembrandty;  
And that very black cattle, and very black sheep,  
A black dog, and a shepherd as black as a sweep,  
Are the pets of some great Dilettante.

So with certain designers, one needs not to name,  
All this life is a dark scene of sorrow and shame,  
From our birth to our final adjourning —  
Yea, this excellent earth and its glories, alack !  
What with ravens, palls, cottons, and devils, as black  
As a Warehouse for Family Mourning !

But before your own picture arrives at that pitch,  
While the lights are still light, and the shadows, though rich,  
More transparent than ebony shutters,  
Never minding what Black-Arted critics may say,  
Stop the biting, and pour the green fluid away,  
As you please, into bottles or gutters.

Then removing the ground and the wax *at a heat*,  
Cleanse the surface with oil, spermaceti, or sweet —  
For your hand a performance scarce proper —  
So some careful professional person secure —  
For the Laundress will not be a safe amateur —  
To assist you in *cleaning the copper*.

And, in truth, 't is a rather unpleasantish job,  
To be done on a hot German stove, or a hob —  
Though as sure of an instant forgetting  
When — as after the dark clearing off of a storm —  
The fair landscape shines out in a lustre as warm  
As the glow of the sun in its setting !



Thus your Etching complete, it remains but to hint,  
 That with certain assistance from paper and print,  
     Which the proper Mechanic will settle,  
 You may charm all your Friends — without any sad tale  
 Of such perils and ills as beset Lady Sale —  
     With a *fine India Proof of your Metal*.

## ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.

AH me! those old familiar bounds!  
 That classic house, those classic grounds,  
     My pensive thought recalls!  
 What tender urchins now confine,  
 What little captives now repine,  
     Within yon irksome walls!

Ay, that 's the very house! I know  
 Its ugly windows, ten a-row!  
     Its chimneys in the rear!  
 And there 's the iron rod so high,  
 That drew the thunder from the sky  
 And turned our table-beer!

There I was birched! there I was bred!  
 There like a little Adam fed  
     From Learning's woful tree!  
 The weary tasks I used to con! —  
 The hopeless leaves I wept upon! —  
     Most fruitless leaves to me! —

The summoned class! — the awful bow! —  
 I wonder who is master now  
     And wholesome anguish sheds!  
 How many ushers now employs,



How many maids to see the boys  
Have nothing in their heads !

And Mrs. S \* \* \* ? — Doth she abet  
(Like Pallas in the palour) yet  
Some favored two or three, —  
The little Crichtons of the hour,  
Her muffin-medals that devour,  
And swill her prize — bohea ?

Ay, there's the playground ! there's the lime,  
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime  
So wildly I have read ! —  
Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream  
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream  
Of Love and Cottage-bread ?

Who struts the Randall of the walk ?  
Who models tiny heads in chalk ?  
Who scoops the light canoe ?  
What early genius buds apace ?  
Where's Poynter ? Harris ? Bowers ? Chase ?  
Hal Baylis ? blithe Carew ?

Alack ! they're gone — a thousand ways !  
And some are serving in "the Greys,"  
And some have perished young ! —  
Jack Harris weds his second wife ;  
Hal Baylis drives the *wayne* of life ;  
And blithe Carew — is hung !

Grave Bowers teaches A B C  
To Savages at Owhyee ;  
Poor Chase is with the worms ! —  
All, all are gone — the olden breed ! —  
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,  
" And push us from our *forms* ! "



Lo ! where they scramble forth, and shout,  
And leap, and skip, and mob about,  
At play where we have played !  
Some hop, some run, (some fall), some twine  
Their crony arms; some in the shine,  
And some are in the shade !

Lo there what mixed conditions run !  
The orphan lad ; the widow's son ;  
And Fortune's favored care —  
The wealthy born, for whom she hath  
Macadamized the future path —  
The nabob's pampered heir !

Some brightly starred — some evil born,—  
For honor some, and some for scorn,—  
For fair or foul renown !  
Good, bad, indifferent — none they lack !  
Look, here 's a white, and there 's a black !  
And there 's a creole brown !

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,  
And wish *their* frugal sires would keep  
Their only sons at home ; —  
Some tease the future tense, and plan  
The full-grown doings of the man,  
And pant for years to come !

A foolish wish ! There 's one at hoop ;  
And four at *fives* ! and five who stoop  
The marble taw to speed !  
And one that curvets in and out,  
Reining his fellow-cob about,  
Would I were in his *steed* !

Yet he would gladly halt and drop  
That boyish harness off, to swop



With this world's heavy van —  
To toil, to tug. O little fool!  
While thou can be a horse at school  
To wish to be a man!

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing  
To wear a crown,— to be a king!

And sleep on regal down!  
Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares;  
Far happier is thy head that wears  
That hat without a crown!

And dost thou think that years acquire  
New added joys? Dost think thy sire  
More happy than his son?  
That manhood's mirth?—O, go thy ways  
To Drury-lane when —— *plays*,  
And see how *forced* our fun!

Thy taws are brave!— thy tops are rare! —  
*Our* tops are spun with coils of care,  
*Our dumps* are no delight! —  
The Elgin marbles are but tame,  
And 'tis at best a sorry game  
To fly the Muse's kite!

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,  
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead,  
Like balls with no rebound!  
And often with a faded eye  
We look behind, and send a sigh  
Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got  
The most of heaven in thy young lot;  
There's sky-blue in thy cup!

•



Thou 'lt find thy manhood all too fast —  
Soon come, soon gone! and age at last  
A sorry *breaking up*!

---

## A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

O, WHEN I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blithe and kind! —  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,  
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round  
Of pleasure. In those days I found  
A top a joyous thing; —  
But now those past delights I drop;  
My head, alas! is all my top,  
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles, — once my bag was stored, —  
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,  
With Theseus for a taw!  
My playful horse has slipt his string!  
Forgotten all his capering,  
And harnessed to the law!

My kite — how fast and far it flew!  
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew  
My pleasure from the sky!  
'T was papered o'er with studious themes,  
The tasks I wrote — my present dreams  
Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;  
My dumps are made of more than lead;

•



My flights soon find a fall ;  
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,  
Joy never cometh with a hoop,  
And seldom with a call !

My football 's laid upon the shelf ;  
I am a shuttlecock myself  
The world knocks to and fro ; —  
My archery is all unlearned,  
And grief against myself has turned  
My arrows and my bow !

No more in noontide sun I bask :  
My authorship 's an endless task,  
My head 's ne'er out of school :  
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,  
I have too many foes to fight,  
And friends grown strangely cool !

The very chum that shared my cake  
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,  
It makes me shrink and sigh : —  
On this I will not dwell and hang,  
The changeling would not feel a pang  
Though these should meet his eye !

No skies so blue or so serene  
As then ; — no leaves look half so green  
As clothed the play-ground tree !  
All things I loved are altered so,  
Nor does it ease my heart to know  
That change resides in me !

O, for the garb that marked the boy,  
The trousers made of corduroy,  
Well inked with black and red !  
The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill —



It only let the sunshine still  
Repose upon my head !

O, for the riband round the neck !  
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck  
My book and collar both !  
How can this formal man be styled  
Merely an Alexandrine child,  
A boy of larger growth ?

O, for that small, small beer anew !  
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue  
That washed my sweet meals down ;  
The master even ! — and that small Turk  
That fagged me ! — worse is now my work —  
A fag for all the town !

O, for the lessons learned by heart !  
Ay, though the very birch's smart  
Should mark those hours again ;  
I 'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned  
Beneath the stroke, and even find  
Some sugar in the cane !

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed !  
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,  
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun !  
The angel form that always walked  
In all my dreams, and looked and talked  
Exactly like Miss Brown !

The *omne bene* — Christmas come !  
The prize of merit, won for home —  
Merit had prizes then !  
But now I write for days and days,  
For fame — a deal of empty praise,  
Without the silver pen !



Then home, sweet home ! the crowded coach —  
The joyous shout — the loud approach —  
The winding horns like rams' !  
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,  
The sweet-meats almost sweeter still,  
No "satis" to the "jams !" —

When that I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blithe and kind !  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,  
To cast a look behind !

---



## NOTES.

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### LYCUS THE CENTAUR.

*Lycus* was dedicated by the poet to his friend and connection, J. H. Reynolds, Esq.

### ODE TO RAE WILSON.

This ode was first published in the *London Athenæum*, where it appeared with the following introductory letter.

“*To the Editor of the Athenæum.*”

“MY DEAR SIR: The following Ode was written anticipating the tone of some strictures on my writings, by the gentleman to whom it is addressed. I have not seen his book; but I know by hearsay that some of my verses are characterized as ‘profaneness and ribaldry,’ — citing, in proof, the description of a certain sow, from whose jaw a cabbage-sprout

‘Protruded as the dove so stanch  
For peace supports an olive-branch.’

If the printed works of my Censor had not prepared me for any misapplication of *types*, I should have been surprised by this misapprehension of one of the commonest emblems. In some cases the dove unquestionably stands for the Divine Spirit; but the same bird is also a lay representative of the peace of this world, and, as such, has figured time out of mind in allegorical pictures. The sense in which it was used by me is plain from the context; at least, it would be plain to any one but a fisher for faults, predisposed to carp at some things, to dab at others, and to flounder in all. But I am possibly in error. It is the female swine, perhaps, that is profaned in the eyes of the Oriental tourist. Men find strange ways of marking their intolerance; and the spirit is certainly strong enough, in Mr. W.’s works, to set up a creature as sacred, in sheer opposition to the Mussulman, with whom she is a beast of abomination. It would only be going the whole sow.

“I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

“THOS. HOOD.”







THE  
COMPLETE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS HOOD;

WITH  
A Biographical Sketch, and Notes.

EDITED BY  
EPES SARGENT.

VOL. II.

BOSTON:  
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

MDCCCLVII.



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# HUMOROUS POEMS

OF

THOMAS HOOD,

INCLUDING LOVE AND LUNACY, BALLADS, TALES AND LEGENDS, ODES  
AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE, AND MISCELLANEOUS  
POEMS, NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

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## INTRODUCTION.

---

IN preparing, about a year since, an edition of the Poems of THOMAS HOOD, we thought that a single volume would include all of his writings in verse that fell within the plan of our series. That volume embraced all the poems contained in the Moxon collections of the author's sentimental and humorous verse, with several additions from other sources. It was the most complete collection that had been made at the time of its appearance.

We soon ascertained, however, that it would not entirely satisfy the demand for HOOD's productions. We received more than one letter suggesting that some favorite of the writer's was omitted, which had originally appeared, perhaps, in a magazine or annual, and had not been inserted in any collection of the author's Poems. This deficiency, to its full extent, we have hardly been able to supply even by a second volume.



The materials of the present volume have been chiefly drawn from the collections of his humorous pieces, published by the author under the title of *Hood's Own*, *Whimsicalities*, and *Whims and Oddities*. To these we have added a few poems from the *London Magazine* and the *New Monthly Magazine*, that appeared in those periodicals during HOOD's editorial relations with them, and are unquestionably from his pen. In one or two instances verses rather of a sentimental than an humorous character have found their way among the Miscellaneous Poems, but we trust they will not be considered as unwelcome intruders.

We have reserved the first poems of HOOD for the last place in the book; assigning them to a quasi-appendix, for reasons that will obviously occur to the reader. It is many years since the *Odes and Addresses to Great People* have been reprinted, and some of the allusions in them are to subjects of local and temporary notoriety, which require the few annotations that we have annexed. To us these very clever *jeux d'esprit* seem to merit the high commendation that they received from COLERIDGE on their first appearance. His letter to LAMB on their authorship we have inserted among the Notes at the end of the volume.

This work was the joint production of HOOD and the literary friend and connection to whom he afterward dedicated the poem of *Lycus*. In LORD BYRON's *Journal*, under date of February 20, 1814, an entry is made of his having acknowledged the receipt of young REYNOLDS's



poem, entitled *Safie*. "The lad is clever," his lordship writes, "but much of his thoughts are borrowed—*whence* the reviewers may find out. I hate discouraging a young one; and I think—though wild and more oriental than he would be, had he seen the scenes where he has placed his tale—that he has much talent, and, certainly, fire enough." This "clever lad" we next hear of among the crack contributors of the *London Magazine*—for we presume that the author of *Safie* is the same JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS described by TALFOURD as one of that remarkable corps, and as "lighting up the wildest eccentricities and most striking features of many-colored life with vivid fancy."

In the *Reminiscences* of HOOD there is a lively sketch of one of the dinners that occasionally brought together the contributors to the Magazine, which serves him to introduce some of the principal characters of the literary "London in the Olden Time." After describing Elia, and Barry Cornwall, and the Opium Eater, and sundry others of hardly less note, HOOD writes—"That smart, active person opposite, with a game-cock-looking head, and the hair combed smooth, fighter fashion, over his forehead—with one finger hooked round a glass of Champagne—not that he requires it to inspirit him, for his wit bubbles up of itself—is our Edward Herbert, the author of that true piece of biography, the Life of Peter Corcoran. He is 'good with both hands,' like that Nonpareil Randall, at a comic verse or a serious stanza—smart at a repartee—



sharp at a retort—and not averse to a bit of mischief. 'T was he who gave the runaway ring at Wordsworth's Peter Bell. Generally, his jests, set off by a happy manner, are only ticklesome, but now and then they are sharp-flavored—like the sharpness of the pine-apple. Would I could give a sample."

The allusions in the above paragraph enable us to follow REYNOLDS into some of his Protean pseudonymes. We know that he was the author of the poems published as the Remains of Peter Corcoran, by Taylor and Hessey, who afterwards became the publishers of the *London Magazine*, and this identifies him with the Edward Herbert whom HOOD describes. The reference to the Nonpareil Randall is explained by the following sonnet, which is found among Corcoran's Remains :

## SONNET

## ON THE NONPAREIL.

With marble-colored shoulders,—and keen eyes,  
Protected by a forehead broad and white,  
And hair cut close lest it impede the sight,  
And clenched hands, firm and of punishing size,  
Steadily held, or motioned wary-wise,  
To hit or stop—and kerchief too drawn tight  
O'er the unyielding loins, to keep from flight  
The inconstant wind, that all too often flies,—  
The Nonpareil stands!—Fame, whose bright eyes run o'er  
With joy to see a Chicken of her own,  
Dips her rich pen in *claret*, and writes down  
Under the letter R, first on the score,  
"Randall—John—Irish parents, age not known—  
Good with both hands, and only ten stone four!"



In 1821 a volume was published in London with the title of *The Garden of Florence, and other Poems*, by John Hamilton. This was also the work of REYNOLDS. He was the familiar friend and correspondent of the poet KEATS, and they had undertaken, in a sort of literary copartnership, to versify some of the tales of Boccaccio. The accomplishment of this plan was prevented for a time by other engagements, and finally frustrated by death. *The Pot of Basil* was the only story completed by KEATS, "and that is to me now," says his literary partner, "the most pathetic story in existence." Two stories were translated by REYNOLDS, and were printed in the last-named volume. They possess a merit which induces us to regret that he did not persevere in the enterprise. His literary labors, however, seem to have been mere diversions. HOOD speaks of him as having abandoned the Muses for engrossing. He probably subsided from a very promising poet into a highly respectable special-pleader or conveyancer; perhaps into a barrister of local eminence. He does not seem, like his co-contributor Barry Cornwall, to have maintained two separate existences—a professional and a poetical entity—but to have suffered the latter to be absorbed in the former, or only to appear abroad in a mask. We do not know where to trace him after the suspension of the *London Magazine*, and publication of the *Odes and Addresses*, to which it is quite time that we should return. We must first, however, present our readers with a specimen of Mr. Peter Corcoran's sentimental



verse, which may explain the indifference of Mr. REYNOLDS to his poetical reputation :

## SONNET.

I once had thought to have embalmed my name  
 With Poesy :—to have served the gentle Muses  
 With high sincerity :—but Fate refuses,  
 And I am now become most strangely tame,  
 And careless what becomes of Glory's game—  
 Who strives—who wins the wondrous prize—who loses !  
 Not that the heavy world my spirit bruises ;  
 But I have not the heart to rush at Fame.  
 Magnificent and mental images  
 Have visited me oftentimes, and given  
 My mind to proud delights ;—but now it sees  
 Those visions going like the lights of even :  
 All intellectual grandeur dimly flees—  
 And I am quiet as the stars of heaven !

We are not quite certain that we could, in every case, refer the compositions of the copartnership to their respective authors, though, in our judgment, most of them can be correctly assigned by internal evidence. The one that we most hesitate about is the *Address to Mr. Dy-moke*. There is a letter of Edward Herbert's in the *London Magazine* giving an account of the Coronation, and mentioning the circumstances which are alluded to in the address, and in the first study of it that may be found in the Notes ; but we are in doubt whether the verses are to be ascribed to HOOD or REYNOLDS. We may better leave this question for every reader to decide for himself, without seeking to anticipate his judgment. Perhaps no one will find much difficulty in coming to a correct deci-



sion, for there is nothing more remarkable in HOOD'S verse than its entire originality. His imagination is singularly fertile. His invention is marvellous. Hence it is that though he sometimes copies himself, he never mimics another; and though you can not always say that a poem is not HOOD'S, a poem that is really his you would hardly attribute to any one else.

The Ode to Mr. Graham is the "runaway *ring* at Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*" to which HOOD alludes in the paragraph we have quoted above; and which COLERIDGE commends in the letter to be found in our Notes. So the authorship of that is fixed upon REYNOLDS. As HOOD does not give him credit for the two other pieces favorably mentioned by the poet, we think that the Ode to the Great Unknown and the Address to Mrs. Fry may be reckoned as *Hood's Own* by his silence in this regard. That the Odes to Mr. Martin, Grimaldi, and Dr. Kitchener are his, no one can doubt; and the Addresses to Sylvanus Urban, to Elliston, to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and to Maria Darlington, are, we think, unequivocally the productions of his partner. The Ode to Parry seems to bear the marks of both of them, and the same may be said of the Address to the Steam Washing Company and the Ode to Mr. Bodkin. If any one can help us to a better guess than we have made on the face of the poems, we will insert it in our second edition.







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LOVE AND LUNACY.







## LOVE AND LUNACY.

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THE Moon—who does not love the silver moon,  
In all her fantasies and all her phases ?  
Whether full-orbed in the nocturnal noon,  
Shining in all the dewdrops on the daisies,  
To light the tripping Fairies in their mazes,  
While stars are winking at the pranks of Puck ;  
Or huge and red, as on brown sheaves she gazes ;  
Or new and thin when coin is turned for luck ;—  
Who will not say that Dian is a Duck ?

But, oh ! how tender, beautiful and sweet,  
When in her silent round, serene, and clear,  
By assignation loving fancies meet,  
To recompense the pangs of absence drear !  
So Ellen, dreaming of Lorenzo, dear,  
But distant from the city mapped by Mogg,  
Still saw his image in that silver sphere,  
Plain as the Man with lantern, bush, and dog,  
That used to set our ancestors a-gog.

And so she told him in a pretty letter,  
That came to hand exactly as Saint Meg's  
Was striking ten—eleven had been better ;  
For then he might have eaten six more eggs,  
And both of the bedevilled turkey-legs,



With relishes from East, West, North, and South,  
Draining, beside, the teapot to the dregs.  
Whereas a man whose heart is in his mouth,  
Is rather spoilt for hunger and for drouth.

And so the kidneys, broiling hot, were wasted;  
The brawn—it never entered in his thought;  
The grated Parmesan remained untasted;  
The potted shrimps were left as they were bought,  
The capelings stood as merely good for naught,  
The German sausage did not tempt him better,  
Whilst Juno, licking her poor lips was taught  
There's neither bone nor skin about a letter,  
Gristle, nor scalp, that one can give a setter.

Heaven bless the man who first devised a mail!  
Heaven bless that public pile which stands concealing  
The Goldsmiths' front with such a solid veil!  
Heaven bless the Master, and Sir Francis Freeling,  
The drags, the nags, the leading or the wheeling,  
The whips, the guards, the horns, the coats of scarlet,  
The boxes, bags, those evening bells a-pealing!  
Heaven bless, in short, each posting thing, and varlet,  
That helps a Werter to a sigh from Charlotte.

So felt Lorenzo as he oped the sheet,  
Where, first, the darling signature he kissed  
And then, recurring to its contents sweet  
With thirsty eyes, a phrase I must enlist,  
He *gulped* the words, to hasten to their gist;  
In mortal ecstasy his soul was bound—  
When, lo! with features all at once a-twist,  
He gave a whistle, wild enough in sound  
To summon Faustus's Infernal Hound!



Alas ! what little miffs and tiffs in love,  
 A snubbish word, or pouting look mistaken,  
 Will loosen screws with sweethearts hand and glove,  
 Oh ! love, rock firm when chimney-pots were shaken,  
 A pettish breath will into huffs awaken,  
 To spit like hump-backed cats, and snarling Towzers !  
 Till hearts are wrecked and foundered, and forsaken,  
 As ships go to Old Davy, Lord knows how, sirs,  
 While heaven is blue enough for Dutchmen's trowsers !

"The moon's at full, love, and I think of you"—  
 Who would have thought that such a kind P.S.  
 Could make a man turn white, then red, then blue,  
 Then black, and knit his eyebrows and compress  
 His teeth, as if about to effervesce  
 Like certain people when they lose at whist !  
 So looked the chafed Lorenzo, ne'ertheless,  
 And, in a trice, the paper he had kissed  
 Was crumpled like a snowball in his fist !

Ah ! had he been less versed in scientifics—  
 More ignorant, in short, of what is what—  
 He ne'er had flared up in such calorifics ;  
 But he *would* seek societies, and trot  
 To Clubs—Mechanics' Institutes—and got  
 With Birkbeck—Bartley—Combe—George Robins—Rennie,  
 And other lecturing men. And had he not  
 That work, of weekly parts, which sells so many,  
 The Copper-bottomed Magazine—or "Penny?"

But, of all learned pools whereon, or in,  
 Men dive like dabchicks, or like swallows skim,  
 Some hardly damped, some wetted to the skin,  
 Some drowned like pigs when they attempt to swim,



Astronomy was most Lorenzo's whim,  
( 'Tis studied by a Prince among the Burmans );  
He loved those heavenly bodies which, the Hymn  
Of Addison declares, preach solemn sermons,  
While waltzing on their pivots like young Germans.

Night after night, with telescope in hand,  
Supposing that the night was fair and clear,  
Aloft, on the house-top, he took his stand,  
Till he obtained to know each twinkling sphere  
Better, I doubt, than Milton's "Starry Vere;"  
Thus, reading through poor Ellen's fond epistle,  
He soon espied the flaw—the lapse so sheer  
That made him raise his hair in such a bristle,  
And like the Boatswain of the Storm-Ship, whistle.

"The moon's at full, love, and I think of thee,"—

"Indeed! I'm very much her humble debtor,  
But not the moon-calf she would have me be,  
Zounds! does she fancy that I know no better?"

Herewith, at either corner of the letter  
He gave a most ferocious, rending, pull;—

"O woman! woman! that no vows can fetter,  
A moon to stay for three weeks at the full!  
By Jove; a very pretty cock-and-bull!

"The moon at full! 't was very finely reckoned!

Why so she wrote me word upon the first,  
The twelfth, and now upon the twenty-second—  
Full!—yes—it must be full enough to burst!

But let her go—of all vile jilts the worst"—  
Here with his thumbs he gave contemptuous snaps,  
Anon he blubbered like a child that's nursed,  
And then he hit the table frightful raps,  
And stamped till he had broken both his straps.



"The moon's at full—and I am in her thought—  
No doubt: I do believe it in my soul!"

Here he threw up his head and gave a snort  
Like a young horse first harnessed to a pole;  
"The moon is full—ay, so is this d—d bowl!"  
And, grinning like the sourest of curmudgeons,  
Globe—water—fishes—he dashed down the whole,  
Strewing the carpet with the gasping gudgeons;  
Men do the strangest things in such love-dudgeons.

"I fill her thoughts—her memory's vice gerent?  
No, no—some paltry puppy—three weeks old—  
And round as Norval's shield"—thus incoherent  
His fancies grew as he went on to scold;  
So stormy waves are into breakers rolled,  
Worked up at last to mere chaotic wrath—  
This—that—heads—tails—thoughts jumbled uncontrolled  
As onions, turnips, meat, in boiling broth,  
By turns bob up, and splutter in the froth.

"Fool that I was to let a baby face—  
A full one—like a hunter's—round and red—  
Ass that I am, to give her more a place  
Within this heart"—and here he struck his head.  
"Sdeath are the almanac-compilers dead?  
But no—'tis all an artifice—a trick,  
Some newer face—some dandy underbred—  
Well—be it so—of all the sex I'm sick!"  
Here Juno wondered why she got a kick.

"'The moon is full'—where's her infernal scrawl?  
'And you are in my thought: that silver ray  
Will ever your dear image thus recall'—  
My image? Mine! She'd barter it away



For Pretty Poll's on an Italian's tray !  
Three weeks, full weeks—it is too plain—too bad—  
Too gross and palpable ! Oh cursed day !  
My senses have not crazed—but if they had—  
Such moons would worry a Mad Doctor mad !

“ Oh Nature ! wherefore did you frame a lip  
So fair for falsehood ? Wherefore have you dressed  
Deceit so angel-like ? ” With sudden rip

He tore six new buff buttons from his vest,  
And groped with hand impetuous at his breast,  
As if some flea from Juno's fleecy curls  
Had skipped to batten on a human chest,  
But no—the hand comes forth, and down it hurls  
A lady's miniature beset with pearls.

Yet long upon the floor it did not tarry,  
Before another outrage could be planned :  
Poor Juno, who had learned to fetch and carry,  
Picked up and brought it to her master's hand,  
Who seized it, and the mimic features scanned ;  
Yet not with the old loving ardent drouth,  
He only saw in that fair face, so bland,  
Look how he would at it, East, West, North, South,  
A moon, a full one, with eyes, nose, and mouth.

“ I'll go to her, ”—herewith his hat he touched,  
And gave his arm a most heroic brandish ;  
“ But no—I'll write ”—and here a spoon he clutched,  
And rammed it with such fury in the standish,  
A sable flood, like Niger the outlandish,  
Came rushing forth—Oh Antics and Buffoons !  
Ye never danced a caper so ran-tan-dish ;  
He jumped, thumped—tore—swore, more than ten dragoons  
At all nights, noons, moons, spoons, and pantaloons !



But soon ashamed, or weary, of such dancing,  
 Without a Colinet's or Weippert's band,  
 His rampant arms and legs left off their prancing,  
 And down he sat again, with pen in hand,  
 Not fiddle-headed, or King's pattern grand,  
 But one of Bramah's patent Caligraphics;  
 And many a sheet it spoiled before he planned  
 A likely letter. Used to pure seraphics,  
 Philippics sounded strangely after Sapphics.

Long while he rocked like Yankee in his chair,  
 Staring as he would stare the wainscot through,  
 And then he thrust his fingers in his hair,  
 And set his crest up like a cockatoo;  
 And trampled with his hoofs, a mere Yahoo:  
 At last, with many a tragic frown and start,  
 He penned a billet, very far from doux,  
 'T was sour, severe—but think of a man's smart  
 Writing with lunar caustic on his heart!

The letter done and closed, he lit his taper,  
 And sealing, as it were, his other mocks,  
 He stamped a grave device upon the paper,  
 No Cupid toying with his Psyche's locks,  
 But some stern head of the old Stoic stocks—  
 Then, fiercely striding through the staring streets,  
 He dropped the bitter missive in a box,  
 Beneath the cakes, and tarts, and sugared treats,  
 In Mrs. Smelling's window-full of sweets.

Soon sped the letter—thanks to modern plans,  
 Our English mails run little in the style  
 Of those great German wild-beast caravans,  
*Eil-wagens*—though they do not “go like *ile*,”—



But take a good twelve minutes to the mile—  
On Monday morning, just at ten o'clock,  
As Ellen hummed "The Young May Moon" the while,  
Her ear was startled by that double knock  
Which thrills the nerves like an electric shock!

Her right hand instantly forgot its cunning,  
And down into the street it dropped, or flung,  
Right on the hat and wig of Mr. Gunning,  
The jug that o'er her ten-week-stocks had hung;  
Then down the stairs by twos and threes she sprung,  
And through the passage like a burglar darted.  
Alas! how sanguine are the fond and young—  
She little thought, when with the coin she parted,  
She paid a sixpence to be broken-hearted!

Too dear at any price—had she but paid  
Nothing and taken discount, it was dear;  
Yet, worthless as it was, the sweet-lipped maid  
Oft kissed the letter in her brief career  
Between the lower and the upper sphere,  
Where, seated in a study bistre-brown,  
She tried to pierce a mystery as clear  
As *that* I once saw puzzling a young clown—  
"Reading Made Easy," but turned upside down.

Yet Ellen, like most misses in the land,  
Had sipped sky blue, through certain of her teens,  
At one of those establishments which stand  
In highways, byways, squares, and village greens;  
'T was called "The Grove,"—a name that always means  
Two poplars stand like sentries at the gate—  
Each window had its close Venetian screens  
And Holland blind, to keep in a cool state  
The twenty-four Young Ladies of Miss Bate.



But when the screens were left unclosed by chance,  
 The blinds not down, as if Miss B. were dead,  
 Each upper window to a passing glance  
 Revealed a little dimity white bed ;  
 Each lower one a cropped or curly head ;  
 And thrice a week, for soul's and health's economies,  
 Along the road the twenty-four were led,  
 Like coupled hounds, whipped in by two she-dominies  
 With faces rather graver than Melpomene's.

And thus their studies they pursued :—On Sunday,  
 Beef, collects, batter, texts from Dr. Price ;  
 Mutton, French, pancakes, grammar—of a Monday ;  
 Tuesday—hard dumplings, globes, Chapone's Advice ;  
 Wednesday—fancy-work, rice-milk (no spice) ;  
 Thursday—pork, dancing, currant-bolsters, reading ;  
 Friday—beef, Mr. Butler, and plain rice ;  
 Saturday—scraps, short lessons and short feeding,  
 Stocks, back-boards, hash, steel-collars, and good breeding.

From this repertory of female learning  
 Came Ellen once a quarter, always fatter !  
 To gratify the eyes of parents yearning.  
 'T was evident in bolsters, beef, and batter,  
 Hard dumplings, and rice-milk, she did not smatter,  
 But heartily, as Jenkins says, "demollidge ;"  
 But as for any learning, not to flatter,  
 As often happens when girls leave their college,  
 She had done nothing but grow out of knowledge.

At Long Division sums she had no chance,  
 And History was quite as bad a balk ;  
 Her French it was too small for Petty France,  
 And Priscian suffered in her English talk :



Her drawing might be done with cheese or chalk ;  
As for the globes—the use of the terrestrial  
She knew when she went out to take a walk,  
Or take a ride ; but, touching the celestial,  
Her knowledge hardly soared above the bestial.  
Nothing she learned of Juno, Pallas, Mars ;  
Georgium, for what she knew, might stand for Burgo,  
Sidus, for Master : then, for northern stars,  
The Bear she fancied did in sable fur go,  
The Bull was Farmer Giles's bull, and, ergo,  
The Ram the same that butted at her brother ;  
As for the Twins, she only guessed that Virgo,  
From coming after them, must be their mother ;  
The Scales weighed soap, tea, figs, like any other.  
As ignorant as donkeys in Gallicia,  
She thought that Saturn, with his Belt, was but  
A private, may be, in the Kent Militia ;  
That Charles's Wain would stick in a deep rut,  
That Venus was a real West End slut—  
Oh, gods and goddesses of Greek Theogony !  
That Berenice's Hair would curl and cut,  
That Cassiopœia's Chair was good Mahogany,  
Nicely French-polished—such was her cosmogony !  
Judge, then, how puzzled by the scientifics  
Lorenzo's letter came now to dispense ;  
A lizard, crawling over hieroglyphics,  
Knows quite as much of their Egyptian sense ;  
A sort of London fog, opaque and dense,  
Hung over verbs, nouns, genitives, and datives.  
In vain she pored and pored, with eyes intense,  
As well is known to oyster-operatives,  
Mere looking at the shells won't open natives.



Yet mixed with the hard words, so called, she found  
Some easy ones that gave her heart the staggers;  
Words giving tongue against her, like a hound  
At picking out a fault—words speaking daggers.  
The very letters seemed, in hostile swaggers,  
To lash their tails, but not as horses do,  
Nor like the tails of spaniels, gentle wagers,  
But like a lion's, ere he tears in two  
A black, to see if he is black all through.

With open mouth, and eyeballs at full stretch,  
She gazed upon the paper sad and sorry,  
No sound—no stir—quite petrified, poor wretch!  
As when Apollo, in old allegory,  
Down-stooping like a falcon, made his quarry  
Of Niobe, just turned to Purbeck stone;  
In fact, since Cupid got into a worry,  
Judge if a suing lover, let alone  
A lawyer, ever wrote in such a tone.

“Ellen, I will no longer call you mine,  
That time is past, and ne'er can come again;  
However other lights undimmed may shine,  
And undiminishing, one truth is plain,  
Which I, alas! have learned—that love can wane.  
The dream is passed away, the veil is rent,  
Your heart was not intended for my reign;  
A sphere so full, I feel, was never meant  
With one poor man in it to be content.

“It must, no doubt, be pleasant beyond measure,  
To wander underneath the whispering bough  
With Dian, a perpetual round of pleasure.  
Nay, fear not—I absolve of every vow--



Use—use your own celestial pleasure now,  
Your apogee and perigee arrange.

Herschel might aptly stare and wonder how,  
To me that constant disk has nothing strange—  
A counterfeit is something hard to change.

“Oh Ellen! I once little thought to write  
Such words unto you, with so hard a pen;  
Yet outraged love will change its nature quite,  
And turn like tiger hunted to its den—  
How Falsehood trips in her deceits on men!  
And stands abashed, discovered, and forlorn!  
Had it been only cusped—but gibbous—then  
It had gone down—but Faith drew back in scorn,  
And would not swallow it—without a horn!

“I am in occultation—that is plain:  
My culmination’s past—that’s quite as clear.  
But think not I will suffer your disdain  
To hang a lunar rainbow on a tear.  
Whate’er my pangs, they shall be buried here;  
No murmur—not a sigh—shall thence exhale:  
Smile on—and for your own peculiar sphere  
Choose some eccentric path—you can not fail,  
And pray stick on a most portentous tail!

“Farewell! I hope you are in health and gay;  
For me, I never felt so well and merry—  
As for the bran-new idol of the day,  
Monkey or man, I am indifferent—very!  
Nor even will ask who is the Happy Jerry;  
My jealousy is dead, or gone to sleep,  
But let me hint that you will want a wherry,  
Three weeks spring-tide, and not a chance of neap,  
Your parlors will be flooded six feet deep!



“ Oh Ellen ! how delicious was that light  
 Wherein our plighted shadows used to blend,  
 Meanwhile the melancholy bird of night—  
 No more of that—the lover’s at an end.  
 Yet if I may advise you, as a friend.  
 Before you next pen sentiments so fond,  
 Study your cycles—I would recommend  
 Our Airy—and let South be duly conned,  
 And take a dip, I beg, in the great Pond.

“ Farewell again ! it is farewell for ever !  
 Before your lamp of night be lit up thrice,  
 I shall be sailing, haply, for Swan River,  
 Jamaica, or the Indian land of rice,  
 Or Boothia Felix—happy clime of ice !  
 For Trebizond, or distant Scanderoon,  
 Ceylon, or Java redolent of spice,  
 Or settling, neighbor of the Cape baboon,  
 Or roaming o’er—The Mountains of the Moon !

“ What matters where ? my world no longer owns  
 That dear meridian spot from which I dated  
 Degrees of distance, hemispheres, and zones,  
 A globe all blank and barren and belated.  
 What matters where my future life be fated ?  
 With Lapland hordes, or Koords or Afric peasant,  
 A squatter in the western woods located,  
 What matters where ? My bias, at the present,  
 Leans to the country that revere the Crescent !

“ Farewell ! and if for ever, fare thee well !  
 As wrote another of my fellow-martyrs :  
 I ask no sexton for his passing-bell,  
 I do not ask your tear-drops to be starters,



However I may die, transfixed by Tartars,  
By Cobras poisoned, by Constrictors strangled,  
By shark or cayman snapt above the garters,  
By royal tiger or Cape lion mangled,  
Or starved to death in the wild woods entangled,

“Or tortured slowly at an Indian stake,  
Or smothered in the sandy hot simoon,  
Or crushed in Chili by earth’s awful quake,  
Or baked in lava, a Vesuvian tomb,  
Or dirged by syrens and the billows’ boom,  
Or stiffened to a stock mid Alpine snows,  
Or stricken by the plague with sudden doom,  
Or sucked by Vampyres to a last repose,  
Or self-destroyed, impatient of my woes.

“Still fare you well, however I may fare,  
A fare perchance to the Lethean shore,  
Caught up by rushing whirlwinds in the air,  
Or dashed down cataracts with dreadful roar :  
Nay, this warm heart, once yours unto the core,  
This hand you should have claimed in church or minster.

Some cannibal may gnaw”—she read no more—  
Prone on the carpet fell the senseless spinster,  
Losing herself, as ’twere, in Kidderminster !

Of course of such a fall the shock was great,  
In rushed the father, panting from the shop,  
In rushed the mother, without cap or tête,  
Pursued by Betty Housemaid with her mop ;  
The cook to change her apron did not stop,  
The charwoman next scrambled up the stair—  
All help to lift, to haul, to seat, to prop,  
And then they stand and smother round the chair,  
Exclaiming in a chorus, “Give her air !”



One sears her nostrils with a burning feather,  
 Another rams a phial up her nose ;  
 A third crooks all her finger-joints together,  
 A fourth rips up her laces and her bows,  
 While all by turns keep trampling on her toes,  
 And, when she gasps for breath, they pour in plump,  
 A sudden drench that down her thorax goes,  
 As if in fetching her—some wits so jump—  
 She must be fetched with water like a pump !

No wonder that thus drenched, and wrenched, and galled,  
 As soon as possible, from syncope's fetter  
 Her senses had the sense to be recalled,  
 "I'm better—that will do—indeed I'm better,"  
 She cried to each importunate besetter ;  
 Meanwhile escaping from the stir and smother,  
 The prudent parent seized the lover's letter,  
 (Daughters should have no secrets with a Mother,)  
 And read it through from one end to the other.

From first to last, she never skipped a word—  
 For young Lorenzo of all youths was one  
 So wise, so good, so moral she averred,  
 So clever, quite above the common run—  
 She made him sit by her, and called him son,  
 No matrimonial suit, e'en Duke's or Earl's,  
 So flattered her maternal feelings—none !  
 For mothers always think young men are pearls  
 Who come and throw themselves before their girls.

And now, at warning signal from her finger,  
 The servants most reluctantly withdrew,  
 But listening on the stairs contrived to linger ;  
 For Ellen, gazing round with eyes of blue,



At last the features of her parent knew,  
 And, summoning her breath and vocal powers,  
 "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed—"Oh, is it true—  
 Our dear Lorenzo?"—the dear name drew showers—  
 "*Ours*," cried the mother, "pray don't call him ours!"

"I never liked him, never, in my days!"  
 ["Oh yes—you did"—said Ellen with a sob,]  
 "There always *was* a something in his ways—  
 ["So sweet—so kind," said Ellen, with a throb,]  
 "His very face was what I call a snob,  
 And, spite of West End coats and pantaloons,  
 He had a sort of air of the swell mob;  
 I'm sure when he has come of afternoons  
 To tea, I've often thought—I'll watch my spoons!"

"The spoons!" cried Ellen, almost with a scream,  
 "Oh cruel—false as cruel—and unjust!  
 He that once stood so high in your esteem!"  
 "He!" cried the dame, grimacing her disgust,  
 "I like him?—yes—as any body must  
 An infidel that scoffs at God and Devil:  
 Did n't he bring you Bonaparty's bust?  
 Lord! when he calls I hardly can be civil—  
*My* favorite was always Mr. Neville.

"Lorenzo?—I should like, of earthly things,  
 To see him hanging forty cubits high;  
 Does n't he write like Captain Rocks and Swings?  
 Nay, in this very letter bid you try  
 To make yourself particular, and tie  
 A tail on—a prodigious tail!—Oh, daughter!  
 And don't he ask you down his area—fie!  
 And recommend to cut your being shorter,  
 With brick-bats round your neck in ponds of water?"



Alas ! to think how readers thus may vary  
 A writer's sense !—What mortal would have thought  
 Lorenzo's hints about Professor Airy  
 And Pond to such a likeness could be brought !  
 Who would have dreamed the simple way he taught  
 To make a comet of poor Ellen's moon,  
 Could furnish forth an image so distraught,  
 As Ellen, walking Regent Street at noon,  
 Tailed—like a fat Cape sheep, or a raccoon !

And yet, whate'er absurdity the brains  
 May hatch, it ne'er wants wet-nurses to suckle it ;  
 Or dry ones, like a hen, to take the pains  
 To lead the nudity abroad, and chuckle it ;  
 No whim so stupid but some fool will buckle it  
 To jingle bell-like on his empty head,  
 No mental mud—but some will knead and knuckle it,  
 And fancy they are making fancy-bread ;—  
 No ass has written, but some ass has read.

No dolts could lead if others did not follow 'em.  
 No Hahnemann could give decillionth drops  
 If any man could not be got to swallow 'em ;  
 But folly never comes to such full stops.  
 As soon, then, as the Mother made such swaps  
 Of all Lorenzo's meanings, heads and tails,  
 The Father seized upon her malaprops—  
 " My girl down areas—of a night ! 'Ods nails !  
 I'll stick the scoundrel on his area-rails !

" I will !—as sure as I was christened John !  
 A girl—well born—and bred—and schooled at Ditton—  
 Accomplished—handsome—with a tail stuck on !  
 And chucked—Zounds !—chucked in horseponds like a  
 kitten ;



I wish I had been by when that was written!"—  
 And doubling to a fist each ample hand,  
 The empty air he boxed with, à la Britton,  
 As if in training for a fight, long planned,  
 With Nobody—for love—at No Man's Land!

"I'll pond—I'll tail him!" In a voice of thunder  
 He recommenced his fury and his fuss,  
 Loud, open-mouthed, and wedded to his blunder,  
 Like one of those great guns that end in buss.

"I'll teach him to write ponds and tails to us!"  
 But while so menacing this-that-and-t'others,  
 His wife broke in with certain truths, as thus:  
 "Men are not women—fathers can't be mothers—  
 Females are females"—and a few such others.

So saying, with rough nudges, willy-nilly,  
 She hustled him outside the chamber-door,  
 Looking, it must be owned, a little silly;  
 And then she did as the Carinthian boor  
 Serves (Goldsmith says) the traveller that's poor:  
*Id est*, she shut him in the outer space,  
 With just as much apology—no more—  
 As Boreas would present in such a case,  
 For slamming the street door right in your face.

And now the secrets of the sex thus kept,  
 What passed in that important tête-à-tête  
 'Twixt dam and daughter, nobody except  
 Paul Pry, or his Twin Brother, could narrate—  
 So turn we to Lorenzo, left of late  
 In front of Mrs. Snelling's sugared snacks,  
 In such a very waspish stinging state—  
 But now at the Old Dragon, stretched on racks,  
 Fretting, and biting down his nails to tacks;



Because that new fast four-inside—the Comet,  
Instead of keeping its appointed time,  
But deviated some few minutes from it,  
A thing with all astronomers a crime,  
And he had studied in that lore sublime;  
Nor did his heat get any less or shorter  
For pouring upon passion's unslacked lime  
A well-grown glass of Cogniac and water,  
Mixed stiff as starch by the Old Dragon's daughter.

At length, "Fair Ellen" sounding with a flourish,  
The Comet came all bright, bran new, and smart:  
Meanwhile the melody conspired to nourish  
The hasty spirit in Lorenzo's heart,  
And soon upon the roof he "topped his part,"  
Which never had a more impatient man on,  
Wishing devoutly that the steeds would start  
Like lightning greased—or, as at Ballyshannon  
Sublimed, "greased lightning shot out of a cannon!"

For, ever since the letter left his hand,  
His mind had been in vascillating motion,  
Dodge-dodging like a flustered crab on land,  
That can not ask its way, and has no notion  
If right or left leads to the German Ocean—  
Hatred and Love by turns enjoyed monopolies,  
Till, like a Doctor following his own potion,  
Before a learned pig could spell Acropolis,  
He went and booked himself for our metropolis.

"Oh, for a horse," or rather four—"with wings!"  
For so he put his wish into the plural—  
No relish he retained for country things,  
He could not join felicity with rural,



His thoughts were all with London and the mural.  
Where architects—not paupers—heap and *pile* stones :  
Or with the horses' muscles, called the crural,  
How fast they could macadamize the milestones  
Which passed as tediously as gall or bile stones.

Blind to the picturesque, he ne'er perceived  
In Nature one artistical fine stroke ;  
For instance, how that purple hill relieved  
The beggar-woman in the gipsy-poke,  
And how the red cow carried off her cloak ;  
Or how the aged horse, so gaunt and grey,  
Threw off a noble mass of beech and oak !  
Or, how the tinker's ass, beside the way,  
Came boldly out from a white cloud—to bray !

Such things have no delight for worried men,  
That travel full of care and anxious smart :  
Coachmen and horses are your artists then ;  
Just try a team of draughtsmen with the Dart,  
Take Shee, for instance, Etty, Jones, and Hart,  
Let every neck be put into its noose,  
Then tip 'em on the flank to make 'em start,  
And see how they will draw !—Four screws let loose  
Would make a difference—or I'm a goose !

Nor cared he more about the promised crops,  
If oats were looking up, or wheat was laid,  
For flies in turnips, or a blight in hops,  
Or how the barley prospered or decayed ;  
In short, no items of the farming trade,  
Peas, beans, tares, 'taters, could his mind beguile ;  
Nor did he answer to the servant maid.  
That always asked at every other mile,  
“Where do we change, sir?” with her sweetest smile.



Nor more he listened to the Politician,  
 Who lectured on his left, a formal prig,  
 Of Belgium's, Greece's, Turkey's sad condition,  
 Not worth a cheese, an olive, or a fig;  
 Nor yet unto the critic, fierce and big,  
 Who, holding forth, all lonely, in his glory,  
 Called one a sad bad Poet—and a Whig,  
 And one, a first-rate proser—and a Tory;  
 So critics judge, now, of a song or story.

Nay, when the coachman spoke about the 'Leger,  
 Of Popsy, Mopsy, Bergamotte, and Civet,  
 Of breeder, trainer, owner, backer, hedger,  
 And nags as right, or righter than a trivet,  
 The theme his cracked attention could not rivet;  
 Though leaning forward to the man of whips,  
 He seemed to give an ear—but did not give it,  
 For Ellen's moon (that saddest of her slips)  
 Would not be hidden by a "new Eclipse."

If any thought e'er flitted in his head  
 Belonging to the sphere of Bland and Crocky,  
 It was to wish the team all thorough-bred,  
 And every buckle on their backs a jockey:  
 When spinning down a steep descent, or rocky,  
 He never watched the wheel, and longed to lock it,  
 He liked the bolters that set off so cocky  
 Nor did it shake a single nerve or shock it,  
 Because the Comet raced against the Rocket.

Thanks to which rivalry, at last the journey  
 Finished an hour and a quarter under time,  
 Without a case for surgeon or attorney,  
 Just as St. James's rang its seventh chime,



And now, descending from his seat sublime,  
Behold Lorenzo, weariest of wights,  
In that great core of brick, and stone, and lime,  
Called England's Heart—but which, as seen of nights,  
Has rather more the appearance of its lights.

Away he scudded—elbowing, perforce,  
Through cads, and lads, and many a Hebrew worrier,  
With fruit, knives, pencils—all dirt cheap, of course,  
Coachmen, and hawkers, of the Globe and “Currier;”  
Away! the cookmaid is not such a skurrier,  
When, fit to split her gingham as she goes,  
With six just striking on the clock to hurry her,  
She strides along with one of her three beaux,  
To get well placed at “Ashley's”—now Ducrow's.

“I wonder if her moon is full to-night!”  
He muttered, jealous as a Spanish Don,  
When, lo! to aggravate that inward spite,  
In glancing at a board he spied thereon  
A play-bill for dramatic folks to con,  
In letters such as those may read, who run,  
“‘KING JOHN’—oh yes—I recollect King John!  
‘My Lord, they say five moons’—*five* moons! well done!  
I wonder Ellen was content with one!

“Five moons—all full! and all at once in heaven!  
She should have lived in that prolific reign!”  
Here he arrived in front of number seven,  
The abode of all his joy and all his pain;  
A sudden tremor shot through every vein,  
He wished he'd come up by the heavy wagon,  
And felt an impulse to turn back again,  
Oh, that he ne'er had quitted the Old Dragon!  
Then came a sort of longing for a flagon.



His tongue and palate seemed so parched with drouth—

The very knocker filled his soul with dread,  
As if it had a living lion's mouth,

With teeth so terrible, and tongue so red,

In which he had engaged to put his head.

The bell-pull turned his courage into vapor,

As though 't would cause a shower-bath to shed  
Its thousand shocks, to make him sigh and caper—  
He looked askance, and did not like the scraper.

“What business have I here? (he thought) a dunce

A hopeless passion thus to fan and foster,  
Instead of putting out its wick at once;

She's gone—it's very evident I've lost her—

And to the wanton wind I should have tossed her—  
Pish! I will leave her with her moon, at ease,

To toast and eat it, like a single Gloster,  
Or cram some fool with it, as good green cheese,  
Or make a honey-moon, if so she please.

“Yes—here I leave her,” and as thus he spoke,

He plied the knocker with such needless force,  
It almost split the pannel of sound oak;

And then he went as wildly through a course  
Of ringing, till he made abrupt divorce  
Between the bell and its dumbfounded handle;

While up ran Betty, out of breath and hoarse,  
And thrust into his face her blown-out candle,  
To recognize the author of such scandal.

Who, presto! cloak, and carpet-bag to boot,

Went stumbling, rumbling, up the dark one pair,  
With other noise than his whose “very foot  
Had music in 't as he came up the stair:”



And then with no more manners than a bear,  
His hat upon his head, no matter how,  
No modest tap his presence to declare,  
He bolted in a room, without a bow,  
And there sat Ellen, with a marble brow !  
Like fond Medora, watching at her window,  
Yet not of any Corsair bark in search—  
The jutting lodging-house of Mrs. Lindo,  
“The Cheapest House in Town” of Todd and Sturch,  
The private house of Reverend Doctor Birch,  
The public-house, closed nightly at eleven,  
And then that house of prayer, the parish church,  
Some roofs and chimneys, and a glimpse of heaven,  
Made up the whole look-out of Number Seven.  
Yet something in the prospect so absorbed her,  
She seemed quite drowned and dozing in a dream ;  
As if her own beloved full moon still orbed her,  
Lulling her fancy in some lunar scheme,  
With lost Lorenzo, may be, for its theme—  
Yet when Lorenzo touched her on the shoulder,  
She started up with an abortive scream,  
As if some midnight ghost, from regions colder,  
Had come within his bony arms to fold her.  
“Lorenzo!”—“Ellen!”—then came “Sir!” and “Madam!”  
They tried to speak, but hammered at each word,  
As if it were a flint for great MacAdam ;  
Such broken English never else was heard,  
For like an aspen leaf each nerve was stirred,  
A chilly tremor thrilled them through and through,  
Their efforts to be stiff were quite absurd,  
They shook like jellies made without a due  
And proper share of common joiner’s glue.



“Ellen ! I ’m come—to bid you—fare—farewell”

They thus began to fight their verbal duel ;

“ Since some more hap—hap—happy man must dwell—”

“ Alas—Loren—Lorenzo !—cru—cru—cruel !”

For so they split their words like grits for gruel.

At last the Lover, as he long had planned,

Drew out that once inestimable jewel,

Her portrait, which was erst so fondly scanned,

And thrust poor Ellen’s face into her hand.

“ There—take it, Madam—take it back I crave,

The face of one—but I must now forget her,

Bestow it on whatever hapless slave

Your art has last enticed into your fetter—

And there are your epistles—there ! each letter !

I wish no record of your vow’s infractions,

Send them to South—or Children—you had better—

They will be novelties—rare benefactions

To shine in Philosophical Transactions !

“ Take them—pray take them—I resign them quite !

And there ’s the glove you gave me leave to steal—

And there ’s the handkerchief, so pure and white

Once sanctified by tears, when Miss O’Neill—

But no—you did not—cannot—do not feel

A Juliet’s faith, that time could only harden !

Fool that I was, in my mistaken zeal !

I should have led you—by your leave and pardon—

To Bartley’s Orrery, not Covent Garden !

“ And here ’s the birth-day ring—nor man nor devil

Should once have torn it from my living hand,

Perchance ’t will look as well on Mr. Neville ;

And that—and that is all—and now I stand



Absolved of each dissevered tie and band—  
And so farewell, till Time's eternal sickle

Shall reap our lives; in this, or foreign land  
Some other may be found for truth to stickle  
Almost as fair—and not so false and fickle!"

And there he ceased: as truly it was time,  
For of the various themes that left his mouth,  
One half surpassed her intellectual climb:

She knew no more than the old Hill of Howth  
About that "Children of a larger growth,"  
Who notes proceedings of the F. R. S.'s;

Kit North, was just as strange to her as South,  
Except the South the weathercock expresses,  
Nay, Bartley's Orrery defied her guesses.

Howbeit some notion of his jealous drift

She gathered from the simple outward fact  
That her own lap contained each slighted gift;  
Though quite unconscious of his cause to act  
So like Othello, with his face unblackened;

"Alas!" she sobbed, "your cruel course I see  
These faded charms no longer can attract;  
Your fancy palls, and you would wander free,  
And lay your own apostacy on me!

"*I*, false!—unjust Lorenzo!—and to *you*!

Oh, all ye holy gospels that incline  
The soul to truth, bear witness I am true!

By all that lives, of earthly or divine—  
So long as this poor throbbing heart is mine—  
*I* false!—the world shall change its course as soon?

True as the streamlet to the stars that shine—  
True as the dial to the sun at noon,  
True as the tide to 'yonder blessed moon'!"



And as she spoke, she pointed through the window,  
Somewhere above the houses' distant tops,  
Betwixt the chimney-pots of Mrs. Lindo,  
And Todd and Sturch's cheapest of all shops  
For ribbons, laces, muslins, silks, and fops;—  
Meanwhile, as she upraised her face so Grecian,  
And eyes suffused with scintillating drops,  
Lorenzo looked, too, o'er the blinds Venetian,  
To see the sphere so troubled with repletion.

“The Moon!” he cried, and an electric spasm  
Seemed all at once his features to distort,  
And fixed his mouth, a dumb and gaping chasm—  
His faculties benumbed and all amort—  
At last his voice came, of most shrilly sort,  
Just like a sea-gull's wheeling round a rock—  
“Speak!—Ellen!—is your sight indeed so short!  
The Moon!—Brute! savage that I am, and block!  
The Moon! (O, ye Romantics, what a shock!)  
Why that's the new Illuminated Clock!”







BAILEY BALLADS.







## BAILEY BALLADS.

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To anticipate mistake, the above title refers not to Thomas Haynes—or F. W. N.—or even to any Publishers—but the original Old Bailey. It belongs to a set of Songs composed during the courtly leisure of what is technically called a Juryman in Waiting—that is, one of a *corps de reserve*, held in readiness to fill up the gaps which extraordinary mental exertion—or sedentary habits—or starvation, may make in the Council of Twelve. This wrong box it was once my fortune to get into. On the 5th of November, at the 6th hour, leaving my bed and the luxurious perusal of Taylor on Early Rising—I walked from a yellow fog into a black one, in my unwilling way to the New Court, which sweet herbs even could not sweeten, for the sole purpose of making criminals uncomfortable. A neighbor, a retired sea Captain with a wooden leg, now literally a jury-mast, limped with me from Highbury Terrace on the same hanging errand—a personified Halter. Our legal drill Corporal was Serjeant Arabin, and when our muster-roll without butter was over, before breakfast, the uninitiated can form no idea of the ludicrousness of the excuses of the would-be Non-jurors—aggravated by the solemnity of a previous oath, the delivery from a witness-box like a pulpit,



and the professional gravity of the Court. One weakly old gentleman had been ordered by his physician to eat little, but often, and apprehended even fatal consequences from being locked up with an obstinate eleven; another conscientious demurrer desired time to make himself master of his duties, by consulting Jonathan Wild, Vidocq, Hardy Vaux, and Lazarillo de Tormes. But the number of deaf men who objected the hardness of their hearing criminal cases was beyond belief. The Publishers of "Curtis on the Ear" and "Wright on the Ear"—(two popular surgical works, though rather suggestive of Pugilism)—ought to have stenorian agents in that Court. Defective on one side myself, I was literally ashamed to strike up singly in such a chorus of muffled double drums, and tacitly suffered my ears to be boxed with a common Jury. I heard, on the right hand, a Judge's charge—an arraignment and evidence to match, with great dexterity, but failing to catch the defence from the left hand, refused naturally to concur in any sinister verdict. The learned Serjeant, I presume, as I was only half deaf, only half discharged me—committing me to the relay-box, as a juror in Waiting—and from which I was relieved only by his successor, Sir Thomas Denman, and to justify my dullness, I made even his stupendous voice to repeat my dismissal twice over!

It was during this compelled attendance that the project struck me of a Series of Lays of Larceny, combining Sin and Sentiment in that melo-dramatic mixture which is so congenial to the cholera morbid sensibility of the present age and stage. The following are merely specimens, but a hint from the Powers that be—in the Strand—will promptly produce a handsome volume of the remainder, with a grateful dedication to the learned Serjeant.



## LINES TO MARY.

(AT NO. 1, NEWGATE, FAVORED BY MR. WONTNER.)

O MARY, I believed you true,  
And I was blest in so believing;  
But till this hour I never knew—  
That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I snatched a tender kiss,  
Or some such trifle when I courted,  
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,  
But never owned you were transported!

But then to gaze on that fair face—  
It would have been an unfair feeling,  
To dream that you had pilfered lace—  
And Flints had suffered from your stealing!

Or when my suit I first preferred,  
To bring your coldness to repentance,  
Before I hammered out a word,  
How could I dream you 'd heard a sentence!

Or when with all the warmth of youth  
I strove to prove my love no fiction,  
How could I guess I urged a truth  
On one already past conviction!

How could I dream that ivory part,  
Your hand—where I have looked and lingered,  
Altho' it stole away my heart,  
Had been held up as one light-fingered!



In melting verse your charms I drew,  
The charms in which my muse delighted—  
Alas! the lay, I thought was new,  
Spoke only what had been *indicted*!

Oh! when that form, a lovely one,  
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,  
I little thought that you had run  
A chance of hanging on your own too.

You said you picked me from the world,  
My vanity it now must shock it—  
And down at once my pride is hurled,  
You've picked me—and you've picked a pocket!

Oh! when our love had got so far,  
The banns were read by Dr. Daly,  
Who asked if there was any *bar*—  
Why did not some one shout "Old Bailey?"

But when you robed your flesh and bones  
In that pure white that angel garb is,  
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,  
Among the Joans that link with *Darbies*?

And when the parson came to say,  
My goods were yours, if I had got any,  
And you should honor and obey,  
Who could have thought—"O Bay of Botany."

But, oh—the worst of all your slips  
I did not till this day discover—  
That down in Deptford's prison-ships,  
Oh, Mary! you've a hulking lover!



## No. II.

"Love, with a witness!"

HE has shaved off his whiskers and blackened his brows,  
Wears a patch and a wig of false hair—  
But it's him—Oh it's him!—we've exchanged lovers' vows,  
When I lived up in Cavendish Square.

He had beautiful eyes, and his lips were the same,  
And his voice was as soft as a flute—  
Like a Lord or a Marquis he looked, when he came,  
To make love in his master's best suit.

If I lived for a thousand long years from my birth,  
I shall never forget what he told;  
How he loved me beyond the rich women of earth,  
With their jewels and silver and gold!

When he kissed me and bade me adieu with a sigh,  
By the light of the sweetest of moons,  
Oh how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye  
To my Missis's tea-pot and spoons!

## No. III.

"I'd be a Parody."—BAILEY.

WE met—'t was in a mob—and I thought he had done me—  
I felt—I could not feel—for no watch was upon me;  
He ran—the night was cold—and his pace was unaltered,  
I too longed much to pelt—but my small-boned legs faltered,  
I wore my bran new boots—and unrivalled their brightness,  
They fit me to a hair—how I hated their tightness!  
I called, but no one came, and my stride had a tether  
Oh *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather!



And once again we met—and an old pal was near him,  
He swore a something low—but 't was no use to fear him;  
I seized upon his arm, he was mine and mine only,  
And stept—as he deserved—to cells wretched and lonely :  
And there he will be tried—but I shall ne'er receive her,  
The watch that went too sure for an artful deceiver;  
The world may think me gay—heart and feet ache together,  
Oh *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather.



POEMS, BY A POOR GENTLEMAN.







## POEMS, BY A POOR GENTLEMAN.

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There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,  
The Muse found Scroggins stretched beneath a rug.  
GOLDSMITH.

POETRY and poverty begin with the same letter, and, in more respects than one, are "as like each other as two P's." Nine tailors are the making of a man, but not so the nine Muses. Their votaries are notoriously only water-drinkers, eating mutton cold, and dwelling in attics. Look at the miserable lives and deaths recorded of the poets. "Butler," says Mr. D'Israeli, "lived in a cellar, and Goldsmith in a Deserted Village. Savage ran wild—Chatterton was carried on St. Augustine's Back like a young gipsy; and his half-starved *Rowley* always said heigho, when he heard of gammon and spinach. Gray's days were ode-ious, and Gay's gaiety was fabulous. Falconer was shipwrecked. Homer was a blind beggar, and Pope raised a subscription for him, and went snacks. Crabbe found himself in the poor-house, Spenser could n't afford a great-coat, and Milton was led up and down by his daughters, to save the expense of a dog."

It seems all but impossible to be a poet, in easy circumstances. Pope has shown how verses are written by Ladies of Quality—and what execrable rhymes Sir Richard Blackmore composed in his chariot. In a hay-cart he might have sung like a Burns.



As the editors of magazines and annuals (save one) well know, the truly poetical contributions which can be inserted, are not those which come post free, in rose-colored tinted paper, scented with musk, and sealed with fancy wax. The real article arrives by post unpaid, sealed with rosin, or possibly with a dab of pitch or cobbler's wax, bearing the impression of a halfpenny, or more frequently of a button—the paper is dingy and scant—the hand-writing has evidently come to the author by nature—there are trips in the spelling, and Priscian is a little scratched or so—but a rill of the true Castalian runs through the whole composition, though its fountain-head was a broken tea-cup, instead of a silver standish. A few years ago I used to be favored with numerous poems for insertion, which bore the signature of Fitz-Norman; the crest on the seal had probably descended from the Conquest, and the packets were invariably delivered by a Patagonian footman in green and gold. The author was evidently rich, and the verses were as palpably poor; they were declined, with the usual answer to correspondents who do not answer, and the communications ceased—as I thought forever, but I was deceived; a few days back one of the dirtiest and raggedest of street urchins delivered a soiled whity brown packet, closed with a wafer, which bore the impress of a thimble. The paper had more the odor of tobacco than of rose leaves, and the writing appeared to have been perpetrated with a skewer dipped in coffee-grounds; but the old signature of Fitz-Norman had the honor to be my “very humble servant” at the foot of the letter. It was too certain that he had fallen from affluence to indigence, but the adversity which had wrought such a change upon the writing implements, had, as usual, improved his poetry. The neat crowquill never traced on the superfine Bath paper any thing so unaffected as the following:—



## STANZAS

WRITTEN UNDER THE FEAR OF BAILIFFS.

Alas! of all the noxious things  
 That wait upon the poor,  
 Most cruel is that Felon-Fear  
 That haunts the "Debtor's Door!"

Saint Sepulchre's begins to toll,  
 The Sheriffs seek the cell:—  
 So I expect their officers,  
 And tremble at the bell!

I look for *beer*, and yet I quake  
 With fright at every *tap*;  
 And dread a *double-knock*, for oh!  
 I've not a *single rap*!

## SONNET

WRITTEN IN A WORKHOUSE.

OH, blessed ease! no more of heaven I ask:  
 The overseer is gone—that vandal elf—  
 And hemp, unpicked, may go and hang itself,  
 While I, untasked, except with Cowper's Task,  
 In blessed literary leisure bask,  
 And lose the workhouse, saving in the works  
 Of Goldsmiths, Johnsons, Sheridans, and Burkes;  
 Eat prose and drink of the Castalian flask;  
 The themes of Locke, the anecdotes of Spense,  
 The humorous of Gay, the Grave of Blair—



Unlearnéd toil, unlettered labors hence !  
 But, hark ! I hear the master on the stair  
 And Thomson's Castle, that of Indolence,  
 Must be to me a castle in the air.

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SONNET.—A SOMNAMBULIST.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."—BYRON.

METHOUGHT—for Fancy is the strangest gadder  
 When sleep all homely mundane ties hath riven—  
 Methought that I ascended Jacob's ladder,  
 With heartfelt hope of getting up to Heaven :  
 Some bell, I know not whence, was sounding seven  
 When I set foot upon that long one-pair ;  
 And still I climbed when it had chimed eleven,  
 Nor yet of landing-place became aware ;  
 Step after step in endless flight seemed there ;  
 But on, with steadfast hope, I struggled still,  
 To gain that blessed haven from all care,  
 Where tears are wiped, and hearts forget their ill,  
 When, lo ! I wakened on a sadder stair—  
 Tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp—upon the Brixton Mill !

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FUGITIVE LINES ON PAWNING MY WATCH.

"Aurum *pot-a-bile*."—Gold biles the pot.—FREE TRANSLATION.

FAREWELL then, my golden repeater,  
 We 're come to my Uncle's old shop ;  
 And hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,  
 The Cerberus growls for a sop.



To quit thee, my comrade diurnal,  
My feelings will certainly scotch;  
But oh! there 's a riot internal,  
And Famine calls out for the Watch!

Oh! hunger 's a terrible trial,  
I really must have a relief—  
So here goes the plates of your dial  
To fetch me some Williams's beef!

As famished as any lost seaman,  
I've fasted for many a dawn,  
And now must play chess with the Demon,  
And give it a *check* with a *pawn*.

I've fasted, since dining at Bunce's,  
Two days with true Perceval zeal—  
And now must make up at my Uncle's,  
By getting a *duplicate* meal.

No Peachum it is, or young Lockit,  
That rifles my fob with a snatch;  
Alas! I must pick my own pocket,  
And make gravy-soup of my watch!

So long I have wandered a starver,  
I'm getting as keen as a hawk;  
Time's long hand must take up a carver,  
His short hand lay hold of a fork.

Right heavy and sad the event is,  
But oh! it is Poverty's crime;  
I've been such a Brownrigg's Apprentice,  
I thus must be "out of my Time."



Folks talk about dressing for dinner,  
But I have for dinner undrest;  
Since Christmas, as I am a sinner,  
I've eaten a suit of my best.

I haven't a rag or a mummock  
To fetch me a chop or a steak;  
I wish that the coats of my stomach  
Were such as my Uncle would take!

When dishes were ready with garnish  
My watch used to warn with a chime—  
But now my repeater must furnish  
The dinner in lieu of the time!

My craving will have no denials,  
I can't fob it off, if you stay,  
So go—and the old Seven Dials  
Must tell me the time of the day.

Your chimes I shall never more hear 'em,  
To part is a Tic Douloureux!  
But Tempus has his edax rerum,  
And I have my Feeding-Time too!

Farewell then, my golden repeater,  
We're come to my Uncle's old shop—  
And Hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,  
The Cerberus growls for a sop!

Alas! when in Brook Street the upper  
In comfort I lived between walls,  
I've gone to a dance for my supper;—  
But now I must go to Three Balls!



**DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.**







## DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.

BY AN OLD SERVANT.

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It is not often when the Nine descend that they go so low as into areas; it is certain, nevertheless, that they were in the habit of visiting John Humphreys, in the kitchen of No. 189, Portland-Place, disguised, no doubt, from mortal eye, as seamstresses or charwomen—at all events, as Winifred Jenkins says, “they were never ketch’d in the fact.” Perhaps it was the rule of the house to allow no followers, and they were obliged to come by stealth, and to go in the same manner; indeed, from the fragmental nature of John’s verses, they appear to have often left him very abruptly. Other pieces bear witness of the severe distraction he suffered between his domestic duty to the Umphravilles, twelve in family, with their guests, and his own secret visitors from Helicon. It must have been provoking, when seeking for a simile, to be sent in search of a salt-cellar; or when hunting for a rhyme, to have to look for a missing teaspoon. By a whimsical peculiarity, the causes of these lets and hindrances are recorded in his verses, by way of parenthesis; and though John’s poetry was of a decidedly serious and moralising turn, these little insertions give it so whimsical a character, as to make it an appropriate offering in the present work. Poor John! the grave has put a period to his di-



dactics, and the publication of his lays in "Hood's Own," therefore, cannot give him pain, as it certainly would have done otherwise, for the MSS. were left by last will and testament "to his very worthy master, Joshua Umphraville, Esq., to be printed in *Elegant Extracts, or Flowers of English Poetry.*" The Editor is indebted to the kindness of that gentleman for a selection from the papers; which he has been unable to arrange chronologically, as John always wrote in too great a hurry to put dates. Whether he ever sent any pieces to the periodicals is unknown, for he kept his authorship as secret as Junius's, till his death discovered his propensity for poetry, and happily cleared up some points in John's character, which had appeared to his disadvantage. Thus when his eye was "in fine frenzy rolling," bemused only with Castalian water, he had been suspected of being "bemused with beer;" and when he was supposed to indulge in a morning sluggishness, he was really rising with the sun, at least with Apollo. He was accused occasionally of shamming deafness, whereas it was doubtless nothing but the natural difficulty of hearing more than Nine at once. Above all, he was reckoned almost wilfully unfortunate in his breakage; but it appears that when deductions for damage were made from his wages, the poetry ought to have been stopped, and not the money. The truth is, John's master was a classical scholar, and so accustomed to read of Pegasus, and to associate a Poet with a horseman, that he never dreamed of one as a Footman.

The Editor is too diffident to volunteer an elaborate criticism of the merits of Humphreys as a Bard—but he presumes to say thus much, that there are several Authors, of the present day, whom John ought not to walk behind.



## THE BROKEN DISH.

WHAT'S life but full of care and doubt,  
 With all its fine humanities,  
 With parasols we walk about,  
 Long pigtails and such vanities.

We plant pomegranite trees and things,  
 And go in gardens sporting,  
 With toys and fans of peacock's wings,  
 To painted ladies courting.

We gather flowers of every hue,  
 And fish in boats for fishes,  
 Build summer-houses painted blue—  
 But life's as frail as dishes.

Walking about their groves of trees,  
 Blue bridges and blue rivers,  
 How little thought them two Chinese,  
 They'd both be smashed to shivers.

## ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY MISTRESS'S GRAND ROUT.

Oh Peace! oh come with me and dwell—  
 But stop, for there's the bell.  
 Oh Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches,  
 On Wednesday, when there's very few  
 In loft or pew—  
 Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch's.  
 Oh Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage—  
 Hush! there's a carriage.



Oh Peace ! thou art the best of earthly goods—  
The five Miss Woods.

Oh Peace ! thou art the Goddess I adore—  
There come some more.

Oh Peace ! thou child of solitude and quiet—  
That's Lord Drum's footman, for he loves a riot.  
Oh Peace !

Knocks will not cease.  
Oh Peace ! thou wert for human comfort planned—  
That's Weippert's band.

Oh Peace ! how glad I welcome thy approaches—  
I hear the sound of coaches.

Oh Peace ! oh Peace !—another carriage stops—  
It's early for the Blenkinsops.

Oh Peace ! with thee I love to wander,  
But wait till I have showed up Lady Squander,  
And now I've seen her up the stair,  
Oh Peace !—but here comes Captain Hare,  
Oh Peace ! thou art the slumber of the mind,  
Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken—  
If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portsoken,  
Alderman Gobble won't be far behind ;  
Oh Peace ! serene in worldly shyness—  
Make way there for his Serene Highness !

Oh Peace ! if you do not disdain  
To dwell amongst the menial train,  
I have a silent place, and lone,  
That you and I may call our own ;  
Where tumult never makes an entry—  
Susan, what business have you in my pantry ?



Oh Peace! but there is Major Monk,  
At variance with his wife—Oh Peace!  
And that great German, Vander Trunk,  
And that great talker, Miss Apreece;  
Oh Peace! so dear to poets' quills—  
They're just beginning their quadrilles—  
Oh Peace! our greatest renovator;—  
I wonder where I put my waiter—  
Oh Peace!—but here my Ode I'll cease;  
I have no peace to write of Peace.

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## A FEW LINES ON COMPLETING FORTY-SEVEN.

WHEN I reflect with serious sense,  
While years and years roll on,  
How soon I may be summoned hence—  
There's cook a-calling John.

Our lives are built so frail and poor,  
On sand and not on rocks,  
We're hourly standing at Death's door—  
There's some one double-knocks.

All human days have settled terms,  
Our fates we cannot force;  
This flesh of mine will feed the worms—  
They're come to lunch of course.

And when my body's turned to clay,  
And dear friends hear my knell,  
O let them give a sigh and say—  
I hear the upstairs bell.



## TO MARY HOUSEMAID,

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

MARY, you know I've no love-nonsense,  
And, though I pen on such a day,  
I don't mean flirting, on my conscience,  
Or writing in the courting way.

Though Beauty hasn't formed your feature,  
It saves you, p'rhaps, from being vain,  
And many a poor unhappy creature  
May wish that she was half as plain.

Your virtues would not rise an inch,  
Although your shape was two foot taller,  
And wisely you let others pinch  
Great waists and feet to make them smaller.

You never try to spare your hands  
From getting red by household duty;  
But, doing all that it commands,  
Their coarseness is a moral beauty.

Let Susan flourish her fair arms  
And at your odd legs sneer and scoff,  
But let her laugh, for you have charms  
That nobody knows nothing of.



**BALLADS:**

SERIOUS, VERY SERIOUS, AND PATHETIC.







## BALLADS.

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### THE POACHER.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

But a bold pheasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH.

BILL BLOSSOM was a nice young man,  
And drove the Bury coach;  
But bad companions were his bane,  
And egged him on to poach.

They taught him how to net the birds,  
And how to noose the hare;  
And with a wiry terrier,  
He often set a snare.

Each "shiny night" the moon was bright,  
To park, preserve, and wood  
He went, and kept the game alive,  
By killing all he could.

Land-owners, who had rabbits, swore  
That he had this demerit—  
Give him an inch of warren, he  
Would take a yard of ferret.



At partridges he was not nice ;  
And many, large and small,  
Without Hall's powder, without lead,  
Were sent to Leaden-Hall.

He did not fear to take a deer  
From forest, park, or lawn ;  
And without courting lord or duke,  
Used frequently to *fawn*.

Folks who had hares discovered snares—  
His course they could not stop :  
No barber he, and yet he made  
Their hares a perfect crop.

To pheasant he was such a foe,  
He tried the keeper's nerves ;  
They swore he never seemed to have  
*Jam* satis of *preserves*.

The Shooter went to beat, and found  
No sporting worth a pin,  
Unless he tried the *covers* made  
Of silver, plate, or tin.

In Kent the game was little worth,  
In Surrey not a button ;  
The Speaker said he often tried  
The *Manors* about *Sutton*.

No county from his tricks was safe ;  
In each he tried his lucks,  
But when the keepers were in *Beds*,  
He often was at *Bucks*.



And when he went to *Bucks*, alas !  
They always came to *Herts* ;  
And even *Oxon* used to wish  
That he had his deserts.

But going to his usual *Hants*,  
Old *Cheshire* laid his plots ;  
He got entrapped by legal *Berks*,  
And lost his life in *Notts*.

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## THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!"—MERCUTIO.

'T WAS twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimes,  
When all in hungry trim,  
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup  
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

Said he, "Upon this dainty cod  
How bravely I shall sup,"—  
When, whiter than the table-cloth,  
A GHOST came rising up !

"O, father dear, O, mother dear,  
Dear Kate, and brother Jim—  
You know when some one went to sea—  
Don't cry—but I am him !

"You hope some day with fond embrace  
To greet your absent Jack,  
But oh, I am come here to say  
I'm never coming back !



" From Alexandria we set sail,  
With corn, and oil, and figs,  
But steering ' too much Sow ' we struck  
Upon the Sow and Pigs !

" The Ship we pumped till we could see  
Old England from the tops ;  
When down she went with all our hands,  
Right in the Channel's Chops.

" Just give a look in Norey's chart,  
The very place it tells ;  
I think it says twelve fathom deep,  
Clay bottom, mixed with shells.

" Well there we are till ' hands aloft,'  
We have at last a call ;  
The pug I had for brother Jim,  
Kate's parrot too, and all.

" But oh, my spirit cannot rest,  
In Davy Jones's sod,  
Till I've appeared to you and said—  
Don't sup on that 'ere Cod !

" You live on land, and little think  
What passes in the sea ;  
Last Sunday week, at 2 P.M.  
That Cod was picking me !

" Those oysters too, that look so plump,  
And seem so nicely done,  
They put my corpse in many shells,  
Instead of only one.



"O, do not eat those oysters then,  
And do not touch the shrimps ;  
When I was in my briny grave,  
They sucked my blood like imps !

" Don't eat what brutes would never eat,  
The brutes I used to pat,  
They 'll know the smell they used to smell,  
Just try the dog and cat !"

The Spirit fled—they wept his fate,  
And cried, Alack, alack !

At last up started brother Jim,  
" Let's try if Jack was Jack !"

They called the Dog, they called the Cat,  
And little Kitten too,  
And down they put the Cod and sauce,  
To see what brutes would do.

Old Tray licked all the oysters up,  
Puss never stood at crimps,  
But munched the Cod—and little Kit  
Quite feasted on the shrimps !

The thing was odd, and minus Cod  
And sauce, they stood like posts !  
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,  
Put no belief in Ghosts !

---

A WATERLOO BALLAD.

To Waterloo, with sad ado,  
And many a sigh and groan,  
Amongst the dead, came Patty Head,  
To look for Peter Stone.



"O prithee tell, good sentinel,  
If I shall find him here?  
I'm come to weep upon his corse,  
My Ninety-Second dear!

"Into our town a serjeant came  
With ribands all so fine,  
A-flaunting in his cap—alas;  
His bow enlisted mine!

"They taught him how to turn his toes,  
And stand as stiff as starch;  
I thought that it was love and May,  
But it was love and March!

"A sorry March indeed to leave  
The friends he might have kep'—  
No March of Intellect it was,  
But quite a foolish step.

"O prithee tell, good sentinel,  
If hereabout he lies?  
I want a corse with reddish hair,  
And very sweet blue eyes."

Her sorrow on the sentinel  
Appeared to deeply strike;—  
"Walk in," he said, "among the dead,  
And pick out which you like."

And soon she picked out Peter Stone,  
Half turned into a corse;  
A cannon was his bolster, and  
His mattrass was a horse.



“ O Peter Stone, O Peter Stone,  
Lord here has been a scrimmage !  
What have they done to your poor breast  
That used to hold my image ? ”

“ O Patty Head, O Patty Head,  
You ’re come to my last kissing ;  
Before I ’m set in the Gazette  
As wounded, dead, and missing !

“ Alas ! a splinter of a shell  
Right in my stomach sticks ;  
French mortars don’t agree so well  
With stomachs as French bricks.

“ This very night a merry dance  
At Brussels was to be ;—  
Instead of opening a ball,  
A ball has opened me.

“ Its billet every bullet has,  
And well it does fulfil it ;—  
I wish mine had n’t come so straight,  
But been a ‘ crooked billet.’

“ And then there came a cuirassier  
And cut me on the chest ;—  
He had no pity in his heart,  
For he had *steeled his breast*.

“ Next thing a lancer, with his lance,  
Began to thrust away ;  
I called for quarter, but, alas !  
It was not Quarter-day.



"He ran his spear right through my arm,  
Just here above the joint;—  
O Patty dear, it was no joke,  
Although it had a point.

"With loss of blood I fainted off,  
As dead as women do—  
But soon by charging over me,  
The *Coldstream* brought me to.

"With kicks and cuts, and balls and blows,  
I throb and ache all over;  
I'm quite convinced the field of Mars  
Is not a field of clover!

"O why did I a soldier turn  
For any royal Guelph?  
I might have been a butcher, and  
In business for myself!

"O why did I the bounty take  
(And here he gasped for breath)  
My shilling's worth of 'list is nailed  
Upon the door of death!

"Without a coffin I shall lie  
And sleep my sleep eternal:  
Not ev'n a *shell*—my only chance  
Of being made a *Kernel*!

"O Patty dear, our wedding bells  
Will never ring at Chester!  
Here I must lie in Honor's bed,  
That isn't worth a *tester*!



“Farewell, my regimental mates,  
With whom I used to dress !  
My corps is changed, and I am now,  
In quite another mess.

“Farewell, my Patty dear, I have  
No dying consolations,  
Except, when I am dead, you ’ll go  
And see th’ Illuminations.”

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## THE DUEL.

## A SERIOUS BALLAD.

“Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay.”

IN Brentford town, of old renown,  
There lived a Mr. Bray,  
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,  
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,  
By all it was allowed,  
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,  
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,  
You choose to rival me,  
And court Miss Bell, but there your court  
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,  
You may repent your love ;  
I who have shot a pigeon match,  
Can shoot a turtle dove.



So pray before you woo her more,  
Consider what you do;  
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell—  
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,  
Your threats I quite explode;  
One who has been a volunteer,  
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless  
Your passion quiet keeps,  
I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,  
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,  
And that for copper red;  
But these two went away to give  
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece,  
This pleasant thought to give—  
When they were dead, they thus should have  
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long  
The seconds then forbore,  
And having taken one rash step  
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan  
Against the deadly strife,  
By putting in the prime of death  
Against the prime of life.



Now all was ready for the foes,  
But when they took their stands,  
Fear made them tremble so they found  
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,  
Here one of us may fall,  
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,  
Be doomed to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach  
Misconduct to your name ;  
If I withdraw the charge, will then  
Your ramrod do the same ?

Said Mr. B., I do agree—  
But think of Honor's Courts !  
If we go off without a shot,  
There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,  
Though cloudy it begun ;  
Why can't we aim above, as if  
We had called out the sun ?

So up into the harmless air,  
Their bullets they did send ;  
And may all other duels have  
That upshot in the end !



## THE GHOST.

A VERY SERIOUS BALLAD.

"I'll be your second."—LISTON.

IN Middle Row, some years ago,  
There lived one Mr. Brown ;  
And many folks considered him  
The stoutest man in town.

But Brown and stout will both wear out,  
One Friday he died hard,  
And left a widowed wife to mourn  
At twenty pence a yard.

Now widow B. in two short months  
Thought mourning quite a tax,  
And wished, like Mr. Wilberforce,  
To *manumit* her blacks.

With Mr. Street she soon was sweet ;  
The thing thus came about :  
She asked him in at home, and then  
At church he asked her out !

Assurance such as this the man  
In ashes could not stand ;  
So like a Phoenix he rose up  
Against the Hand in Hand.

One dreary night the angry sprite ,  
Appeared before our view ;  
It came a little after one,  
But she was after two !



" Oh Mrs. B., oh Mrs. B. !  
Are these your sorrow's deeds,  
Already getting up a flame  
To burn your widow's weeds ?

" It's not so long since I have left  
For aye the mortal scene ;  
My Memory—like Rogers's,  
Should still be bound in green !

" Yet if my face you still retrace  
I almost have a doubt—  
I'm like an old Forget-Me-Not  
With all the leaves torn out !

" To think that on that finger joint  
Another pledge should cling ;  
Oh Bess ! upon my very soul  
It struck like ' Knock and Ring.'

" A ton of marble on my breast  
Can't hinder my return ;  
Your conduct, Ma'am, has set my blood  
A-boiling in my urn !

" Remember, oh ! remember, how  
The marriage rite did run—  
If ever we one flesh should be  
'Tis now—when I have none !

" And you, sir—once a bosom friend—  
Of perjured faith convict,  
As ghostly toe can give no blow,  
Consider you are kicked.



"A hollow voice is all I have,  
 But this I tell you plain,  
 Marry come up!—you marry Ma'am,  
 And I'll come up again."

More he had said, but chanticleer  
 The sprightly shade did shock  
 With sudden crow, and off he went,  
 Like fowling-piece at cock!

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SALLY SIMPKIN'S LAMENT;

OR, JOHN JONES'S KIT-CAT-ASTROPHE.

"He left his body to the sea,  
 And made a shark his legatee."

BRYAN AND PERENNE.

"Oh! what is that comes gliding in,  
 And quite in middling haste?  
 It is the picture of my Jones,  
 And painted to the waist.

"It is not painted to the life,  
 For where's the trowsers blue?  
 Oh Jones, my dear!—Oh dear! my Jones,  
 What is become of you?"

"Oh! Sally dear, it is too true—  
 The half that you remark  
 Is come to say my other half  
 Is bit off by a shark!

"Oh! Sally, sharks do things by halves,  
 Yet most completely do!  
 A bite in one place seems enough,  
 But I've been bit in two.



" You know I once was all your own  
But now a shark must share !  
But let that pass—for now to you  
I'm neither here nor there.

" Alas ! death has a strange divorce  
Effected in the sea,  
It has divided me from you,  
And even me from me !

" Don't fear my ghost will walk o' nights  
To haunt, as people say ;  
My ghost *can't* walk, for, oh ! my legs  
Are many leagues away !

" Lord ! think when I am swimming round  
And looking where the boat is,  
A shark just snaps away a *half*,  
Without 'a *quarter's* notice.'

" One half is here, the other half,  
Is near Columbia placed ;  
Oh ! Sally, I have got the whole  
Atlantic for my waist.

" But now, adieu—a long adieu !  
I've solved death's awful riddle,  
And would say more, but I am doomed  
To break off in the middle !"



## JOHN DAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"A Day after the Fair!"—OLD PROVERB.

JOHN DAY he was the biggest man  
Of all the coachman-kind,  
With back too broad to be conceived  
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight  
When he was in the rear,  
And wished his box a Christmas-box  
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,  
What armor can avail?  
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through  
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he loved  
From whom he never ranged,  
For tho' he changed his horses there,  
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,  
So fondly love prefers;  
And often, among twelve outsides,  
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day as she was sitting down  
Beside the porter-pump—  
He came, and knelt with all his fat,  
And made an offer plump.



Said she, my taste will never lean  
To like so huge a man,  
So I must beg you will come here  
As little as you can.

But still he stoutly urged his suit,  
With vows, and sighs, and tears,  
Yet could not pierce her heart, although  
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued;  
The maid was cold and proud,  
And sent him off to Coventry,  
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,  
And thence all back to town,  
The course of love was never smooth,  
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine  
To merely bones and skin;  
But still he loved like one resolved  
To love through thick and thin.

Oh Mary, view my wasted back,  
And see my dwindled calf;  
Tho' I have never had a wife,  
I've lost my better half.

Alas, in vain he still assailed,  
Her heart withstood the dint;  
Though he had carried sixteen stone  
He could not move a flint.



Worn out, at last he made a vow  
 To break his being's link ;  
 For he was so reduced in size  
 At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,  
 And waste a deal of breath,  
 But John, though he drank nothing else—  
 He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,  
 Found out the fatal close,  
 For looking in the butt, she saw,  
 The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,  
 But that is only talk—  
 For after riding all his life,  
 His ghost objects to walk.

## POMPEY'S GHOST.

## A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"Skins may differ, but affection  
 Dwells in white and black the same."

COWPER.

'T WAS twelve o'clock, not twelve at night  
 But twelve o'clock at noon ;  
 Because the sun was shining bright  
 And not the silver moon.  
 A proper time for friends to call,  
 Or Pots, or Penny Post ;  
 When, lo ! as Phoebe sat at work,  
 She saw her Pompey's Ghost !



Now when a female has a call  
From people that are dead;  
Like Paris ladies, she receives  
Her visitors in bed.

But Pompey's spirit would not come  
Like spirits that are white,  
Because he was a Blackamoor,  
And would n't show at night!

But of all unexpected things  
That happen to us here,  
The most unpleasant is a rise  
In what is very dear.  
So Phœbe screamed an awful scream  
To prove the seaman's text;  
That after black appearances,  
White squalls will follow next.

"Oh, Phœbe dear! oh, Phœbe dear!  
Don't go to scream or faint;  
You think because I'm black I am  
The Devil, but I ain't!  
Behind the heels of Lady Lambe  
I walked while I had breath;  
But that is past, and I am now  
A-walking after Death!

"No murder, though, I come to tell  
By base and bloody crime;  
So Phœbe dear, put off your fits  
To some more fitting time.  
No Coroner, like a boatswain's mate,  
My body need attack,  
With his round dozen to find out  
Why I have died so black.



"One Sunday, shortly after tea,  
My skin began to burn  
As if I had in my inside  
A heater, like the urn.  
Delirious in the night I grew,  
And as I lay in bed,  
They say I gathered all the wool  
You see upon my head.

"His Lordship for his Doctor sent,  
My treatment to begin;—  
I wish that he had called him out,  
Before he called him in!  
For though to physic he was bred,  
And passed at Surgeon's Hall,  
To make his post a sinecure  
He never cured at all!

"The Doctor looked about my breast,  
And then about my back,  
And then he shook his head and said  
'Your case looks very black.'  
And first he sent me hot cayenne  
And then gamboge to swallow,  
But still my fever would not turn  
To Scarlet or to Yellow!

"With madder and with turmeric,  
He made his next attack;  
But neither he nor all his drugs  
Could stop my dying black.  
At last I got so sick of life,  
And sick of being dosed,  
One Monday morning I gave up  
My physic and the ghost!



"Oh, Phœbe, dear, what pain it was  
To sever every tie !  
You know black beetles feel as much  
As giants when they die.  
And if there is a bridal bed,  
Or bride of little worth,  
It's lying in a bed of mould,  
Along with Mother Earth.

"Alas ; some happy, happy day,  
In church I hoped to stand,  
And like a muff of sable skin  
Receive your lily hand.  
But sternly with that piebald match,  
My fate untimely clashes,  
For now, like Pompe-double-i,  
I'm sleeping in my ashes !

"And now farewell ! a last farewell !  
I'm wanted down below,  
And have but time enough to add  
One word before I go—  
In mourning crape and bombazine  
Ne'er spend your precious pelf—  
Don't go in black for me—for I  
Can do it for myself.

"Henceforth within my grave I rest,  
But Death who there inherits,  
Allowed my spirit leave to come,  
You seemed so out of spirits :  
But do not sigh, and do not cry,  
By grief too much engrossed,  
Nor for a ghost of color, turn  
The color of a ghost !



“Again, farewell, my Phœbe dear !  
Once more a last adieu !  
For I must make myself as scarce  
As swans of sable hue.”  
From black to gray, from gray to nought,  
The shape began to fade—  
And, like an egg, though not so white,  
The Ghost was newly laid !



ODES:

TO DIVERS PERSONS AND FOR SUNDRY OCCASIONS.







## ODES.

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### ODE TO M. BRUNEL.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Well said, old Mole! canst work i' the dark so fast? a worthy pioneer!—HAMLET.

WELL!——Monsieur Brunel,  
How prospers now thy mighty undertaking,  
To join by a hollow way the Bankside friends  
Of Rotherhithe, and Wapping—

Never be stopping,  
But poking, groping, in the dark keep making  
An archway, underneath the Dabs and Gudgeons,  
For Collier men and pitchy old Curmudgeons  
To cross the water in inverse proportion,  
Walk under steam-boats under the keel's ridge,  
To keep down all extortion,  
And without sculls to diddle London Bridge!  
In a fresh hunt, a new Great Bore to worry,  
Thou didst to earth thy human terriers follow,  
Hopeful at last from Middlesex to Surrey,

To give us the "View hollow."  
In short it was thy aim, right north and south,  
To put a pipe into old Thames's mouth;  
Alas! half-way thou hadst proceeded, when  
Old Thames, through roof, not water-proof,



Came, like "a tide in the affairs of men;"  
And with a mighty stormy kind of roar,  
    Reproachful of thy wrong,  
    Burst out in that old song  
Of Incledon's, beginning "Cease, rude Bore"—  
Sad is it, worthy of one's tears,  
    Just when one seems the most successful,  
To find one's self o'er head and ears  
    In difficulties most distressful!  
Other great speculations have been nursed  
    Till want of proceeds laid them on a shelf;  
But thy concern was at the worst  
    When it began to *liquidate* itself!  
But now Dame Fortune has her false face hidden,  
And languishes thy Tunnel—so to paint—  
Under a slow, incurable complaint,  
    Bed-ridden!  
Why, when thus Thames—bed-bothered—why repine!  
Do try a spare bed at the Serpentine!  
Yet let none think thee dazed, or crazed, or stupid;  
    And sunk beneath thy own and Thames's craft;  
Let them not style thee some Mechanic Cupid  
    Pining and pouting o'er a broken shaft!  
I'll tell thee with thy tunnel what to do;  
Light up thy boxes, build a bin or two,  
The wine does better than such water trades;  
    Stick up a sign—the sign of the Bore's Head;  
I've drawn it ready for thee in black lead,  
And make thy cellar subterranean—Thy Shades!



ODE

TO THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REMOVAL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.<sup>2</sup>

"Sweeping our flocks and herds."—DOUGLAS.

O PHILANTHROPIC men !—

For this address I need not make apology—  
Who aim at clearing out the Smithfield pen,  
And planting further off its vile Zoology—

Permit me thus to tell,

I like your efforts well,

For routing that great nest of Hornithology !

Be not dismayed, although repulsed at first,  
And driven from their Horse, and Pig, and Lamb parts,  
Charge on !—you shall upon their horn-works burst,  
And carry all their *Bull*-warks and their *Ram*-parts.

Go on, ye wholesale drovers !

And drive away the Smithfield flocks and herds !

As wild as Tartar-Curds,

That come so fat, and kicking, from their clovers,  
Off with them all !—those restive brutes, that vex  
Our streets, and plunge, and lunge, and butt, and battle ;

And save the female sex

From being cowed—like IG—by the cattle !

Fancy—when droves appear on

The hill of Holborn, roaring from its top—

Your ladies—ready, as they own, to drop,

Taking themselves to Thomson's with a *Fear-on* !

Or, in St. Martin's Lane,

Scared by a Bullock, in a frisky vein—

Fancy the terror of your timid daughters,

While rushing souse

Into a coffee-house,

To find it—Slaughter's !



Or fancy this :—

Walking along the street, some stranger Miss,  
Her head with no such thought of danger laden,  
When suddenly 'tis "Aries Taurus Virgo!"—  
You don't know Latin, I translate it ergo,  
Into your Areas a Bull throws the Maiden!

Think of some poor old crone  
Treated, just like a penny, with a toss!  
At that vile spot now grown  
So generally known  
For making a Cow Cross!

Nay, fancy your own selves far off from stall,  
Or shed, or shop—and that an Ox infuriate  
Just pins you to the wall,  
Giving you a strong dose of *Oxy-Muriate*!

Methinks I hear the neighbors that live round  
The Market-ground  
Thus make appeal unto their civic fellows—  
"Tis well for you that live apart—unable  
To hear this brutal Babel,  
But our *firesides* are troubled with their *bellows*."

"Folks that too freely sup  
Must e'en put up  
With their own troubles if they can't digest;  
But we must needs regard  
The case as hard  
That *others'* victuals should disturb our rest,  
That from our sleep *your* food should start and jump us!  
We like, ourselves, a steak,  
But, Sirs, for pity's sake!  
We don't want oxen at our doors to *rump-us*!



If we *do* doze—it really is too bad !  
We constantly are roared awake or rung,  
Through bullocks mad  
That run in all the ‘Night Thoughts’ of our Young !”

Such are the woes of sleepers—now let’s take  
The woes of those that wish to keep *a Wake* !  
Oh think ! when Wombwell gives his annual feasts,  
Think of these “Bulls of Basan” far from mild ones ;  
Such fierce tame beasts,  
That nobody much cares to see the Wild ones !

Think of the Show woman “what shows a Dwarf,”  
Seeing a red Cow come  
To swallow her Tom Thumb,  
And forced with broom of birch to keep her off !

Think, too, of Messrs. Richardson and Co.,  
When looking at their public private boxes,  
To see in the back row  
Three live sheep’s heads, a porker’s, and an Ox’s !  
Think of their Orchestra, when two horns come  
Through, to accompany the double drum !

Or, in the midst of murder and remorse,  
Just when the Ghost is certain,  
A great rent in the curtain,  
And enter two tall skeletons—of Horses !

Great Philanthropics ! pray urge these topics !  
Upon the Solemn Councils of the Nation,  
Get a Bill soon, and give, some noon,  
The Bulls, a Bull of Excommunication !

Let the old Fair have fair-play as its right,  
And to each show and sight



Ye shall be treated with a Free List latitude,  
 To Richardson's Stage Dramas,  
 Dio—and Cosmo—ramas,  
 Giants and Indians wild,  
 Dwarf, Sea Bear, and Fat Child,  
 And that most rare of Shows—a Show of Gratitude !

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## ODE TO THE CAMELOPARD.

WELCOME to Freedom's birthplace—and a den !  
 Great Anti-climax, hail !  
 So very lofty in thy front—but then  
 So dwindling at the tail !—  
 In truth, thou hast the most unequal legs !  
 Has one pair gallopped, whilst the other trotted,  
 Along with other brethren, leopard-spotted,  
 O'er Afric sand, where ostriches lay eggs ?  
 Sure thou wert caught in some hard up-hill chase,  
 Those hinder heels still keeping thee in check !  
 And yet thou seem'st prepared in any case,  
 Tho' they had lost the race,  
 To win it by a neck !

That lengthy neck—how like a crane's it looks !  
 Art thou the overseer of all the brutes ?  
 Or dost thou browse on tip-top leaves or fruits—  
 Or go a-birdnesting among the rooks ?  
 How kindly nature caters for all wants ;  
 Thus giving unto thee a neck that stretches,  
 And high food fetches—  
 To some a long nose, like the elephant's !



Oh ! hadst thou any organ to thy bellows,  
To turn thy breath to speech in human style,

What secrets thou mightst tell us,  
Where now our scientific guesses fail ;

For instance, of the Nile,  
Whether those Seven Mouths have any tail—

Mayhap thy luck too,  
From that high head, as from a lofty hill,  
Has let thee see the marvellous Timbuctoo—  
Or drink of Niger at its infant rill ;  
What were the travels of our Major Denham,

Or Clapperton to thine

In that same line,

If thou couldst only squat thee down and pen 'em !

Strange sights, indeed, thou must have overlooked,  
With eyes held ever in such vantage-stations !  
Hast seen, perchance, unhappy white folks cooked,  
And then made free of negro corporations !  
Poor wretches saved from cast-away three-deckers—

By sooty wreckers—

From hungry waves to have a loss still drearier,  
To far exceed the utmost aim of Park !  
And find themselves, alas ! beyond the mark,  
In the *insides* of Africa's Interior !

Live on, Giraffe ! genteelest of raff kind !  
Admired by noble, and by royal tongues !

May no pernicious wind,  
Or English fog, blight thy exotic lungs !  
Live on in happy peace, altho' a rarity,  
Nor envy thy poor cousin's more outrageous

Parisian popularity ;—

Whose very leopard-rash is grown contagious,



And worn on gloves and ribbons all about,  
 Alas! they'll wear him out!—  
 So thou shalt take thy sweet diurnal feeds—  
 When he is stuffed with undigested straw,  
 Sad food that never visited his jaw!  
 And staring round him with a brace of beads!

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## ODE TO DR. HAHNEMANN, THE HOMOEOPATHIST.

WELL, Doctor,  
 Great concoctor  
 Of medicines to help in man's distress;  
 Diluting down the strong to meek,  
 And making ev'n the weak more weak,  
 "Fine by degrees, and beautifully less"—  
 Founder of a new system economic,  
 To druggists any thing but comic;  
 Framed the whole race of Ollapods to fret,  
 At profits, like thy doses, very small;  
 To put all Doctors' Boys in evil case,  
 Thrown out of bread, of physic, and of place—  
 And show us old Apothecaries' Hall  
 "To Let."

How fare thy Patients? are they dead or living,  
 Or, well as can expected be, with such  
 A style of practice, liberally giving  
 "A sum of more to that which had too much?"  
 Dost thou preserve the human frame, or turf it?  
 Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not?  
 Do fevers yield to any thing that's hot?  
 Or hearty dinners neutralize a surfeit?



Is 't good advice for gastronomic ills,  
 When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,  
 To cry, "Discard those Peristaltic Pills,  
     Take a hard dumpling?"

Tell me, thou German Cousin,  
 And tell me honestly without a diddle,  
 Does an attenuated dose of rosin  
 Act as a *tonic* on the old *Scotch fiddle*?  
 Tell me, when Anhalt-Coethen babies wriggle,  
     Like eels just caught by sniggle,  
 Martyrs to some acidity internal,  
     That gives them pangs infernal,  
 Meanwhile the lip grows black, the eye enlarges;  
 Say, comes there all at once a cherub-calm,  
 Thanks to that soothing homœopathic balm,  
 The half of half, of half, a drop of "*varges*?"

Suppose, for instance, upon Leipzig's plain,  
 A soldier pillowed on a heap of slain,  
 In urgent want both of a priest and proctor;  
 When lo! there comes a man in green and red,  
 A featherless cocked-hat adorns his head,  
 In short, a Saxon military doctor—  
 Would he, indeed, on the right treatment *fix*,  
     To cure a horrid gaping wound,  
     Made by a ball that weighed a pound,  
 If he well peppered it with number six?

Suppose a felon doomed to swing  
     Within a *rope*,  
     Might friends not hope  
 To cure him with a *string*?



Suppose his breath arrived at a fall stop,  
 The shades of death in a black cloud before him,  
 Would a quintillionth dose of the New Drop  
     Restore him ?

Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,  
     Snapping to left and right,  
 And giving tongue like one of Sebright's hounds,  
     Terrific sounds,  
 The pallid neighborhood with horror cowing,  
 To hit the proper homœopathic mark ;  
 Now, might not " the last taste in life" of *bark*,  
     Stop his *bow-wow-ing* ?  
 Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,  
 Would he not mend, if, with all proper care,  
     He took "*a hair*  
*Of the dog that bit him?*"

Picture a man—we'll say a Dutch Meinheer—  
     In evident emotion,  
 Bent o'er the bulwark of the Batavier,  
     Owning those symptoms queer—  
 Some feel in a *Sick Transit* o'er the ocean,  
 Can any thing in life be more pathetic  
 Than when he turns to us his wretched face?—  
     But would it mend his case  
     To be decillionth-dosed  
     With something like the ghost  
         Of an emetic ?

Lo ! now a darkened room !  
     Look through the dreary gloom,  
 And see that coverlet of wildest form,  
 Tost like the billows in a storm,



Where ever and anon, with groans, emerges  
 A ghastly head !—  
 While two impatient arms still beat the bed,  
 Like a strong swimmer's struggling with the surges ;  
 There Life and Death are on their battle-plain,  
 With many a mortal ecstasy of pain—  
 What shall support the body in its trial,  
 Cool the hot blood, wild dream, and parching skin,  
 And tame the raging Malady within—  
 A sniff of Next-to-Nothing in a phial ?

Oh ! Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh  
 And cry together, half and half,  
 Excuse me, 'tis a mood the subject brings,  
 To think, whilst I have crowed like chanticleer,  
 Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear  
 Hath gushed with my light levity at schism,  
 To mourn some Martyr of Empiricism :  
 Perchance, upon thy system, I have given  
 A pang, superfluous, to the pains of Sorrow,  
 Who weeps with Memory from morn till even ;  
 Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,  
 Sighing to one sad strain,  
 " She will not come again,  
 To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow !"

Doctor, forgive me, if I dare prescribe  
 A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,  
 Inserting a few serious words by stealth ;  
*Above all price of wealth*  
*The Body's Jewel—not for minds profane,*  
*Or hands, to tamper with in practice vain—*  
*Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health.*



*A heavenly gift within a holy shrine !  
To be approached and touched with serious fear,  
By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,  
Ev'n as the Priesthood of the ONE divine !*

But, zounds ! each fellow with a suit of black,  
And, strange to fame,  
With a diploma'd name,  
That carries two more letters pick-a-back,  
With cane, and snuffbox, powdered wig, and block,  
Invents *his* dose, as if it were a chrism,  
And dares to treat our wondrous mechanism  
Familiar as the works of old Dutch clock ;  
Yet, how would common sense esteem the man,  
Oh how, my unrelated German cousin,  
Who having some such time-keeper on trial,  
And finding it too fast, enforced the dial,  
To strike upon the Homœopathic plan  
Of fourteen to the dozen ?

Take my advice, 'tis given without a fee,  
Drown, drown your book ten thousand fathoms deep,  
Like Prospero's, beneath the briny sea,  
For spells of magic have all gone to sleep !  
Leave no decillionth fragment of your works  
To help the interest of quacking Burkes ;  
Aid not in murdering even widows' mites—  
And now forgive me for my candid zeal,  
I had not said so much, but that I feel  
Should you *take ill* what here my Muse indites,  
An Ode-ling more will set you all to rights.



ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S EVE.<sup>3</sup>

"Look out for squalls."—THE PILOT.

O COME, dear Barney Isaacs, come,  
Punch for one night can spare his drum  
As well as pipes of Pan !  
Forget not, Popkins, your bassoon,  
Nor, Mister Bray, your horn, as soon  
As you can leave the Van ;  
Blind Billy, bring your violin ;  
Miss Crow, you're great in Cherry Ripe !  
And Chubb, your viol must drop in  
Its bass to Soger Tommy's pipe.

Ye butchers, bring your bones :  
An organ would not be amiss ;  
If grinding Jim has spouted his,  
Lend your's, good Mister Jones.

Do, hurdy-gurdy Jenny—do  
Keep sober for an hour or two,  
Music's charms to help to paint  
And, Sandy Gray, if you should not  
Your bagpipes bring—O tuneful Scot !

Conceive the feelings of the Saint !

Miss Strummel issues an invite,  
For music, and turn-out to night  
In honor of Cecilia's session ;  
But ere you go, one moment stop,  
And with all kindness let me drop  
A hint to you and your profession.  
Imprimis then : Pray keep within  
The bounds to which your skill was born ;



Let the one-handed let alone Trombone,  
 Don't—Rheumatiz ! seize the violin,  
 Or Ashmy snatch the horn !  
 Don't ever to such rows give birth,  
 As if you had no end on earth  
 Except to "wake the lyre ;"  
 Don't "strike the harp," pray never do,  
 Till others long to strike it too,  
 Perpetual harping's apt to tire ;  
 Oh I have heard such flat-and-sharpers,  
     I've blest the head  
     Of good King Ned,  
 For scragging all those old Welsh Harpers !

Pray, never, ere each tuneful doing,  
 Take a prodigious deal of wooing ;  
 And then sit down to thrum the strain,  
 As if you'd never rise again—  
 The least Cecilia-like of things ;  
 Remember that the Saint has wings.  
 I've known Miss Strummel pause an hour,  
 Ere she could "Pluck the Fairest Flower,"  
 Yet without hesitation, she  
 Plunged next into the "Deep, Deep Sea,"  
 And when on the keys she *does* begin,  
 Such awful torments soon you share,  
 She really seems like Milton's "Sin,"  
     Holding the keys of—you know where !

Never tweak people's ears so toughly,  
 That urchin-like they can't help saying—  
 "O dear ! O dear—you call this playing,  
 But oh, it's playing very roughly !"  
 Oft, in the ecstasy of pain,



I've curs'd all instrumental workmen.  
 Wished Brounwood Thurtelled in a lane,  
 And Kirke White's fate to every Kirkman—  
 I really once delighted spied  
 "Clementi Collard" in Cheapside.

Another word—don't be surprised,  
 Revered and ragged street Musicians,  
 You have been only half-baptised,  
 And each name proper, or improper,  
 Is not the value of a copper,  
 Till it has had the due additions,

Husky, Rusky,  
 Ninny, Tinny,  
 Hummel, Bummel,  
 Bowski, Wowski,

All these are very good selectables;  
 But none of your plain pudding-and-tames—  
 Folks that are called the hardest names  
 Are music's most respectables.

Ev'ry woman, ev'ry man,  
 Look as foreign as you can,  
 Don't cut your hair, or wash your skin,  
 Make ugly faces and begin.

Each Dingy Orpheus gravely hears,  
 And now to show they understand it!  
 Miss Crow her scrannel throttle clears,  
 And all the rest prepare to band it.  
 Each scraper ripe for concertante,  
 Rozins the hair of Rozinante:  
 Then all sound A, if they know which,  
 That they may join like birds in June:  
 Jack Far alone neglects to tune,  
 For he's all over concert-pitch.



A little prelude goes before.  
 Like a knock and ring at music's door,  
 Each instrument gives in its name ;

Then sitting in

They all begin

To play a musical round game.  
 Scrapenberg, as the eldest hand,  
 Leads a first fiddle to the band,

A second follows suit ;

Anon the ace of Horns comes plump  
 On the two fiddles with a trump ;

Puffindorf plays a flute.

This sort of musical revoke,

The grave bassoon begins to smoke,  
 And in rather grumpy kind

Of tone begins to speak its mind ;

The double drum is next to mix,

Playing the Devil on Two Sticks—

Clamor, clamor,

Hammer, hammer,

While now and then a pipe is heard,

Insisting to put in a word

With all his shrilly best ;

So to allow the little minion

Time to deliver his opinion,

They take a few bars rest.

Well, little Pipe begins—with sole  
 And small voice going thro' the *hole*,

Beseeching,

Preaching,

Squealing,

Appealing,



Now as high as he can go,  
Now in language rather low,  
And having done—begins once more,  
Verbatim what he said before.

This twiddling-twaddling sets on fire  
All the old instrumental ire,  
And fiddles, for explosion ripe,  
Put out the little squeaker's pipe ;  
This wakes bass viol—and viol for that  
Seizing on innocent little B flat,  
Shakes it like terrier shaking a rat—

They all seem miching malico !  
To judge from a rumble unawares,  
The drum has had a pitch down stairs ;  
And the trumpet rash,  
By a violent crash,  
Seems splitting somebody's calico !  
The viol too groans in deep distress,  
As if he suddenly grew sick ;  
And one rapid fiddle sets off express—

Hurrying,  
Scurrying,  
Spattering,  
Clattering,

To fetch him a Doctor of Music.  
This tumult sets the Haut-boy crying  
Beyond the Piano's pacifying,

The cymbal  
Gets nimble,  
Triangle  
Must wrangle,

The band is becoming most martial of bands,



When just in the middle,  
 A quakerly fiddle,  
 Proposes a general shaking of hands !  
     Quaking,  
     Shaking,  
     Quivering,  
     Shivering,  
 Long bow—short bow—each bow drawing :  
     Some like filing—some like sawing ;  
 At last these agitations cease,  
     And they all get  
     The flageolet,  
 To breathe "a piping time of peace."

Ah, too deceitful charm,  
 Like lightning before death,  
 For Scrapenberg to rest his arm,  
     And Puffindorf get breath !  
 Again without remorse or pity,  
 They play "The Storming of a City,"  
 Miss S. herself composed and planned it—  
 When lo ! at this renewed attack,  
 Up jumps a little man in black—  
 "The very Devil cannot stand it !"  
     And with that,  
     Snatching hat,  
     (Not his own,)  
     Off is flown,  
     Thro' the door,  
     In his black,  
     To come back,  
 Never, never, never, more !



Oh Music ! praises thou hast had,  
 From Dryden and from Pope,  
 For thy good notes, yet none I hope,  
 But I, e'er praised the bad,  
 Yet are not saint and sinner even ?  
 Miss Strummel on Cecilia's level ?  
 One drew an angel down from heaven !  
 The other scared away the Devil !

---

## ODE TO MADAME HENGLER,

FIREWORK-MAKER TO VAUXHALL.

OH, Mrs. Hengler !—Madame—I beg pardon,  
 Starry Enchantress of the Surrey Garden !  
 Accept an Ode not meant as any scoff—  
 The Bard were bold indeed at thee to quiz,  
 Whose squibs are far more popular than his ;  
 Whose works are much more certain to go off.

Great is thy fame, but not a silent fame ;  
 With many a bang the public ear it courts ;  
 And yet thy arrogance we never blame,  
 But take thy merits from thy own reports.  
 Thou hast indeed the most indulgent backers,  
 We make no doubting, misbelieving comments,  
 Even in thy most bounceable of moments ;  
 But lend our ears implicit to thy crackers !—  
 Strange helps to thy applause too are not missing,  
     Thy Rockets raise thee,  
     And Serpents praise thee,  
 As none beside are ever praised—by hissing !



Mistress of Hydropyrics,  
 Of glittering Pindarics, Sapphics, Lyrics,  
 Professor of a Fiery Necromancy,  
 Oddly thou charmest the politer sorts  
     With midnight sports,  
 Partaking very much of *flash* and *fancy*!

What thoughts had shaken all  
 In olden time at thy nocturnal revels—  
     Each brimstone ball  
 They would have deemed an eyeball of the Devil's!  
     But now thy flaming Meteors cause no fright;  
     A modern Hubert to the royal ear,  
     Might whisper without fear,  
 "My Lord, they say there were five moons to-night!"  
 Nor would it raise one superstitious notion  
 To hear the whole description fairly out:—  
 "One fixed—which t'other four whirled round about  
     With wond'rous motion."

Such are the very sights  
 Thou workest, Queen of Fire, on earth and heaven,  
 Between the hours of midnight and eleven,  
 Turning our English to Arabian Nights,  
 With blazing mounts, and founts, and scorching dragons,  
     Blue stars and white,  
     And blood-red light,  
 And dazzling Wheels fit for Enchanters' wagons.  
 Thrice lucky woman! doing things that be  
 With other folks past benefit of parson;  
 For burning, no Burn's Justice falls on thee,  
 Altho' night after night the public see  
 Thy Vauxhall palaces all end in Arson!



Sure thou wast never born  
Like old Sir Hugh, with water in thy head,  
Nor lectured night and morn  
Of sparks and flames to have an awful dread,  
Allowed by a prophetic dam and sire  
To play with fire.  
O didst thou never, in those days gone by,  
Go carrying about—no schoolboy prouder—  
Instead of waxen doll a little Guy;  
Or in thy pretty pyrotechnic vein,  
Up the parental pigtail lay a train,  
To let off all his powder!

Full of the wildfire of thy youth,  
Did'st never in plain truth,  
Plant whizzing Flowers in thy mother's pots,  
Turning the garden into powder plots?  
Or give the cook, to fright her,  
Thy paper sausages well stuffed with nitre?  
Nay, wert thou never guilty, now, of dropping  
A lighted cracker by thy sister's Dear,  
So that she could not hear  
The question he was popping?

Go on, Madame! Go on—be bright and busy  
While hoaxed Astronomers look up and stare  
From tall observatories, dumb and dizzy,  
To see a Squib in Cassiopeia's Chair!  
A Serpent wriggling into Charles's Wain!  
A Roman Candle lighting the Great Bear!  
A Rocket tangled in Diana's train,  
And Crackers stuck in Berenice's Hair!



There is a King of Fire—Thou shouldst be Queen !  
 Methinks a good connection might come from it ;  
 Could'st thou not make him, in the garden scene,  
 Set out per Rocket and return per Comet ;

Then give him a hot treat  
 Of Pyrotechnicals to sit and sup,  
 Lord ! how the world would throng to see him eat,  
 He swallowing fire, while thou dost throw it up !

One solitary night—true is the story,  
 Watching those forms that Fancy will create  
 Within the bright confusion of the grate,  
 I saw a dazzling countenance of glory !

Oh Dei gratias !  
 That fiery facias  
 'T was thine, Enchantress of the Surrey Grove ;  
 And ever since that night,  
 In dark and bright,  
 Thy face is *registered* within my *stove* !

Long may that starry brow enjoy its rays  
 May no untimely *blow* its doom forestall ;  
 But when old age prepares the friendly pall,  
 When the last spark of all thy sparks decays,  
 Then die lamented by good people all,  
 Like Goldsmith's *Madam Blaize* !

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ODE TO MR. MALTHUS.\*

My dear, do pull the bell,  
 And pull it well,  
 And send those noisy children all up stairs,  
 Now playing here like bears—



You George, and William, go into the grounds,  
Charles, James, and Bob are there—and take your string;  
Drive horses, or fly kites, or any thing,  
You're quite enough to play at hare and hounds—  
You little May, and Caroline, and Poll,  
Take each your doll,  
And go, my dears, into the two-back pair,  
Your sister Margaret's there—  
Harriet and Grace, thank God, are both at school,  
At far off Ponty Pool—  
I want to read, but really can't go on—  
Let the four twins, Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John,  
Go—to their nursery—go—I never can  
Enjoy my Malthus among such a clan !

Oh Mr. Malthus, I agree  
In every thing I read with thee !  
The world's too full, there is no doubt,  
And wants a deal of thinning out—  
It's plain—as plain as Harrow's Steeple—  
And I agree with some thus far,  
Who say the Queen's too popular,  
That is—she has too many people,  
There are too many of all trades,  
Too many bakers,  
Too many every-thing makers,  
But not too many undertakers—  
Too many boys—  
Too many hobby-de-hoys—  
Too many girls, men, widows, wives, and maids—  
There is a dreadful surplus to demolish,  
And yet some Wrongheads,  
With thick not long heads,



Poor metaphysicians !  
Sign petitions  
Capital punishment to abolish ;  
And in the face of censuses, such vast ones,  
New hospitals contrive,  
For keeping life alive,  
Laying first stones, the dolts ! instead of last ones !—  
Others, again, in the same contrariety,  
Deem that of all Humane Society  
They really deserve thanks,  
Because the two banks of the Serpentine,  
By their design,  
Are Saving Banks.  
Oh ! were it given but to me to weed  
The human breed,  
And root out here and there some cumbering elf,  
I think I could go through it,  
And really do it  
With profit to the world and to myself—  
For instance, the unkind among the Editors,  
My debtors, those I mean to say  
Who cannot or who will not pay,  
And all my creditors,  
These, for my own sake, I'd destroy ;  
But for the world's, and every one's,  
I'd hoe up Mrs. G—'s two sons,  
And Mrs. B—'s big little boy,  
Called only by herself an "only joy."  
As Mr. Irving's chapel's not too full,  
Himself alone I'd pull—  
But for the peace of years that have to run,  
I'd make the Lord Mayor's a perpetual station,  
And put a period to rotation,



By rooting up all Aldermen but one—  
These are but hints what good might thus be done !  
But ah ! I fear the public good  
Is little by the public understood—  
For instance—if with flint, and steel, and tinder,  
Great Swing, for once a philanthropic man,  
Proposed to throw a light upon thy plan,  
No doubt some busy fool would hinder  
His burning all the Foundling to a cinder.

Or, if the Lord Mayor, on an Easter Monday,  
That wine and bun-day,  
Proposed to poison all the little Blue-coats,  
Before they died by bit or sup,  
Some meddling Marplot would blow up,  
Just at the moment critical,  
The economy political  
Of saving their fresh yellow plush and new coats.

Equally 't would be undone,  
Suppose the Bishop of London,  
On that great day  
In June or May,  
When all the large small family of charity,  
Brown, black, or carrotty,  
Walk in their dusty parish shoes,  
In too, too many two-and-twos,  
To sing together till they scare the walls  
Of old St. Paul's,  
Sitting in red, grey, green, blue, drab, and white,  
Some say a gratifying sight,  
Tho' I think sad—but that 's a schism—  
To witness so much pauperism—



Suppose, I say, the Bishop then, to make  
 In this poor overcrowded world more room,  
     Proposed to shake  
 Down that immense extinguisher, the dome—  
 Some humane Martin in the charity *Gal-way*  
     I fear would come and interfere,  
     Save beadle, brat, and overseer,  
     To walk back in their parish shoes,  
     In too, too many two-and-twos,  
 Islington—Wapping—or Pall Mall way!

Thus, people hatched from goose's egg,  
 Foolishly think a pest a plague,  
 And in its face their doors all shut,  
 On hinges oiled with cajeput—  
 Drugging themselves with drams well spiced and cloven,  
     And turning pale as linen rags  
     At hoisting up of yellow flags,  
 While you and I are crying "Orange Boven!"  
 Why should we let precautions so absorb us,  
 Or trouble shipping with a quarantine—  
 When if I understand the thing you mean,  
 We ought to *import* the Cholera Morbus!

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ODE TO ST. SWITHIN.<sup>5</sup>

"The rain it raineth every day."

THE Dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,  
 On ev'ry window-frame hang beaded damps  
 Like rows of small illumination lamps,  
 To celebrate the Jubilee of Showers!



A constant sprinkle patters from all leaves,  
 The very Dryads are not dry, but soppers,  
     And from the Houses' eaves  
     Tumble eaves-droppers.

The hundred clerks that live along the street,  
 Bondsmen to mercantile and city schemers,  
 With squashing, sloshing, and galloshing feet,  
 Go paddling, paddling through the wet, like steamers,  
 Each hurrying to earn the daily stipend—  
 Umbrellas pass of every shade of green,  
 And now and then a crimson one is seen,  
     Like an Umbrella *ripened*.

Over the way a wagon  
 Stands with six smoking horses, shrinking, blinking,  
     While in the George and Dragon  
 The man is keeping himself dry—and drinking!  
 The Butcher's boy skulks underneath his tray,  
     Hats shine—shoes don't—and down droop collars,  
 And one blue Parasol cries all the way  
     To school, in company with four small scholars!

Unhappy is the man to-day who rides,  
 Making his journey sloppier, not shorter;  
 Ay, there they go, a dozen of outsides,  
 Performing on "a Stage with real water!"  
 A dripping Pauper crawls along the way,  
     The only real willing out-of-doorer,  
     And says, or seems to say,  
 "Well, I am poor enough—but here 's a *pourer*!"

The scene in water colors thus I paint,  
 Is your own Festival, you Sloppy Saint!



Mother of all the Family of Rainers !

Saint of the Soakers !

Making all people croakers,

Like frogs in swampy marshes, and complainers !

And why you mizzle forty days together,

Giving the earth your water-soup to sup,

I marvel—Why such wet, mysterious weather ?

I wish you'd *clear it up* !

Why cast such cruel dampers

On pretty Pic Nics, and against all wishes

Set the cold ducks a-swimming in the hampers,

And volunteer, unasked, to wash the dishes ?

Why drive the Nymphs from the selected spot,

To cling like lady-birds around a tree—

Why spoil a Gipsy party at their tea,

By throwing your cold water upon hot ?

Cannot a rural maiden, or a man,

Seek Hornsey-Wood by invitation, sipping

Their green with Pan,

But souse you come, and show their Pan all dripping !

Why upon snow-white table-cloths and sheets,

That do not wait or want a second washing,

Come squashing ?

Why task yourself to lay the dust in streets,

As if there were no Water-Cart contractors,

No pot-boys spilling beer, no shop-boys ruddy

Spooning out puddles muddy,

Milkmaids, and other slopping benefactors !

A Queen you are, raining in your own right,

Yet oh ! how little flattered by report !

Even by those that seek the Court,

Pelted with every term of spleen and spite.



Folks rail and swear at you in every place;  
 They say you are a creature of no bowel;  
 They say you're always washing Nature's face,  
     And that you then supply her  
         With nothing drier  
 Than some old wringing cloud by way of towel!  
 The whole town wants you ducked, just as you duck it,  
 They wish you on your own mud porridge suppered,  
 They hope that you may kick your own big bucket,  
 Or in your water-butt go souse! heels up'ard!  
 They are, in short, so weary of your drizzle,  
 They'd spill the water in your veins to stop it—  
 Be warned! You are too partial to a mizzle—  
     Pray *drop it!*

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## ODE FOR THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.\*

O LUD! O Lud! O Lud!  
 I mean, of course, that venerable town  
 Mentioned in stories of renown,  
     Built formerly of mud;—  
 O Lud, I say, why didst thou e'er  
     Invent the office of a Mayor,  
 An office that no useful purpose crowns,  
 But to set Aldermen against each other,  
 That should be Brother unto Brother—  
 Sisters at least, by virtue of their gowns?  
 But still if one must have a Mayor  
     To fill the Civic chair,  
     O Lud, I say,  
     Was there no better day



To fix on, than November Ninth so shivery  
And dull for showing off the Livery's livery?

Dimming, alas !

The Brazier's brass,

Soiling th' Embroiderers and all the Saddlers,

Sopping the Furriers,

Draggling the Curriers,

And making Merchant Tailors dirty paddlers ;

Drenching the Skinners' Company to the skin,

Making the crusty Vintner chiller,

And turning the Distiller

To cold without instead of warm within ;—

Spoiling the bran-new beavers

Of Wax-chandlers and Weavers,

Plastering the Plasterers and spotting Mercers,

Hearty November-cursers—

And showing Cordwainers and dapper Drapers

Sadly in want of brushes and of scrapers ;

Making the Grocer's company not fit

For company a bit ;

Dying the Dyers with a dingy flood,

Daubing incorporated Bakers,

And leading the Patten-makers,

Over their very pattens in the mud—

O Lud ! O Lud ! O Lud !

“ This is a sorry sight,”

To quote Macbeth—but oh, it grieves me quite,

To see your Wives and Daughters in their plumes—

White plumes not white—

Sitting at open windows catching rheums,

Not “ Angels ever bright and fair,”

But angels ever brown and fallow,



With eyes—you cannot see above one pair,  
For city clouds of black and yellow—  
And artificial flowers, rose, leaf, and bud,  
Such sable lilies  
And grim daffodilies  
Drooping, but not for drought, O Lud! O Lud!

I may as well, while I'm inclined,  
Just go through all the faults I find:  
Oh Lud! then, with a better air, say June,  
Could'st thou not find a better tune  
To sound with trumpets, and with drums,  
Than "See the Conquering Hero comes,"  
When he who comes ne'er dealt in blood?  
Thy May'r is not a War Horse, Lud,  
That ever charged on Turk or Tartar,  
And yet upon a march you strike  
That treats him like—  
A little French if I may martyr—  
Lewis Cart-Horse or Henry Carter!

O Lud! I say  
Do change your day  
To some time when your Show can really show;  
When silk can seem like silk, and gold can glow.  
Look at your Sweepers, how they shine in May!  
Have it when there's a sun to gild the coach,  
And sparkle in tiara—bracelet—brooch—  
Diamond—or paste—of sister, mother, daughter;  
When grandeur really may be grand—  
But if thy Pageant's thus obscured by land—  
O Lud! it's ten times worse upon the water!  
Suppose, O Lud, to show its plan,  
I call, like Blue Beard's wife, to sister Anne,



Who's gone to Beaufort Wharf with niece and aunt,  
 To see what she can see—and what she can't;  
 Chewing a saffron bun by way of cud,  
 To keep the fog out of a tender lung,  
 While perched in a verandah nicely hung  
 Over a margin of thy own black mud,  
 O Lud!

Now Sister Anne, I call to thee,  
 Look out and see:  
 Of course about the bridge you view them rally  
 And sally,  
 With many a wherry, sculler, punt, and cutter;  
 The Fishmongers' grand boat, but not for butter,  
 The Goldsmiths' glorious galley—  
 Of course you see the Lord Mayor's coach aquatic,  
 With silken banners that the breezes fan,  
 In gold all glowing,  
 And men in scarlet rowing,  
 Like Doge of Venice to the Adriatic;  
 Of course you see all this, O Sister Anne?  
 "No, I see no such thing!"  
 I only see the edge of Beaufort Wharf,  
 With two coal lighters fastened to a ring;  
 And, dim as ghosts,  
 Two little boys are jumping over posts;  
 And something, farther off,  
 That's rather like the shadow of a dog,  
 And all beyond is fog.  
 If there be any thing so fine and bright,  
 To see it I must see by second sight.  
 Call this a Show? It is not worth a pin!  
 I see no barges row,  
 No banners blow;



The Show is merely a gallanty-show,  
Without a lamp or any candle in."

But sister Anne, my dear,  
Although you cannot see, you still may hear?  
Of course you hear, I'm very sure of that,  
The "Water parted from the Sea" in C,  
Or "Where the Bee sucks," set in B;  
Or Huntsman's chorus from the Freyschutz frightful,  
Or Handel's Water Music in A flat.  
Oh music from the water comes delightful!

It sounds as no where else it can:

You hear it first

In some rich burst,

Then faintly sighing,

Tenderly dying,

Away upon the breezes, Sister Anne.

"There is no breeze to die on;  
And all their drums and trumpets, flutes and harps,  
Could never cut their way with ev'n three sharps  
Through such a fog as this, you may rely on.

I think, but am not sure, I hear a hum,  
Like a very muffled double drum,  
And then a something faintly shrill,  
Like Bartlemy Fair's old buz at Pentonville.  
And now and then hear a pop,  
As if from Pedley's Soda Water shop.  
I'm almost ill with the strong scent of mud,  
And, not to mention sneezing,  
My cough is, more than usual, teasing;  
I really fear that I have chilled my blood,  
O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!"







NOTES.







## NOTES.

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### (1.) ODE TO M. BRUNEL.

MR. BRUNEL was an engineer who had been very successful in contriving the machinery for the manufacture of blocks for the Royal Navy, at Portsmouth; and in the bubble-time of 1825, or thereabouts, got up a company for tunnelling the Thames. The plan was ingeniously devised, and in the course of some ten years was executed. It was a very expensive operation, however, and as a speculation an entire failure. At one time during the progress of the work, the water found its way through an unexpected breach in the bottom of the river, when Brunel the younger (now an eminent engineer) barely escaped with his life. He owed his safety entirely to his great skill in swimming.

### (2.) ODE TO THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REMOVAL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.

Smithfield was made the seat of the sole cattle market for the city of London by Edward III. in the year 1327, and has remained such till the present day. The market is an open area, in the form of an irregular polygon; containing only about three and a half acres, for the accommodation of the largest city in the world, in its supplies of sheep, horses, cattle and hay. An attempt was made some years ago to remove it to the outskirts of London, but it cost the opulent projector an hundred thousand pounds, and failed. The city itself was foiled in two efforts to make the removal—one of which probably inspired the ode above entitled. The annual cattle show of the Smithfield Club is still held, and the horse market still enjoys the same reputation as in Shakespeare's time, and for centuries before.

Smithfield is famous in history for its jousts, tournaments, executions



and burnings. Here Wallace and Mortimer were executed, and Wat Tyler was slain.

Smithfield was the seat of the long-famous Bartholomew Fair, which was proclaimed by the Lord Mayor annually on the 3d of September, unless the 3d fell on Sunday, and continued for three days, exclusive of the day of proclamation. In Ben Jonson's celebrated play of that name, there is a picture of what Bartholomew Fair was in 1614; and in Hone's *Every-Day Book* we have a very detailed report of the editor's personal observation of the same scene in 1825. It had its origin in a grant of King Henry II. to the Priory of St. Bartholomew, which had been founded in Smithfield, in connection with a church and hospital, about the year 1102, by one Rahere, a minstrel of the King, and a "pleasant-witted gentleman," who was the first Prior of his monastery.

The royal privilege extended to three days at the Bartholomew-tide for a fair, "to the which," says Stow, "the clothiers of England and the drapers of London repaired, and had their booths and standings within the churchyard of this priory, closed in with walls and gates locked every night, and watched for safety of men's goods and wares; a Court of Piepowders was daily during the fair holden for debts and contracts." This was the origin of this famous fair, over which the charter of Henry II. gave the Mayor and Aldermen criminal jurisdiction during its continuance.

All sorts of cheap shows and entertainments, dramatic, pictorial and zoölogical—dwarfs, fat boys and giants—learned pigs and horses—lions and elephants—feats of skill, strength and dexterity—jugglers and music-grinders—Punch and Judy—mermaids and wild Indians—beautiful dolphins and cannibal chiefs—harlequins and circus-riders—have for hundreds of years entertained our Anglo-Saxon brethren at Bartholomew Fair. Before the commencement of the last century it had become, however, a nuisance, and of late years it is described as a mere scene of annual debauchery.

### (3.) ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S EVE (NOV. 22).

Saint Cecilia is in the Church of England calendar and in the almanacs. She is a saint of the Romish Church, and a patroness of church music. Butler gives her life, from which we learn that she was married to a nobleman named Valerian, whom, with her brother Tibertius, she converted, and with them she was martyred. Various legends and



pictures represent her as engaged in music, or listening to it from celestial performers. Hence the conclusion of the celebrated ode of Dryden (who was a Catholic)—

"She drew an Angel down."

The legend is that her husband, allured by the harmonious sounds, entered a room where she was sitting, and found a young man playing on the organ. Cecilia introduced the visitor as an angel, and from that time she received "angels' visits."

(4.) ODE TO MR. MALTHUS.

Mr. Malthus was distinguished for the development of two new discoveries in Political Economy, those relating to population and rent. He published his *Essay on Population* in 1803, and his *Principles of Political Economy* in 1820. His favorite theory on population is expressed in the formula that the prudential restraint upon marriage, from the fear of a family, is the most powerful check which in modern Europe "keeps down the population to the level of the means of subsistence." In other words, it is thus expressed by the *Edinburgh Review*—"A man has no more right to set up a wife, unless he can afford it, than to set up a coach."

(5.) ODE TO ST. SWITHIN.

Swithin is still retained in the English almanacs, and his day (July 15) at some public offices is a holiday. The saint was of noble parentage, and became a monk in the old monastery at Winchester, of which he was afterwards priest and provost, and finally bishop, by the favor of his sometime pupil, King Ethelwolf, in 852. It was through his influence that tithes were established in England. He died in 862. An hundred years afterwards marvellous cures were wrought by his relics.

There is an old adage—"If it rain on St. Swithin's day, there will be rain the next forty days afterwards." The tradition is, that the bishop desired to be buried in the open churchyard, and not in the chancel of the minster, and his request was complied with; but the monks, on his being canonized by the Pope, thought it would not answer for a saint to lie in the open air, and resolved to remove the body into the choir, which was to have been done on the 15th of July. It rained so hard, however, on that day, and for forty days succeeding, that they abandoned their design as heretical, and erected a chapel over his grave.



Rain on St. Swithin's day is noticed in some places by the saying—"St. Swithin is christening the apples."

Ben Jonson, Gay, Churchill, and other English poets, allude to the popular tradition connected with St. Swithin.

In *Poor Robin's Almanac* for 1697, the saying and one of the miracles ascribed to the saint are thus alluded to:—

"In this month is St. Swithin's day;  
On which, if that it rain, they say  
Full forty days after it will,  
Or more or less, some rain distil.  
This Swithin was a saint, I trow,  
And Winchester's bishop also;  
Who in his time did many a feat,  
As Popish legends do repeat:  
A woman having broke her eggs,  
By stumbling at another's legs,  
For which she made a woful cry;  
St. Swithin chanced for to come by,  
Who made them all as sound, or more,  
Than that they ever were before.  
But whether they were so or no,  
'Tis more than you or I do know.  
Better it is to rise betime,  
And to make hay while the sun doth shine,  
Than to believe in tales and lies,  
Which idle monks and friars devise."

(6.) ODE FOR THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER—LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

On this day there is a procession of the Mayor and Aldermen elect of London, from Guildhall to Westminster, to be sworn, and thence back to Guildhall to dinner. In old times it was an occasion of great splendor and pageantry. On Sir Thomas Middleton's mayoralty, in 1613, the solemnity is described as unparalleled for the art and magnificence of its pageantry and shows. The printed descriptions of these *London Pageants*, or *Triumphs* of the old time, are now extremely rare, and are sold at the rate of two or three guineas for a single leaf.

In 1575, William Smythe, citizen and haberdasher of London, wrote a "breffe description" of that royal city, which gives us an account of the ceremonies on the Lord Mayor's day in early times. "The day of St. Simon and St. Jude," he says, "the Mayor enters into his state and office. The next day he goes by water to Westminster in most triumphant-like manner, his barge being garnished with the arms of the city; and near it a ship-boat of the Queen's Majesty, being trimmed up and



rigged like a ship of war, with divers pieces of ordnance, standards, pennons, and targets of the proper arms of the said Mayor, of his company, and of the merchants' adventurers, or of the staple, or of the company of the new trades; next before him goeth the barge of the livery of his own company, decked with their own proper arms; then the bachelors' barge; and so all the companies in London, in order, every one having their own proper barge, with the arms of their company. And so passing along the Thames he landeth at Westminster, where he taketh his oath in the Exchequer before the Judge there; which done, he returneth by water as aforesaid, and landeth at Paul's wharf, where he and the rest of the Aldermen take their horses, and in great pomp pass through . . . . the city to the Guildhall, where they dine that day to the number of 1,000 persons, all at the charge of the Mayor and the two Sheriffs. The feast costeth £400, whereof the Mayor payeth £200, and each of the Sheriffs £100."

In the procession were some sixty or seventy poor men marching two and two, in blue gowns, with red sleeves and caps, every one bearing a pike and target, on which were painted the arms of all them that had been Mayors of the same company that the new Mayor was of.

"Immediately after dinner they go to St. Paul's Church, every one of the aforesaid poor men bearing staff, torches and targets, which torches are lighted when it is late, before they come from evening prayer."

In 1655, the city pageants, after a discontinuance of about fifteen years, were revived; and Edward Gayton, the author of the description for that year, says, that "our metropolis for these planetary pageants was as famous and renowned in foreign nations as for faith, wealth, and valor." On Lord Mayor's day, 1671, the King, Queen, Duke of York, and most of the nobility, being present, there were "sundry shows, shapes, scenes, speeches, and songs in parts;" and the like in 1672 and 1673, when the King again "graced the triumphs." Again, the great persons of the realm were present in 1674, when there were "emblematical figures, artful pieces of architecture, and rural dancing, with pieces spoken in each pageant."

The speeches in the pageants were usually composed by the official city poet, who also provided a printed programme for the members of the corporation. Settle was the last corporation poet, and wrote the last programme, intended for the show of 1708, which was prevented by the death of the Prince of Denmark.



The modern exhibitions on Lord Mayor's day do not vie with those of the olden time. All that remains of the antique show is in the first part of the procession, where the poor men of the company to which the Lord Mayor belongs, or persons hired to represent them, are habited in long gowns and close caps of the company's color, and bear painted shields on their arms, but without javelins. So many of these head the show as there are years in the Lord Mayor's age. "Their obsolete costume and hobbling walk," says the author of the *Every-Day Book*, "are sport for the unsedate, who, from improper tradition, year after year, are accustomed to call them 'old bachelors'—tongues less polite call them '*old fogeys*.' The numerous band of gentlemen-ushers, in velvet coats, wearing chains of gold, and bearing white staves, is reduced to half a dozen full-dressed footmen, carrying umbrellas in their hands."



TALES AND LEGENDS.







## TALES AND LEGENDS.

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### THE STAG-EYED LADY.

A MOORISH TALE.

Scheherazade immediately began the following story.

ALI BEN ALI (did you never read

His wondrous acts that chronicles relate—  
How there was one in pity might exceed

The sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sate  
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed,

For those that he had under him were great—  
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,  
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!

'Tis rumored he had strangled his own mother—  
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,

'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother  
And sister too—but happily that none

Did live within *harm's* length of one another,  
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze  
To endless night, and shortened the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,

And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,  
Made Ali wicked—to a fault:—'tis fit

Monarchs should have some check-strings; but he had



No curb upon his will—no, not a *bit*—

Wherefore he did not reign well—and full glad  
His slaves had been to hang him—but they faltered,  
And let him live unchanged—and still unaltered.

Until he got a sage bush of a beard,

Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail  
Of bristly hair—that, honored and unsheared  
Grew downward like old women and cow's tail :

Being a sign of age—some gray appeared,  
Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale ;  
But yet not so poetic as when Time  
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex

His royal bosom that he had no son,  
No living child of the more noble sex,  
To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one  
To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks

When he was gone—doomed, when his days were done,  
To leave the very city of his fame  
Without an Ali to keep up his name.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,

Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear ;  
So called, because her lustrous eyes, above

All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear ;  
Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,

And drummed with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear,  
Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,  
Or else he was not praying to his *Profit*.

Beer will grow *motherly*, and ladies fair

Will grow like beer ; so did that stag-eyed dame :



Ben Ali, hoping for a son and heir,  
Boyed up his hopes, and even chose a name  
Of mighty hero that his child should bear ;  
He made so certain ere his chicken came :  
But oh ! all worldly wit is little worth,  
Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun  
A little daughter to this world of sins ;  
*Miss*-fortunes never come alone—so one  
Brought on another, like a pair of twins :  
Twins ! female twins !—it was enough to stun  
Their little wits and scare them from their skins,  
To hear their father stamp, and curse and swear,  
Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down  
This his paternal rage, and thus address :  
Oh ! Most Serene ! why dost thou stamp and frown,  
And box the compass of thy royal chest ?  
Ah ! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own  
I love to gaze on !—Pr'ythee, thou hadst best  
Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin  
Your beard, you 'll want a wig upon your chin !

But not her words, or e'en her tears, could slack  
The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew :  
He called his slaves to bring an ample sack  
Wherein a woman might be *poked*—a few  
Dark grimly men felt pity and looked black  
At this sad order ; but their slaveships knew  
When any dared demur, his sword so bending  
Cut off the "head and front of their offending."



For Ali had a sword, much like himself,  
A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—  
The trophies it had lopped from many an elf  
Were stuck at his *head-quarters* by the score—  
Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,  
But jested with it, and his wit cut sore;  
So that (as they of Public Houses speak)  
He often did his dozen *butts* a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,  
Came with the sack the lady to enclose;  
In vain from her stag-eyes “the big round tears  
Coursed one another down her innocent nose;”  
In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears;  
Though there were some felt willing to oppose,  
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,  
Though ’twas a piteous *case*, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three  
Of these black undertakers slowly brought her  
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine; for she  
Was doomed to have *a winding sheet of water*.  
Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—  
Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter!  
She’s shot from off the shoulders of a black,  
Like a bag of Wall’s End from a coalman’s back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-filled  
All that the waters oped, as down it fell;  
Then closed the wave, and then the surface rilled  
A ring above her, like a water-knell;  
A moment more, and all its face was stilled,  
And not a guilty heave was left to tell  
That underneath its calm and blue transparence  
A dame lay drownèd in her sack, like Clarence.



But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,  
The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,  
Like Desdemona smothered by the Moor ;  
The lady's natal star with pale affright  
Fainted and fell—and what were stars before  
Turned comets as the tale was brought to light ;  
And all looked downward on the fatal wave,  
And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night, a head—a little lady head,  
Pushed through the waters a most glassy face,  
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,  
Combed by 'live ivory, to show the space  
Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed  
A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace  
Over their sleepy lids—and so she raised  
Her *aqualine* nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,  
So pale it seemed near drown'd to a white—  
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush  
Of music bubbling through the surface light ;  
The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush  
To listen to the air—and through the night  
There came these words of a most plaintive ditty,  
Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity :

## THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,  
The child that she wet-nursed is lapped in the wave  
The *Mussulman* coming to fish in this water,  
Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.



This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,  
This grayish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall,  
And, stranger, O stranger ! this song that you hear  
Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all !

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,  
My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—  
She's a corpse, the poor body ! and lies in this basin,  
And sleeps in the water that washes her face.



## A LEGEND OF NAVARRE.

---

'T WAS in the reign of Lewis, called the Great,  
As one may read on his triumphal arches,  
The thing befell I'm going to relate,

In course of one of those "pomposo" marches  
He loved to make, like any gorgeous Persian,  
Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

Some wag had put it in the royal brain

To drop a visit at an old chateau,  
Quite unexpected, with his courtly train;

The monarch liked it—but it happened so,  
That Death had got before them by a post,  
And they were "reckoning without their *host*."

Who died exactly as a child should die,

Without one groan or a convulsive breath,  
Closing without one pang his quiet eye,

Sliding composedly from sleep—to death;  
A corpse so placid ne'er adorned a bed,  
He seemed not quite—but only rather dead.

All night the widowed Baroness contrived

To shed a widow's tears; but on the morrow  
Some news of such unusual sort arrived,

There came strange alteration in her sorrow;  
From mouth to mouth it passed, one common humming  
Throughout the house—the King! the King is coming!



The Baroness, with all her soul and heart,  
A loyal woman (now called ultra royal),  
Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,  
And only thought about a banquet loyal;  
In short, by aid of earnest preparation,  
The visit quite dismissed the visitation.

And, spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,  
There was a secret hope she could not smother,  
That some one, early, might replace "the late"—  
It was too soon to think about another;  
Yet let her minutes of despair be reckoned  
Against her hope, which was but for *a second*.

She almost thought that being thus bereft  
Just then, was one of time's propitious touches;  
A thread in such a nick so nicked, it left  
Free opportunity to be a duchess;  
Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,  
But as for tears—she dropped them—for the present.

Her household, as good servants ought to try,  
Looked like their lady—any thing but sad,  
And giggled even that they might not cry,  
To damp fine company; in truth they had  
No time to mourn, through choking turkeys' throttles,  
Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.

Oh what a hubbub for the house of wo!  
All, resolute to one irresolution,  
Kept tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,  
Just like another French mob-revolution.  
There lay the corpse that could not stir a muscle,  
But all the rest seemed Chaos in a bustle.



The Monarch came : oh ! who could ever guess  
The Baroness had been so late a weeper !  
The kingly grace and more than graciousness,  
Buried the poor defunct some fathoms deeper—  
Could he have had a glance—alas, poor Being !  
Seeing would certainly have led to *D*—ing.

For casting round about her eyes to find  
Some one to whom her chattels to endorse,  
The comfortable dame at last inclined  
To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse ;  
He was so gay—so tender—the complete  
Nice man—the sweetest of the monarch's suite.

He saw at once and entered in the lists—  
Glance unto glance made amorous replies ;  
They talked together like two egotists,  
In conversation all made up of *eyes* :  
No couple ever got so right consort-ish  
Within two hours—a courtship rather shortish.

At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,  
The courtly company began “nid noddin ;”  
The King first sought his chamber, and the rest  
Instantly followed by the course he trod in.  
I shall not please the scandalous by showing  
The order, or disorder of their going.

The old Chateau, before that night, had never  
Held half so many underneath its roof ;  
It tasked the Baroness's best endeavor,  
And put her best contrivance to the proof,  
To give them chambers up and down the stairs  
In twos and threes, by singles, and by pairs.



She had just lodging for the whole—yet barely;  
And some, that were both broad of back and tall,  
Lay on spare beds that served them very sparsely;  
However, there were beds enough for all;  
But living bodies occupied so many,  
She could not let the dead one take up any!

The act was, certainly, not over decent:  
Some small respect, e'en after death, she owed him,  
Considering his death had been so recent;  
However, by command, her servants stowed him,  
(I am ashamed to think how he was slubbered,)  
Stuck bolt upright within a corner cupboard!

And there he slept as soundly as a post,  
With no more pillow than an oaken shelf;  
Just like a kind accommodating host,  
Taking all inconvenience on himself;  
None else slept in that room, except a stranger,  
A decent man, a sort of Forest Ranger.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,  
Or dreamt himself into an appetite,  
Howbeit, he took a longing to be fed,  
About the hungry middle of the night;  
So getting forth, he sought some scrap to eat,  
Hopeful of some stray pastry, or cold meat.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,  
Brightening some antique ornaments of brass,  
Guided his gropings to that corner soon,  
Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas!  
He tried the door—then shook it—and in course  
Of time it opened to a little farce.



He put one hand in, and began to grope ;  
The place was very deep, and quite as dark as  
The middle night ;—when lo ! beyond his hope,  
He felt a something cold—in fact, the carcase ;  
Right overjoyed, he laughed and blest his luck  
At finding, as he thought, this haunch of buck !

Then striding back for his couteau de chasse,  
Determined on a little midnight lunching,  
He came again and probed about the mass,  
As if to find the fattest bit for munching ;  
Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,  
But only to abstract a little collop.

But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,  
His hand fell down quite powerless and weak ;  
For when he cut the haunch it plainly spoke  
As haunch of ven'son never ought to speak ;  
No wonder that his hand could go no further—  
Whose could !—to carve cold meat that bellowed  
“ murther !”

Down came the Body with a bounce, and down  
The Ranger sprang, a staircase at a spring,  
And bawled enough to waken up a town ;  
Some thought that *they* were murdered, some, the King,  
And, like Macduff, did nothing for a season,  
But stand upon the spot and bellow, “ Treason !”

A hundred nightcaps gathered in a mob,  
Torches drew torches, swords brought swords together,  
It seemed so dark and perilous a job ;  
The Baroness came trembling like a feather  
Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,  
Leaning against the Master of the Horse.



A dozen of the bravest up the stair,  
Well lighted and well watched, began to clamber;  
They sought the door—they found it—they were there,  
A dozen heads went poking in the chamber;  
And lo! with one hand planted on his hurt,  
There stood the Body bleeding thro' his shirt,—

No passive corse—but like a duellist  
Just smarting from a scratch—in fierce position,  
One hand advanced, and ready to resist;  
In fact, the Baron doffed the apparition,  
Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,  
And for the second time “gave up the ghost?”

A living miracle!—for why?—the knife  
That cuts so many off from grave gray hairs,  
Had only carved him kindly into life:  
How soon it changed the posture of affairs!  
The difference one person more or less  
Will make in families, is past all guess.

There stood the Baroness—no widow yet:  
Here stood the Baron—“in the body” still:  
There stood the Horses' Master in a pet,  
Choking with disappointment's bitter pill,  
To see the hope of his reversion fail,  
Like that of riding on a donkey's tail.

The Baron lived—'t was nothing but a trance:  
The lady died—'t was nothing but a death:  
The cupboard-cut served only to enhance  
This postscript to the old Baronial breath: —  
He soon forgave, for the revival's sake,  
A little *chop* intended for a *steak*!



## THE MERMAID OF MARGATE.

“Alas! what perils do environ  
That man who meddles with a siren!”

HINDIBRAS.

ON Margate beach, where the sick one roams,  
And the sentimental reads;  
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—  
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds;—

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,  
And the Cit to spy at the ships—  
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells—  
And the Chandler for watery dips;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,  
As lovely and fair as sin!  
But woe, deep water and woe to him,  
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crowned with pretty sea-wares,  
And her locks are golden and loose:  
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,  
To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And, all day long, she combeth them well,  
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;  
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipped shell,  
The fairest that man e'er saw!



And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,  
Hath planted his seat by her side ;  
“ Good even, fair maid ! Is thy lover at sea,  
To make thee so watch the tide ? ”

She turned about with her pearly brows,  
And clasped him by the hand ;  
“ Come, love, with me ; I’ve a bonny house  
On the golden Goodwin Sand. ”

And then she gave him a siren kiss,  
No honeycomb e’er was sweeter ;  
Poor wretch ! how little he dreamt for this  
That Peter should be salt-Peter :

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,  
Not walking, as damsels do,  
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept,  
But she hopt like a Kangaroo ;

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,  
Whilst they galloped across the tide ;  
At last, on the bank he waked in his mind,  
And the beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,  
But his hair all began to stiffen ;  
For when he looked where her feet should be,  
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen !

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin’s growth,  
In the dabbling brine did soak ;  
At last she opened her pearly mouth,  
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke :



“You crimpt my father, who was a skate;—  
And my sister you sold—a maid;  
So here remain for a fish’ry fate,  
For lost you are, and betrayed!”

And away she went, with a sea-gull’s scream,  
And a splash of her saucy tail;  
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam  
That shone on her splendid mail!

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,  
And the sky grew cloudy and black,  
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,  
Each over the other’s back!

Ah, me! it had been a beautiful scene,  
With the safe terra-firma round;  
But the green water hillocks all seemed to him,  
Like those in a churchyard ground;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,  
Not in watery graves to be;  
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die  
On the land than in the sea.

And whilst he stood, the watery strife  
Encroached on every hand,  
And the ground decreased—his moments of life  
Seemed measured, like Time’s, by sand;

And still the waters foamed in, like ale,  
In front, and on either flank,  
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,  
There was such a run on the bank.



A little more, and a little more,  
The surges came tumbling in ;  
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,  
And thought of every sin !

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,  
As cold as his marble slab ;  
And he thought he felt in every part,  
The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boiled,  
And the little potted shrimps,  
All the horny prawns he had ever spoiled,  
Gnawed into his soul, like imps !

And the billows were wandering to and fro,  
And the glorious sun was sunk,  
And Day, getting black in the face, as though  
Of the nightshade she had drunk !

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,  
One tub, or keg, to be seen ;  
It might have given his spirits a lift,  
Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean !

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,  
To raft him from that sad place ;  
Not a skiff, nor a yawl, or a mackerel boat,  
Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,  
He saw a sail and a mast,  
And called " Ahoy !" —but it was not a hoy,  
And so the vessel went past.



And with saucy wing that flapped in his face,  
The wild bird about him flew  
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,  
“Why, thou art a sea-gull too!”

And lo! the tide was over his feet;  
O! his heart began to freeze,  
And slowly to pulse:—in another beat  
The wave was up to his knees!

He was deafened amidst the mountain tops,  
And the salt spray blinded his eyes,  
And washed away the other salt drops  
That grief had caused to arise:—

But just as his body was all afloat,  
And the surges above him broke,  
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat  
Of Deal—(but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,  
And chafed his shivering skin:  
And the Angel returned that was flying away  
With the spirit of Peter Fin!



## OUR LADY'S CHAPEL.

A LEGEND OF COBLENTZ.

---

WHOE'ER has crossed the Mósél Bridge,  
And mounted by the fort of Kaiser Franz,  
Has seen, perchance,  
Just on the summit of St. Peter's ridge,  
A little open chapel to the right,  
Wherein the tapers aye are burning bright;  
So popular, indeed, this holy shrine,  
At least among the female population,  
By night, or at high noon, you see it shine,  
A very Missal for *illumination*!

Yet, when you please, at morn or eve, go by  
All other Chapels, standing in the fields,  
Whose mouldy, wifeless husbandry but yields  
Beans, peas, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, rye,  
And lo! the Virgin, lonely, dark, and hush,  
Without the glimmer of a farthing rush!

But on Saint Peter's Hill  
The lights are burning, burning, burning still.  
In fact, it is a pretty retail trade  
To furnish forth the candles ready made;



And close beside the chapel and the way,  
A chandler, at her stall, sits day by day,  
And sells, both long and short, the waxen tapers,  
Smartened with tinsel-foil and tinted papers.

To give of the mysterious truth an inkling,  
Those who in this bright chapel breathe a prayer  
To "Unser Frow," and burn a taper there,  
Are said to get a husband in a twinkling:  
Just as she-glow-worms, if it be not scandal,  
Catch partners with *their* matrimonial candle.

How kind of blessed saints in heaven—  
Where none in marriage, we are told, are given—  
To interfere below in making matches,  
And help old maidens to connubial catches!  
The truth is, that instead of looking smugly  
(At least, so whisper wags satirical)  
The votaries are all so old and ugly,

No man could fall in love but by a miracle.  
However, that such waxen gifts and vows  
Are sometimes for the purpose efficacious  
In helping to a spouse,  
Is vouched for by a story most veracious.

A certain Woman, though in name a wife,  
Yet doomed to lonely life,  
Her truant husband having been away  
Nine years, two months, a week, and half a day—  
Without remembrances by words or deeds—  
Began to think she had sufficient handle  
To talk of widowhood and burn her weeds,  
Of course with a wax-candle.



Sick, single-handed with the world to grapple,  
 Weary of solitude, and spleen, and vapors,  
 Away she hurried to Our Lady's Chapel,

Full-handed with *two* tapers—

And prayed, as she had never prayed before,  
 To be a *bonâ fide* wife once more.

"Oh Holy Virgin! listen to my prayer!

And for sweet mercy, and thy sex's sake,

Accept the vows and offerings I make—

Others set up one light, but here's *a pair!*"

Her prayer, it seemed, was heard;  
 For in three little weeks, exactly reckoned,

As blithe as any bird,

She stood before the Priest with Hans the Second;—

A fact that made her gratitude so hearty,

To "Unser Frow," and her propitious shrine,

She sent two waxen candles superfine,

Long enough for a Lapland evening party!

Rich was the Wedding Feast and rare—

What sausages were there!

Of sweets and sours there was a perfect glut:

With plenteous liquors to wash down good cheer

Brantwein, and Rhum, Kirsch-wasser, and Krug Bier,

And wine so *sharp* that every one was *cut*.

Rare was the feast—but rarer was the quality

Of mirth, of smoky-joke, and song, and toast—

When just in all the middle of their jollity—

With bumpers filled to Hostess and to Host,

And all the unborn branches of their house,

Unwelcome and unasked, like Banquo's Ghost,

In walked the long-lost Spouse!



What pen could ever paint  
The hubbub when the Hubs were thus confronted !  
The bridesmaids fitfully began to faint ;  
The bridesmen stared—some whistled, and some grunted :  
Fierce Hans the First looked like a boar that's hunted,  
Poor Hans the Second like a suckling calf :  
Meanwhile, confounded by the double miracle,  
The two-fold bride sobbed out, with tears hysterical,  
“ Oh Holy Virgin, you're too good—*by half !*”

## MORAL.

Ye Cöblentz maids, take warning by the rhyme,  
And as our Christian laws forbid polygamy  
For fear of bigamy,  
Only light up *one* taper at a time.



## THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

---

IN the famous old times,  
(Famed for chivalrous crimes,)  
As the legends of Rhineland deliver,  
Once there flourished a Knight,  
Who Sir Otto was hight,  
On the banks of the rapid green river !

On the Drachenfels' crest  
He had built a stone nest,  
From which he pounced down like a vulture,  
And with talons of steel  
Out of every man's meal  
Took a very extortionate multure.

Yet he lived in good fame,  
With a nobleman's name,  
As "Your High-and-Well-Born" addressed daily—  
Tho' Judge Park in his wig  
Would have deemed him a prig,  
Or a craksman, if tried at th' Old Bailey.

It is strange—very strange !  
How opinions will change !—  
How Antiquity blazons and hallows



Both the man and the crime  
That a less lapse of time  
Would commend to the hulks or the gallows !

Thus enthralled by Romance,  
In a mystified trance,  
E'en a young, mild, and merciful Woman  
Will recall with delight  
The wild Keep, and its Knight,  
Who was quite as much Tiger as Human !

Now it chanced on a day  
In the sweet month of May,  
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing,  
With his sword in the sheath,  
At that prospect beneath,  
Which our Tourists declare so amazing !

Yes—he gazed on the Rhine,  
And its banks, so divine ;  
Yet with no admiration or wonder,  
But the goût of a thief,  
As a more modern Chief  
Looked on London, and cried “What a plunder !”

From that river so fast,  
From that campaign so vast,  
He collected rare tribute and presents ;  
Water-rates from ships' loads,  
Highway-rates on the roads,  
And hard Poor-rates from all the poor Peasants !

When behold ! round the base  
Of his strong dwelling-place,  
Only gained by most toilsome progression,



He perceived a full score  
Of the rustics, or more,  
Winding up in a sort of procession !

“ Keep them out !” the Knight cried  
To the Warders outside—  
But the Hound at his feet gave a grumble !  
And in scrambled the knaves,  
Like Feudality’s slaves,  
With all forms that are servile and humbl

“ Now for boorish complaints !  
Grant me patience, ye Saints !”  
Cried the Knight, turning red as a mullet ;  
When the baldest old man  
Thus his story began,  
With a guttural croak in his gullet !

“ Lord Supreme of our lives,  
Of our daughters, our wives,  
Our she-cousins, our sons, and their spouses,  
Of our sisters and aunts,  
Of the babies God grants,  
Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses !

“ Mighty master of all  
We possess, great or small,  
Of our cattle, our sows, and their farrows ·  
Of our mares and their colts,  
Of our crofts, and our holts,  
Of our ploughs, of our wains, and our harrows !

“ Noble Lord of the soil,  
Of its corn and its oil,  
Of its wine, only fit for such gentles !



Of our carp and sauer-kraut,  
Of our carp and our trout,  
Our black bread, and black puddings, and lentils!

“Sovran Lord of our cheese,  
And whatever you please—  
Of our bacon, our eggs, and our butter,  
Of our backs and our polls,  
Of our bodies and souls—  
O give ear to the woes that we utter!

“We are truly perplexed,  
We are frightened and vexed,  
Till the strings of our heart are all twisted;  
We are ruined and curst,  
By the fiercest and worst  
Of all Robbers that ever existed!”

“Now by Heaven and this light!”  
In a rage cried the Knight,  
“For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen!  
What! by Peasants miscalled!”  
Quoth the man that was bald,  
“Not your honor we mean, but a Griffin.

“For our herds and our flocks  
He lays wait in the rocks,  
And jumps forth without giving us warning;  
Two poor wethers, right fat,  
And four lambs after that,  
Did he swallow this very May morning!”

Then the High-and-Well-Born  
Gave a laugh as in scorn,  
“Is the Griffin indeed such a glutton?”



Let him eat up the rams,  
And the lambs, and their dams—  
If I hate any meat it is mutton !”

“Nay, your Worship,” said then  
The most bald of old men,  
“For a sheep we would hardly thus cavil,  
If the merciless Beast  
Did not oftentimes feast  
On the Pilgrims, and people that travel.”

“Feast on what?” cried the Knight,  
While his eye glistened bright  
With the most diabolical flashes—  
“Does the Beast dare to prey  
On the road and highway?  
With our proper diversion that clashes !”

“Yea, ’tis so, and far worse,”  
Said the Clown, “to our curse ;  
For by way of a snack or a tiffin,  
Every week in the year  
Sure as Sundays appear,  
A young Virgin is thrown to the Griffin !”

“Ha! Saint Peter! Saint Mark !”  
Roar’d the Knight, frowning dark,  
With an oath that was awful and bitter :  
“A young maid to his dish!  
Why, what more could he wish,  
If the Beast were High-Born and a Ritter !

“Now by this our good brand,  
And by this our right hand,  
By the badge that is borne on our banners,



If we can but once meet  
With the Monster's retreat,  
We will teach him to poach on our Manors!"

Quite content with this vow,  
With a scrape and a bow  
The glad Peasants went homie to their flagons,  
Where they tiddled so deep,  
That each clown in his sleep  
Dreamt of killing a legion of Dragons!

Thus engaged, the bold Knight  
Soon prepared for the fight  
With the wily and scaly marauder;  
But ere battle began,  
Like a good Christian man,  
First he put all his household in order.

"Double bolted and barred  
Let each gate have a guard"—  
(Thus his rugged Lieutenant was bidden)  
"And be sure, without fault,  
No one enters the vault  
Where the Church's gold vessels are hidden.

"In the dark Oubliette,  
Let yon Merchant forget  
That he e'er had a bark richly laden—  
And that desperate youth,  
Our own rival, forsooth!  
Just indulge with a Kiss of the Maiden!

"Crush the thumbs of the Jew  
With the vice and the screw,  
Till he tells where he buried his treasure;



And deliver our word  
To yon sullen caged Bird,  
That to-night she must sing for our pleasure!"

Thereupon, cap-a-pee,  
As a Champion should be,  
With the bald-headed Peasant to guide him,  
On his War-horse he bounds,  
And then, whistling his hounds,  
Prances off to what fate may betide him!

Nor too long do they seek  
Ere a horrible reek,  
Like the fumes from some villanous tavern,  
Sets the dogs on the snuff,  
For they scent well enough  
The foul Monster coiled up in his cavern!

Then alighting with speed  
From his terrified steed,  
Which he ties to a tree for the present,  
With his sword ready drawn,  
Strides the Ritter High-born,  
And along with him drags the scared peasant!

"O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight!  
I am near enough quite—  
I have shown you the Beast and his grotto;"  
But before he can reach  
Any farther in speech,  
He is stricken stone-dead by Sir Otto!

Who, withdrawing himself  
To a high rocky shelf,  
Sees the Monster his tail disentangle



From each tortuous coil,  
With a sudden turmoil,  
And rush forth the dead Peasant to mangle.

With his terrible claws,  
And his horrible jaws,  
He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly;  
Which he quickly sucks in  
To his own wicked skin  
And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.

Then the Knight softly goes,  
On the tips of his toes,  
To the greedy and slumbering Savage,  
And with one hearty stroke  
Of his sword, and a poke,  
Kills the Beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,  
Without motion or strength,  
That gorged Serpent they call the Constrictor,  
After dinner, while deep  
In lethargical sleep,  
Falls a prey to his Hottentot victor.

"'Twas too easy by half!"  
Said the Knight, with a laugh;  
"But as nobody witnessed the slaughter,  
I will swear, knock and knock,  
By Saint Winifred's clock,  
We were at it three hours and a quarter!"

Then he chopt off the head  
Of the Monster so dread,  
Which he tied to his horse as a trophy;



And, with Hounds, by the same  
Ragged path that he came,  
Home he jogged proud as Sultan or Sophy!

Blessed Saints! what a rout  
When the news flew about,  
And the carcase was fetched in a wagon;  
What an outcry rose wild  
From man, woman, and child—  
“Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!”

All that night the thick walls  
Of the Knight's feudal halls  
Rang with shouts for the wine-cup and flagon;  
Whilst the Vassals stood by,  
And repeated the cry—  
“Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!”

The next night, and the next,  
Still the fight was the text,  
'T was a theme for the Minstrels to brag on!  
And the Vassals' hoarse throats  
Still re-echoed the notes—  
“Live Sir Otto who vanquished the Dragon!”

There was never such work  
Since the days of King Stork,  
When he lived with the Frogs at free quarters!  
Not to name the invites  
That were sent down of nights,  
To the villagers' wives and their daughters!

It was feast upon feast,  
For good cheer never ceased,  
And a foray replenished the flagon:



And the Vassals stood by,  
But more weak was the cry—  
“Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the dragon!”

Down again sank the sun,  
Nor were revels yet done—  
But as if every mouth had a gag on,  
Tho’ the Vassals stood round,  
Deuce a word or a sound  
Of “Sir Otto who vanquished the Dragon!”

There was feasting aloft,  
But, thro’ pillage so oft  
Down below there was wailing and hunger;  
And affection ran cold,  
And the food of the old,  
It was wolfishly snatched by the younger!

Mad with troubles so vast,  
Where’s the wonder at last  
If the Peasants quite altered their motto?—  
And with one loud accord  
Cried out “Would to the Lord  
That the Dragon had vanquished Sir Otto!”







MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

OF

WIT AND HUMOR.







## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### STANZAS ON COMING OF AGE.

"Twiddle'em, Twaddle'em, Twenty-one."

*Nurse.* O woe ! O woeful, woeful day !  
Most lamentable day ! most woeful day !  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold !  
O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !  
Never was seen so black a day as this !  
O woeful day ! O woeful day !

\* \* \* \* \*

*Musician.* Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

*Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah ! put up, put up !  
For well you know this is a pitiful case.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

To-DAY it is my natal day,  
Three 'prenticeships have past away,  
A part in work, a part in play,  
Since I was bound to life !  
This first of May I come of age,  
A man, I enter on the stage  
Where human passions fret and rage,  
To mingle in the strife.

It ought to be a happy date,  
My friends, they all congratulate  
That I am come to "Man's Estate,"  
To some, a grand event ;



But ah ! to me descent allots  
No acres, no maternal spots  
In Beds, Bucks, Herts, Wilts, Essex, Notts,  
Hants, Oxon, Berks, or Kent.

From John o'Groat's to Land's End search,  
I have not one rod, pole, or perch,  
To pay my rent, or tithe to church,  
That I can call my own.  
Not common-right for goose or ass ;  
Then what is Man's Estate ? Alas !  
Six feet by two of mould and grass  
When I am dust and bone.

Reserve the feast ! The board forsake !  
Ne'er tap the wine—don't cut the cake,  
No toasts or foolish speeches make,  
At which my reason spurns.  
Before this happy term you praise,  
And prate about returns and days,  
Just o'er my vacant rent-roll gaze,  
And sum up my returns.

I know where great estates descend  
That here is Boyhood's legal end,  
And easily can comprehend  
How "Manors make the Man."  
But as for me, I was not born  
To quit-rent of a peppercorn,  
And gain no ground this blessed morn  
From Beersheba to Dan.

No barrels broach—no bonfires make !  
To roast a bullock for my sake,



Who in the country have no stake,  
Would be too like a quiz ;  
No banners hoist—let off no gun—  
Pitch no marquee—devise no fun—  
But think when man is Twenty-One  
What new delights are his !

What is the moral legal fact—  
Of age to-day, I'm free to act  
For self—free, namely, to contract  
Engagements, bonds, and debts ;  
I'm free to give my I O U,  
Sign, draw, accept, as majors do ;  
And free to lose my freedom too  
For want of due assets.

I am of age to ask Miss Ball,  
Or that great heiress, Miss Duval,  
To go to church, hump, squint, and all,  
And be my own for life.  
But put such reasons on their shelves,  
To tell the truth between ourselves,  
I'm one of those contented elves  
Who do not want a wife.

What else belongs to Manhood still ?  
I'm old enough to make my will  
With valid clause and codicil  
Before in turf I lie.  
But I have nothing to bequeath  
In earth, or waters underneath,  
And in all candor let me breathe,  
I do not want to die.



Away ! if this be Manhood's forte,  
 Put by the sherry and the port—  
 No ring of bells—no rustic sport—  
     No dance—no merry pipes !  
 No flowery garlands—no bouquet—  
 No Birthday Ode to sing or say—  
 To me it seems this is a day  
     For bread and cheese and swipes.

To justify the festive cup  
 What horrors here are conjured up !  
 What things of bitter bite and sup,  
     Poor wretched Twenty-One's !  
 No landed lumps, but frumps and humps,  
 (Discretion's Days are far from trumps,)  
 Domestic discord, dowdies, dumps,  
     Death, dockets, debts, and duns !

If you must drink, oh drink "the King,"  
 Reform—the Church—the Press—the Ring,  
 Drink Aldgate Pump—or anything,  
     Before a toast like this !  
 Nay, tell me, coming thus of age,  
 And turning o'er this sorry page,  
 Was young Nineteen so far from sage ?  
     Or young Eighteen from bliss ?

Till this dull, cold, wet, happy morn—  
 No sign of May about the thorn—  
 Were Love and Bacchus both unborn ?  
     Had Beauty not a shape ?  
 Make answer, sweet Kate Finnerty !  
 Make answer, lads of Trinity ?  
 Who sipped with me Divinity,  
     And quaffed the ruby grape !



No flummery then from flowery lips,  
No three times three and hip-hip-hips,  
Because I'm ripe and full of pips—

I like a little green.

To put me on my solemn oath,  
If sweep-like I could stop my growth  
I would remain, and nothing loth,

A boy—about nineteen.

My friends, excuse me these rebukes !  
Were I a monarch's son, or duke's,  
Go to the Vatican of Meux

And broach his biggest barrels—

Impale whole elephants on spits—  
Ring Tom of Lincoln till he splits,  
And dance into St. Vitus's fits,

And break your winds with carols !

But ah ! too well you know my lot,  
Ancestral acres greet me not,  
My freehold's in a garden-pot,

And barely worth a pin.

Away then with all festive stuff !

Let Robins advertise and puff

My "Man's Estate," I'm sure enough

I shall not buy it in.



## THE LOST HEIR.

"Oh where, and oh where  
Is my bonnie laddie gone?"—OLD SONG.

ONE day, as I was going by  
That part of Holborn christened High,  
I heard a loud and sudden cry  
That chill'd my very blood;  
And lo! from out a dirty alley,  
Where pigs and Irish went to rally,  
I saw a crazy woman sally,  
Bedaubed with grease and mud.  
She turned her East, she turned her West,  
Staring like Pythoness possest,  
With streaming hair and heaving breast,  
As one stark mad with grief.  
This way and that she wildly ran,  
Jostling with woman and with man—  
Her right hand held a frying-pan,  
The left a lump of beef.  
At last her frenzy seemed to reach  
A point just capable of speech,  
And with a tone, almost a screech,  
As wild as ocean birds,  
Or female Ranter moved to preach,  
She gave her "sorrow words."

"O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick  
stark staring wild!  
Has ever a one seen any thing about the streets like a  
crying lost-looking child?"



Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run, if I only knew which way—

A Child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.

I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you wretch. you little Kitty M'Nab!

You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you did, you dirty deceitful young drab.

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my own blessed Motherly eyes,

Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making little dirt pies.

I wonder he left the court, where he was better off than all the other young boys,

With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a dead kitten by way of toys.

When his Father comes home, and he always comes home as sure as ever the clock strikes one,

He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost; and the beef and the inguns not done!

La bless you, good folks, mind your own concerns, and don't be making a mob in the street;

O Serjeant M'Farlane! you have not come across my poor little boy, have you, in your beat?

Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;

Saints forbid! but he's p'raps been inviggled away up a court for the sake of his clothes by the priggs;

He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;

And his trowsers considering not very much patched, and red plush, they was once his Father's best pair.



His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or  
that might have gone with the rest;  
But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits  
and a burn on the breast.  
He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sew'd in, and  
not quite so much jagged at the brim.  
With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a  
fit, and you'll know by that if it's him.  
Except being so well dressed, my mind would misgive, some  
old beggar woman in want of an orphan  
Had borrowed the child to go a begging with; but I'd rather  
see him laid out in his coffin!  
Do, good people, move on; such a rabble of boys! I'll  
break every bone of 'em I come near;  
Go home—you're spilling the porter—go home—Tommy  
Jones, go along with your beer.  
This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my  
name was Betty Morgan,  
Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all along  
of following a Monkey and an Organ:  
O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he's got  
kiddynapp'd with them Italians  
They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will,  
the outlandish tatterdemalions.  
Billy—where are you, Billy?—I'm as hoarse as a crow,  
with screaming for ye, you young sorrow!  
And shan't have half a voice, no more I shan't, for crying  
fresh herrings to-morrow.  
O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life  
won't be of no more vally,  
If I'm to see other folks darlins, and none of mine, play-  
ing like angels in our alley,



And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at  
the old three-legged chair  
As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there a'n't  
no Billy there !  
I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only  
knowed where to run ;  
Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a month  
through stealing a penny-bun—  
The Lord forbid of any child of mine ! I think it would  
kill me raily  
To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand at the  
Old Bailey.  
For though I say it as ought n't, yet I will say, you may  
search for miles and mileses  
And not find one better brought up, and more pretty be-  
haved, from one end to t' other of St. Giles's.  
And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a  
Mother ought to speak ;  
You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it has n't  
been washed for a week ;  
As for hair, tho' its red, its the most nicest hair when I've  
time to just show it the comb ;  
I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will only  
bring him safe and sound home.  
He's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint, though a little  
cast he's certainly got ;  
And his nose is still a good un, tho' the bridge is broke, by  
his falling on a pewter pint pot ;  
He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and  
very large teeth for his age ;  
And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid  
on the Drury Lane Stage.  
And then he has got such dear winning ways—but O I  
never never shall see him no more !



O dear ! to think of losing him just after nussing him back  
from death's door !  
Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em,  
was at twenty a penny !  
And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in  
plums, and sixty for a child is too many.  
And the Cholera man came and whitewashed us all and, drat  
him, made a seize of our hog.—  
It's no use to send the Cryer to cry him about, he's such a  
blunderin' drunken old dog ;  
The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was  
guzzling with his bell at the Crown,  
And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted  
Mother and Father about Town.  
Billy—where are you, Billy, I say ? come Billy, come home,  
to your best of Mothers !  
I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so,  
they'd run over their own Sisters and Brothers.  
Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch, to  
stick fast in narrow flues and what not,  
And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when  
the soot has ketched, and the chimbly's red hot.  
Oh I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine,  
to clap my two longin' eyes on his face.  
For he's my darlin of darlins, and if he don't soon come  
back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.  
I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms,  
and would n't I hug him and kiss him !  
Lauk ! I never knew what a precious he was—but a child  
don't not feel like a child till you miss him.  
Why there he is ! Punch and Judy hunting, the young  
wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin !  
But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and  
I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin !



A SINGULAR EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

"Our Crummie is a dainty cow."—SCOTCH SONG.

Ox that first Saturday in May,  
When Lords and Ladies, great and grand,  
Repair to see what each R. A.  
Has done since last they sought the Strand,  
In red, brown, yellow, green, or blue,  
In short, what's called the private view,  
Amongst the guests—the deuce knows how  
She got in there without a row—  
There came a large and vulgar dame  
With arms deep red, and face the same,  
Showing in temper not a Saint;  
No one could guess for why she came,  
Unless perchance to "scour the Paint."

From wall to wall she forced her way,  
Elbowed Lord Durham—poked Lord Grey—  
Stamped Stafford's toes to make him move,  
And Devonshire's Duke received a shove;  
The great Lord Chancellor felt her nudge,  
She made the Vice, his Honor, budge,  
And gave a pinch to Park the Judge.  
As for the ladies, in this stir,  
The highest rank gave way to her.

From number one and number two,  
She searched the pictures through and through,  
On benches stood, to inspect the high ones,  
And squatted down to scan the shy ones.  
And as she went from part to part,  
A deeper red each cheek became,



Her very eyes lit up in flame,  
That made each looker-on exclaim,  
“ Really an ardent love of art ! ”  
Alas, amidst her inquisition,  
Fate brought her to a sad condition ;  
She might have run against Lord Milton,  
And still have stared at deeds in oil,  
But ah ! her picture-joy to spoil,  
She came full butt on Mr. Hilton.

The Keeper mute, with staring eyes,  
Like a lay-figure for surprise,  
At last thus stammered out “ How now ?  
Woman—where, woman, is your ticket,  
That ought to let you through our wicket ? ”  
Says woman, “ Where is David’s Cow ? ”  
Said Mr. H——, with expedition,  
There’s no Cow in the Exhibition.  
“ No Cow ! ”—but here her tongue in verity,  
Set off with steam and rail celerity—

“ No Cow ! there an’t no Cow, then the more’s the shame  
and pity

Hang you and the R. A.’s, and all the Hanging Committee !  
No cow—but hold your tongue, for you needn’t talk to me—  
You can’t talk up the Cow, you can’t, to where it ought  
to be—

I have n’t seen a picture high or low, or any how,  
Or in any of the rooms to be compared with David’s Cow ?  
You may talk of your Landseers, and of your Coopers, and  
your Wards,  
Why hanging is too good for them, and yet here they are  
on cords !



They're only fit for window frames, and shutters, and street doors,

David will paint 'em any day at Red Lions or Blue Boars—

Why Morland was a fool to him, at a little pig or sow—

It's really hard it an't hung up—I could cry about the Cow!

But I know well what it is, and why—they're jealous of David's fame,

But to vent it on the Cow, poor thing, is a cruelty and a shame.

Do you think it might hang by and by, if you cannot hang it now?

David has made a party up to come and see his Cow.

If it only hung three days a week, for an example to the learners,

Why can't it hang up, turn about, with that picture of Mr. Turner's?

Or do you think from Mr. Etty, you need apprehend a row?

If now and then you cut him down to hang up David's Cow?

I can't think where their tastes have been, to not have such a creature,

Although I say, that should not say, it was prettier than Nature;

It must be hung—and shall be hung, for Mr. H——, I vow,

I dare n't take home the catalogue, unless it's got the Cow!

As we only want it to be seen, I should not so much care,

If it was only round the stone man's neck, a-coming up the stair.

Or down there in the marble room where all the figures stand.

Where one of them three Graces might just hold it in her hand—



Or maybe Bailey's Charity the favor would allow,  
 It would really be a charity to hang up David's cow.  
 We have n't no where else to go if you don't hang it here,  
 The Water-Color place allows no oilman to appear—  
 And the British Gallery sticks to Dutch, Teniers, and Ger-  
     rard Douw,  
 And the Suffolk Gallery will not do—it's not a Suffolk Cow:  
 I wish you'd see him painting her; he hardly took his meals  
 Till she was painted on the board correct from head to heels;  
 His heart and soul was in his Cow, and almost made him  
     shabby,  
 He hardly whipped the boys at all, or helped to nurse the  
     babby.  
 And when he had her all complete and painted over red,  
 He got so grand, I really thought him going off his head.  
 Now hang it, Mr. Hilton, do just hang it any how,  
 Poor David, he will hang himself, unless you hang his  
     Cow—  
 And if it's inconvenient and drawn too big by half—  
 David shan't send next year except a very little calf.

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### I'M GOING TO BOMBAY.

"Nothing venture, nothing have."—OLD PROVERB.

"Every Indianman has at least two mates."—

FALCONER'S MARINE GUIDE.

MY hair is brown, my eyes are blue,  
 And reckoned rather bright;  
 I'm shapely, if they tell me true,  
 And just the proper height;



My skin has been admired in verse,  
And called as fair as day—  
If I *am* fair, so much the worse,  
I'm going to Bombay!

At school I passed with some éclât;  
I learned my French in France;  
De Wint gave lessons how to draw,  
And D'Egville how to dance—  
Crevelli taught me how to sing,  
And Cramer how to play—  
It really is the strangest thing—  
I'm going to Bombay!

I've been to Bath and Cheltenham Wells,  
But not their springs to sip—  
To Ramsgate—not to pick up shells—  
To Brighton—not to dip,  
I've toured the Lakes, and scoured the coast  
From Scarboro' to Torquay—  
But tho' of time I've made the most,  
I'm going to Bombay!

By Pa and Ma I'm daily told  
To marry now's my time,  
For though I'm very far from old,  
I'm rather in my prime.  
They say while we have any sun  
We ought to make our hay—  
And India has so hot an one,  
I'm going to Bombay!

My cousin writes from Hyderapot,  
My only chance to snatch,



And says the climate is so hot,  
It's sure to light a match—  
She's married to a son of Mars  
With very handsome pay,  
And swears I ought to thank my stars  
I'm going to Bombay!

She says that I shall much delight  
To taste their Indian treats,  
But what she likes may turn me quite,  
Their strange outlandish meats—  
If I can eat rupees, who knows?  
Or dine, the Indian way,  
On doolies and on bungalows—  
I'm going to Bombay!

She says that I shall much enjoy—  
I don't know what she means—  
To take the air and buy some toy  
In my own palankeens—  
I like to drive my pony-chair,  
Or ride our dapple gray—  
But elephants are horses there—  
I'm going to Bombay!

Farewell, farewell, my parents dear,  
My friends, farewell to them!  
And oh, what costs a sadder tear  
Good-bye, to Mr. M. !—  
If I should find an Indian vault,  
Or fall a tiger's prey,  
Or steep in salt, it's all *his* fault,  
I'm going to Bombay!



That fine new teak-built ship, the Fox,  
A. 1.—Commander Bird,  
Now lying in the London Docks,  
Will sail on May the Third;  
Apply for passage or for freight,  
To Nichol, Scott, and Gray—  
Pa has applied and sealed my fate—  
I'm going to Bombay!

My heart is full—my trunks as well;  
My mind and caps made up,  
My corsets, shaped by Mrs. Bell,  
Are promised ere I sup;  
With boots and shoes, Rivarta's best,  
And Dresses by Ducé,  
And a special license in my chest—  
I'm going to Bombay!

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SONNET TO A DECAYED SEAMAN.

HAIL! seventy-four cut down! Hail, Top and Lop!

Unless I'm much mistaken in my notion,  
Thou wast a stirring Tar, before that hop  
Became so fatal to thy locomotion;—

Now, thrown on shore, like a mere weed of ocean,

Thou readest still to men a lesson good,  
To King and Country showing thy devotion  
By kneeling thus upon a stump of wood!

Still is thy spirit strong as alcohol;

Spite of that limb, begot of acorn-egg—  
Methinks—thou Naval History in one Vol.—

A virtue shines, e'en in that timber leg,  
For unlike others that desert their Poll,  
Thou walkest ever with thy "Constant Peg!"



## A BLOW-UP.

"Here we go up, up, up."—THE LAY OF THE FIRST MINSTREL.

NEAR Battle, Mr. Peter Baker

Was Powder-maker,

Not Alderman Flower's flour—the white that puffs  
And primes and loads heads bald, or grey, or chowder,  
Figgins and Higgins, Fippins, Filby—Crowder,  
Not vile apothecary's pounded stuffs,  
But something blacker, bloodier and louder—  
Gun-powder!

This stuff, as people know, is *semper*  
*Eadem*; very hasty in its temper—  
Like Honor that resents the gentlest taps,  
Mere semblances of blows, however slight;  
So powder fires, although you only p'rhaps  
Strike light.

To make it, therefore, is a ticklish business,  
And sometimes gives both head and heart a dizziness,  
For as all human flash and fancy minders,  
Frequenting fights and Powder-works well know,  
There seldom is a mill without a blow  
Sometimes upon the grinders.

But then—the melancholy phrase to soften,  
Mr. B.'s mill *transpired* so very often!  
And advertised—then all Price Currents louder,  
"Fragments look up—there is a rise in Powder,"  
So frequently, it caused the neighbors' wonder—  
And certain people had the inhumanity  
To lay it all to Mr. Baker's vanity,  
That he might have to say—"That was *my* thunder!"



One day—so goes the tale,  
Whether, with iron hoof  
Not sparkle-proof,

Some ninny-hammer struck upon a nail—  
Whether some glow-worm of the Guy Faux stamp,  
Crept in the building, with Unsafety Lamp—  
One day this mill that had by water ground,  
Became a sort of windmill and blew round.  
With bounce that went in sound as far as Dover, it  
Sent half the workmen sprawling to the sky;  
Besides some visitors who gained thereby  
What they had asked—permission “to go over it!”

Of course it was a very hard and high blow,  
And somewhat differed from what’s called a flyblow.

At Cowes’ Regatta, as I once observed,  
A pistol-shot made twenty vessels start;  
If such a sound could terrify oak’s heart,  
Think how this crash the human nerve unnerved.  
In fact, it was a very awful thing—  
As people know that have been used to battle,  
In springing either mine or mill, you spring

A precious rattle!

The dunniest heard it—poor old Mr. F.  
Doubted for once if he was ever deaf;  
Through Tunbridge town it caused most strange alarms,

Mr. and Mrs. Fogg,

Who lived like cat and dog,

Were shocked for once into each other’s arms.

Miss M. the milliner, her fright so strong,

Made a great gobble-stitch six inches long;

The veriest quakers quaked against their wish:

The “Best of Sons” was taken unawares,

And kicked the “Best of Parents” down the stairs:



The steadiest servant dropped the China dish ;  
A thousand started, though there was but one  
Fated to win, and that was Mister Dunn,  
Who struck convulsively, and hooked a fish !

Miss Wiggins, with some grass upon her fork,  
Tossed it just like a hay-maker at work ;  
Her sister not in any better case,

For taking wine,

With nervous Mr. Pyne,

He jerked his glass of Sherry in her face.

Poor Mistress Davy,

Bobbed off her bran-new turban in the gravy ;

While Mr. Davy at the lower end,

Preparing for a Goose a carver's labor,

Darted his two-pronged weapon in his neighbor,

As if for once he meant to help a friend.

The nurse-maid telling little " Jack-a-Norey,"  
" Bo-peep" and " Blue-cap" at the house's top,  
Screamed, and let Master Jeremiah drop

From a fourth story !

Nor yet did matters any better go

With Cook and Housemaid in the realms below ;

As for the Laundress, timid Martha Gunning,

Expressing faintness and her fear by fits

And starts—she came at last but to her wits

By falling in the ale that John left running.

Grave Mr. Miles, the meekest of mankind,  
Struck all at once, deaf, stupid, dumb, and blind,  
Sat in his chaise some moments like a corse,

Then coming to his mind,

Was shocked to find



Only a pair of shafts without a horse.  
Out scrambled all the Misses from Miss Joy's !  
From Prospect House, for urchins small and big,  
    Hearing the awful noise,  
    Out rushed a flood of boys,  
Floating a man in black, without a wig ;—  
Some carried out one treasure, some another—  
    Some caught their tops and taws up in a hurry,  
    Some saved Chambaud, some rescued Lindley Murray—  
But little Tiddy carried his big brother !

Sick of such terrors,  
The Tunbridge folks resolved that truth should dwell  
No longer secret in a Tunbridge Well,  
But to warn Baker of his dangerous errors ;  
Accordingly, to bring the point to pass,  
They called a meeting of the broken glass,  
The shattered chimney-pots, and scattered tiles,  
    The damage of each part,  
    And packed it in a cart  
Drawn by the horse that ran from Mr. Miles ;  
While Doctor Babbethorpe, the worthy Rector,  
And Mr. Gammage, cutler to George Rex,  
And some few more, whose names would only vex,  
Went as a deputation to the Ex-  
Powder-proprietor and Mill-director.

Now Mr. Baker's dwelling-house had pleased  
Along with mill-materials to roam,  
And for a time the deputies were teased  
To find the noisy gentleman at home ;  
At last they found him with undamaged skin,  
Safe at the Tunbridge Arms—not out—but Inn.



The worthy Rector, with uncommon zeal,  
 Soon put his spoke in for the common weal—  
 A grave old gentlemanly kind of Urban—  
 The piteous tale of Jeremiah moulded,  
     And then unfolded,  
 By way of climax, Mrs. Davy's turban ;  
 He told how auctioneering Mr. Pidding  
     Knocked down a lot without a bidding—  
 How Mr. Miles, in a fright, had given his mare  
     The whip she would n't bear—  
 At Prospect House, how Doctor Oates, not Titus,  
     Danced like St. Vitus—  
 And Mr. Beak, thro' Powder's misbehaving,  
     Cut off his nose whilst shaving ;—  
 When suddenly, with words that seemed like swearing,  
 Beyond a Licenser's belief or bearing—  
 Broke in the stuttering, sputtering Mr. Gammage—  
 Who is to pay us, Sir—he argued thus,  
 “ For loss of cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus—  
 Cus-custom, and the dam-dam-dam-dam-damage ? ”

Now many a person had been fairly puzzled  
 By such assailants, and completely muzzled ;  
 Baker, however, was not dashed with ease—  
 But proved he practised after their own system,  
 And with small ceremony soon dismissed 'em,  
 Putting these words into their ears like fleas ;  
 “ If I do have a blow, well, where's the oddity ?  
 I merely do as other tradesmen do,  
     You, Sir—and you—and you !  
 I'm only puffing off my own commodity ! ”



## A TRUE STORY.

WHOE'ER has seen upon the human face  
The yellow jaundice and the jaundice black,  
May form a notion of old Colonel Case  
With nigger Pompey waiting at his back.

Case—as the case is, many times with folks  
From hot Bengal, Calcutta, or Bombay,  
Had tint his tint, as Scottish tongues would say,  
And showed two cheeks as yellow as eggs' yolks.  
Pompey, the chip of some old ebon block,  
In hue was like his master's stiff cravat,  
And might indeed have claimed akin to *that*,  
Coming, as *he* did, of an old *black stock*.

Case wore the liver's livery that such  
Must wear, their past excesses to denote,  
Like Greenwich pensioners that take too much,  
And then do penance in a yellow coat.  
Pompey's, a deep and permanent jet dye,  
A stain of nature's staining—one of those  
We call *fast* colors—merely, I suppose,  
Because such colors never *go* or *fly*.

Pray mark this difference of dark and sallow,  
Pompey's black husk, and the old Colonel's yellow.

The Colonel, once a pennyless beginner,  
From a long Indian rubber rose a winner,  
With plenty of pagodas in his pocket,  
And homeward turning his Hibernian thought,  
Deemed *Wicklow* was the very place that ought  
To harbor one whose *wick* was in the socket.



Unhappily for Case's scheme of quiet,  
 Wicklow just then was in a pretty riot,  
 A fact recorded in each day's diurnals,  
 Things Case was not accustomed to peruse,  
 Careless of news ;

But Pompey always read these bloody journals,  
 Full of Killmany and of Killmore work,  
 The freaks of some O'Shaunessy's shillaly,  
 Of mornings frays by some O'Brien Burke,  
 Or horrid nightly outrage by some Daly ;  
 How scums deserving of the Devil's ladle,  
 Would fall upon the harmless scull and knock it,  
 And if he found an infant in the cradle,  
 Stern Rock would hardly hesitate to rock it ;—  
 In fact, he read of burner and of killer,  
 And Irish ravage, day after day,  
 Till, haunting in his dreams, he used to say  
 That "Pompey could not sleep on *Pompey's Pillar*."

Judge then the horror of the nigger's face  
 To find—with such impressions of that dire land—  
 That Case—his master—was a packing case  
 For Ireland !

He saw, in fearful reveries arise,  
 Phantasmagorias of those dreadful men  
 Whose fame associate with Irish plots is,  
 Fitzgeralds—Tones—O'Connors—Hares—and then  
 "Those *Emmets*," not so "little in his eyes"

As Doctor Watts's !

He felt himself piked, roasted—carved and hacked,  
 His big black burly body seemed in fact  
 A pincushion for Terror's pins and needles—  
 Oh, how he wished himself beneath the sun



Of Afric—or in far Barbadoes—one  
Of Bishop Coleridge's new *black beadles*.

Full of his fright,  
With broken peace and broken English choking,  
As black as any raven, and as croaking,  
Pompey rushed in upon his master's sight,  
Plumped on his knees, and clasped his sable digits,  
Thus stirring Curiosity's sharp fidgets—  
“O Massa!—Massa!—Colonel!—Massa Case :—  
Not go to Ireland!—Ireland dam bad place ;  
Dem take our bloods—dem Irish—every drop—  
Oh why for Massa go so far a distance  
To have him life ?”——Here Pompey made a stop  
Putting an awful period to existence.

“Not go to Ireland—not to Ireland, fellow,  
And murdered—why should I be murdered, Sirrah?”  
Cried Case, with anger's tinge upon his yellow—;  
Pompey, for answer, pointing in a mirror  
The Colonel's saffron, and his own japan,—  
“Well, what has that to do—quick—speak outright,  
boy?”  
“O Massa”——(so the explanation ran)  
“Massa be killed—'cause Massa *Orange Man*,  
And Pompey killed—'cause Pompey not a *White*  
*Boy*!”



## THERE'S NO ROMANCE IN THAT!

"So while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all; behold, my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation, and I am myself the only dupe. But here, Sir,—here is the picture!"—*LADIA LANGUISH.*

O DAYS of old, O days of Knights,  
Of tourneys and of tilts,  
When love was balked and valor stalked  
On high heroic stilts—  
Where are ye gone?—adventures cease,  
The world gets tame and flat—  
We've nothing now but New Police—  
There's no Romance in that!

I wish I ne'er had learned to read,  
Or Radcliffe how to write;  
That Scott had been a boor on Tweed,  
And Lewis cloistered quite!  
Would I had never drank so deep  
Of dear Miss Porter's vat;  
I only turn to life, and weep—  
There's no Romance in that!

No Bandits lurk—no turbaned Turk  
To Tunis bears me off—  
I hear no noises in the night  
Except my mother's cough—  
No Bleeding Spectre haunts the house,  
No shape—but owl or bat,  
Come flitting after moth or mouse—  
There's no Romance in that!



I have not any grief profound,  
Or secrets to confess;  
My story would not fetch a pound  
For A. K. Newman's press;  
Instead of looking thin and pale,  
I'm growing red and fat,  
As if I lived on beef and ale—  
There's no Romance in that!

It's very hard, by land or sea  
Some strange event I court,  
But nothing ever comes to me  
That's worth a pen's report:  
It really made my temper chafe,  
Each coast that I was at,  
I vowed, and railed, and came home safe—  
There's no Romance in that!

The only time I had a chance  
At Brighton one fine day,  
My chestnut mare began to prance,  
Took fright, and ran away;  
Alas! no Captain of the Tenth  
To stop my steed came pat;  
A Butcher caught the rein at length—  
There's no Romance in that!

Love—even love—goes smoothly on  
A railway sort of track—  
No flinty sire, no jealous Don!  
No hearts upon the rack;  
No Polydore, no Theodore—  
His ugly name is Mat,  
Plain Matthew Pratt and nothing more—  
There's no Romance in that!



He is not dark, he is not tall—  
His forehead's rather low,  
He is not pensive—not at all,  
But smiles his teeth to show;  
He comes from Wales and yet in size  
Is really but a sprat;  
With sandy hair and greyish eyes—  
There's no Romance in that!

He wears no plumes or Spanish cloaks,  
Or long sword hanging down;  
He dresses much like other folks,  
And commonly in brown;  
His collar he will not discard,  
Or give up his cravat,  
Lord Byron-like—he's not a Bard—  
There's no Romance in that!

He's rather bald, his sight is weak,  
He's deaf in either drum;  
Without a lisp he cannot speak,  
But then—he's worth a plum.  
He talks of stocks and three per cents,  
By way of private chat,  
Of Spanish Bonds, and shares, and rents—  
There's no Romance in that!

I sing—no matter what I sing,  
Di Tanti—or Crudel,  
Tom Bowling, or God save the King,  
Di piacer—All's well;  
He knows no more about a voice  
For singing than a gnat—  
And as to Music “has no choice”—  
There's no Romance in that!



Of light guitar I cannot boast,  
He never serenades ;  
He writes, and sends it by the post,  
He does n't bribe the maids :  
No stealth, no hempen ladder—no !  
He comes with loud rat-tat  
That startles half of Bedford Row—  
There's no Romance in that !

.

He comes at nine in time to choose  
His coffee—just two cups,  
And talks with Pa about the news,  
Repeats debates, and sups.  
John helps him with his coat aright,  
And Jenkins hands his hat ;  
My lover bows and says good night—  
There's no Romance in that !

I've long had Pa's and Ma's consent,  
My aunt she quite approves,  
My Brother wishes joy from Kent,  
None try to thwart our loves ;  
On Tuesday reverend Mr. Mace  
Will make me Mrs. Pratt,  
Of Number Twenty, Sussex Place—  
There's no Romance in that."



## THE SCHOOLMASTER'S MOTTO.

"The Admiral compelled them all to strike."—LIFE OF NELSON.

HUSH ! silence in School—not a noise !

You shall soon see there 's nothing to jeer at,  
Master Marsh, most audacious of boys !

Come !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

So this morn, in the midst of the Psalm,

The Miss Siffkins's school you must leer at,  
You 're complained of—Sir ! hold out your palm—  
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

You wilful young rebel, and dunce !

This offence all your sins shall appear at,  
You shall have a good caning at once—  
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

You are backward, you know, in each verb,

And your pronouns you are not more clear at,  
But you 're forward enough to disturb—  
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

You said Master Twigg stole the plums,

When the orchard he never was near at,  
I'll not punish wrong fingers or thumbs—  
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat !"

You make Master Taylor your butt,

And this morning his face you threw beer at,  
And you struck him—do *you* like a cut ?  
There !—" Palmam qui meruit ferat !"



Little Biddle you likewise distress,  
You are always his hair, or his ear at—  
He's my *Opt*, Sir, and you are my *Pess*:  
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Then you had a pitcht fight with young Rous,  
An offence I am always severe at!  
You discredit to Cicero-House!  
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You have made, too, a plot in the night  
To run off from the school that you rear at!  
Come, your other hand, now, Sir—the right,  
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

I'll teach you to draw, you young dog!  
Such pictures as I'm looking here at!  
"Old Mounseer making soup of a frog,"  
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You have run up a bill at a shop  
That in paying you'll be a whole year at—  
You've but twopence a week, Sir, to stop!  
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Then at dinner you're quite cock-a-hoop,  
And the soup you are certain to sneer at—  
I have sipped it—it's very good soup—  
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

T' other day, when I fell o'er the form,  
Was my tumble a thing, Sir, to cheer at?  
Well for you that my temper's not warm—  
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"



Why, you rascal! you insolent brat!  
All my talking you don't shed a tear at,  
There—take that, Sir! and that! that! and that!  
There!—"Palnam qui meruit ferat!"

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## HUGGINS AND DUGGINS.

A PASTORAL AFTER POPE.

Two swains or clowns—but call them swains—  
While keeping flocks on Salisbury Plains,  
For all that tend on sheep as drovers  
Are turned to songsters, or to lovers,  
Each of the lass he called his dear  
Began to carol loud and clear.  
First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,  
In the way of ancient shepherd men;  
Who thus alternate hitched in song,  
"All things by turns, and nothing long."

HUGGINS.

Of all the girls about our place,  
There's one beats all in form and face;  
Search through all Great and Little Bumpstead,  
You'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.

DUGGINS.

To groves and streams I tell my flame,  
I make the cliffs repeat her name:  
When I'm inspired by gills and noggins,  
The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins!



HUGGINS.

When I am walking in the grove,  
I think of Peggy as I rove.  
I'd carve her name on every tree,  
But I don't know my A, B, C.

DUGGINS.

Whether I walk in hill or valley,  
I think of nothing else but Sally.  
I'd sing her praise, but I can sing  
No song, except "God save the King."

HUGGINS.

My Peggy does all nymphs excel,  
And all confess she bears the bell;—  
Where'er she goes swains flock together,  
Like sheep that follow the bellwether.

DUGGINS.

Sally is tall and not too straight—  
Those very poplar shapes I hate;  
But something twisted like an S—  
A crook becomes a shepherdess.

HUGGINS.

When Peggy's dog her arms imprison,  
I often wish my lot was hisn;  
How often I should stand and turn,  
To get a pat from hands like hern.

DUGGINS.

I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,  
To stand about and stare at she;  
But when I look, she turns and shies,  
And won't bear none but their sheep's-eyes!



HUGGINS.

Love goes with Peggy where she goes—  
Beneath her smile the garden grows ;  
Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,  
'Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts !

DUGGINS.

Where Sally goes it 's always Spring,  
Her presence brightens every thing ;  
The sun smiles bright, but where her grin is,  
It makes brass farthings look like guineas.

HUGGINS.

For Peggy I can have no joy,  
She 's sometimes kind, and sometimes coy,  
And keeps me, by her wayward tricks,  
As comfortless as sheep with ticks.

DUGGINS.

Sally is ripe as June or May,  
And yet as cold as Christmas day ;  
For when she 's asked to change her lot,  
Lamb's wool—but Sally, she wool not.

HUGGINS.

Only with Peggy and with health,  
I 'd never wish for state or wealth ;  
Talking of having health and more pence,  
I 'd drink her health if I had fourpence.

DUGGINS.

Oh, how that day would seem to shine,  
If Sally's banns were read with mine ;  
She cries, when such a wish I carry,  
" Marry come up !" but will not marry.



## A STORM AT HASTINGS,

AND THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.

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'T WAS August—Hastings every day was filling—  
Hastings, that “greenest spot on memory’s waste!”  
With crowds of idlers willing or unwilling  
To be bedipped—be noticed—or be braced,  
And all things rose a penny in a shilling.  
Meanwhile, from window and from door, in haste  
“Accommodation bills” kept coming down,  
Gladding “the world of letters” in that town.

Each day poured in new coach-fulls of new cits,  
Flying from London smoke and dust annoying,  
Unmarried Misses hoping to make hits,  
And new-wed couples fresh from Tunbridge toying.  
Lacemen and placemen, ministers and wits,  
And quakers of both sexes, much enjoying  
A morning’s reading by the ocean’s rim,  
That sect delighting in the sea’s broad brim.

And lo! amongst all these appeared a creature  
So small, he almost might a twin have been  
With Miss Crachami—dwarfish quite in stature,  
Yet well proportioned—neither fat nor lean,



His face of marvellously pleasant feature,  
So short and sweet a man was never seen—  
All thought him charming at the first beginning—  
Alas, ere long they found him far too winning!

He seemed in love with chance—and chance repaid  
His ardent passion with her fondest smile,  
The sunshine of good luck, without a shade,  
He staked and won—and won and staked—the bile  
It stirred of many a man and many a maid,  
To see at every venture how that vile  
Small gambler snatched—and how he won them too—  
A living Pam, omnipotent at loo!

Miss Wiggins set her heart upon a box,  
'T was handsome, rosewood, and inlaid with brass,  
And dreamt three times she garnished it with stocks  
Of needles, silks, and cottons—but alas!  
She lost it wide awake.—We thought Miss Cox  
Was lucky—but she saw three caddies pass  
To that small imp;—no living luck could loo him!  
Sir Stamford would have lost his Raffles to him!

And so he climbed—and rode, and won—and walked,  
The wondrous topic of the curious swarm  
That haunted the Parade. Many were balked  
Of notoriety by that small form  
Pacing it up and down:—some even talked  
Of ducking him—when lo! a dismal storm  
Stepped in—one Friday, at the close of day—  
And every head was turned another way—

Watching the grander guest. It seemed to rise  
Bulky and slow upon the southern brink



Of the horizon—fanned by sultry sighs—  
So black and threatening, I cannot think  
Of any simile, except the skies  
Miss Wiggins sometime *shades* in Indian ink—  
*Miss*-shapen blotches of such heavy vapor,  
They seem a deal more solid than her paper.

As for the sea, it did not fret, and rave,  
And tear its waves to tatters, and so dash on  
The stony-hearted beach ;—some bards would have  
It always rampant, in that idle fashion—  
Whereas the waves rolled in, subdued and grave,  
Like schoolboys, when the master's in a passion,  
Who meekly settle in and take their places,  
With a very quiet awe on all their faces.

Some love to draw the ocean with a head,  
Like troubled table-beer—and make it bounce,  
And froth, and roar, and fling—but this, I've said,  
Surged in scarce rougher than a lady's flounce :—  
But then, a grander contrast thus it bred  
With the wild welkin, seeming to pronounce  
Something more awful in the serious ear,  
As one would whisper that a lion's near—

Who just begins to roar : so the hoarse thunder  
Growled long—but low—a prelude note of death,  
As if the stifling clouds yet kept it under ;  
But still it muttered to the sea beneath  
Such a continued peal, as made us wonder  
It did not pause more oft to take its breath,  
Whilst we were panting with the sultry weather,  
And hardly cared to wed two words together,



But watched the surly advent of the storm,  
Much as the brown-cheeked planters of Barbadoes  
Must watch a rising of the Negro swarm :—  
Meantime it steered, like Odin's old Armadas,  
Right on our coast ;—a dismal, coal-black form ;—  
Many proud gaits were quelled—and all bravadoes  
Of folly ceased—and sundry idle jokers  
Went home to cover up their tongs and pokers.

So fierce the lightning flashed.—In all their days  
The oldest smugglers had not seen such flashing,  
And they are used to many a pretty blaze,  
To keep their Hollands from an awkward clashing  
With hostile cutters in our creeks and bays :—  
And truly one could think, without much lashing  
The fancy, that those coasting clouds so awful  
And black, were fraught with spirits as unlawful.

The gay Parade grew thin—all the fair crowd  
Vanished—as if they knew their own attractions—  
For now the lightning through a near hand cloud  
Began to make some very crooked fractions—  
Only some few remained that were not cowed,  
A few rough sailors, who had been in actions,  
And sundry boatmen, that with quick yeo's,  
Lest it should *blow*—were pulling up the *Rose* :

(No flower, but a boat)—some more hauling  
The *Regent* by the head :—another crew  
With that same cry peculiar to their *calling*—  
Were heaving up the *Hope* :—and as they knew  
The very gods themselves oft get a mauling  
In their own realms, the seamen wisely drew  
The *Neptune* rather higher on the beach,  
That he might lie beyond his billows' reach.



And now the storm, with its despotic power,  
Had all usurped the azure of the skies,  
Making our daylight darker by an hour,  
And some few drops—of an unusual size—  
Few and distinct—scarce twenty to the shower,  
Fell like huge tear-drops from a Giant's eyes—  
But then this sprinkle thickened in a trice  
And rained much *harder*—in good solid ice.

Oh ! for a very storm of words to show  
How this fierce crash of hail came rushing o'er us !  
Handel would make the gusty organs blow  
Grandly, and a rich storm in music score us ;—  
But even his music seemed composed and low  
When we were *handled* by this Hailstone Chorus ;  
Whilst thunder rumbled, with its awful sound,  
And frozen comfits rolled along the ground—

As big as bullets :—Lord ! how they did batter  
Our crazy tiles :—And now the lightning flashed  
Alternate with the dark, until the latter  
Was rarest of the two :—the gust too dashed  
So terribly, I thought the hail must shatter  
Some panes—and so it did—and first it smashed  
The very square where I had chose my station  
To watch the general illumination.

Another, and another, still came in,  
And fell in jingling ruin at my feet,  
Making transparent holes that let me win  
Some samples of the storm :—Oh ! it was sweet  
To think I had a shelter for my skin,  
Culling them through these “ loopholes of retreat ”—  
Which in a little we began to glaze—  
Chiefly with a jacktowel and some baize !



By which, the cloud had passed o'erhead, but played  
Its crooked fires in constant flashes still,  
Just in our rear, as though it had arrayed  
Its heavy batteries at Fairlight Mill,  
So that it lit the town, and grandly made  
The rugged features of the Castle Hill  
Leap, like a birth, from chaos, into light,  
And then relapse into the gloomy night—

As parcel of the cloud :—the clouds themselves,  
Like monstrous crags and summits everlasting,  
Piled each on each in most gigantic shelves,  
That Milton's devils were engaged in blasting.—  
We could e'en fancy Satan and his elves  
Busy upon those crags, and ever casting  
Huge fragments loose—and that we *felt* the sound  
They made in falling to the startled ground.

And so the tempest scowled away—and soon  
Timidly shining through its skirts of jet,  
We saw the rim of the pacific moon,  
Like a bright fish entangled in a net,  
Flashing its silver sides—how sweet a boon  
Seemed her sweet light, as though it would beget,  
With that fair smile, a calm upon the seas—  
Peace in the sky—and coolness in the breeze !

Meantime the hail had ceased :—and all the brood  
Of glaziers stole abroad to count their gains ;—  
At every window, there were maids who stood  
Lamenting o'er the glass's small remains—  
Or with coarse linens made the fractions good,  
Stanching the wind in all the wounded panes—  
Or, holding candles to the panes, in doubt :  
The wind resolved—blowing the candles out.



No house was whole that had a southern front—  
No green-house but the same mishap befell;—  
*Bow*-windows and *bell*-glasses bore the brunt—  
No sex in glass was spared!—For those who dwell  
On each hill-side, you might have swam a punt  
In any of their parlors;—Mrs. Snell  
Was slopped out of her seat; and Mr. Hitchin  
Had a *flower*-garden washed into a *Kitchen*.

But still the sea was mild, and quite disclaimed  
The recent violence.—Each after each  
The gentle waves a gentle murmur framed,  
Tapping, like Woodpeckers, the hollow beach.  
Howbeit his *weather eye* the seaman aimed  
Across the calm, and hinted by his speech  
A gale next morning—and when morning broke  
There was a gale—"quite equal to bespoke."

Before high water—(it were better far  
To christen it not *water* then, but *waiter*,  
For then the tide is *serving at the bar*)  
Rose such a swell—I never saw one greater!  
Black, jagged billows rearing up in war  
Like ragged, roaring bears against the baiter,  
With lots of froth upon the shingle shed,  
Like stout poured out with a fine *beachy head*.

No open boat was open to a fare,  
Or launched that morn on seven-shilling trips,  
No bathing-woman waded—none would dare  
A dipping in the wave—but waived their dips,  
No sea-gull ventured on the stormy air,  
And all the dreary coast was clear of ships;  
For two *lea shores* upon the river Lea  
Are not so perilous as one at sea.



Awe-struck we sat, and gazed upon the scene  
Before us in such horrid hurly-burly—  
A boiling ocean of mixed black and green,  
A sky of copper-color, grim and surly—  
When lo, in that vast hollow scooped between  
Two rolling Alps of water—white and curly !  
We saw a pair of little arms a-skimming,  
Much like a first or last attempt at swimming !

Sometimes a hand—sometimes a little shoe—  
Sometimes a skirt—sometimes a hank of hair  
Just like a dabbled seaweed rose to view ;  
Sometimes a knee, sometimes a back was bare—  
At last a frightful summerset he threw  
Right on the shingles. Any one could swear  
The lad was dead—without a chance of perjury,  
And battered by the surge beyond all surgery !

However, we snatched up the corse thus thrown,  
Intending, Christian-like, to sod and turf it,  
And after venting Pity's sigh and groan,  
Then Curiosity began with *her* fit ;  
And lo ! the features of the Small Unknown !  
'Twas he that of the surf had had this surfeit !—  
And in his fob, the cause of late monopolies,  
We found a contract signed Mephistophiles !

A bond of blood, whereby the sinner gave  
His forfeit soul to Satan in reversion,  
Providing in this world he was to have  
A lordship over luck, by whose exertion  
He might control the course of cards, and brave  
All throws of dice—but on a sea excursion  
The juggling Demon, in his usual vein,  
Seized the last cast—and *Nicked* him in the *main* !



## LINES.

TO A LADY ON HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly,  
And tempests make a soda-water sea,  
Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly,  
And think of me !

Go where the mild Madeira ripens *her* juice—  
A wine more praised than it deserves to be !  
Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,  
And think of me !

Go where the Tiger in the darkness prowleth,  
Making a midnight meal of he and she ;  
Go where the Lion in his hunger howleth,  
And think of me !

Go where the serpent dangerously coileth,  
Or lies along at full length like a tree,  
Go where the Suttie in her own soot broileth,  
And think of me !

Go where with human notes the Parrot dealeth  
In mono-*polly*-logue with tongue as free,  
And like a woman, all she can revealeth,  
And think of me !

Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,  
And parasols of straw where hats should be,  
Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,  
And think of me !



Go to the land of Jungles and of vast hills,  
 And tall bamboos—may none *bamboozle* thee !  
 Go gaze upon their Elephants and Castles,  
 And think of me !

Go where a cook must always be a currier,  
 And parch the pepper'd palate like a pea,  
 Go where the fierce mosquito is a worrier,  
 And think of me !

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,  
 Consigned for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,  
 Where woman goes for mart, the same as mangoes,  
 And think of me !

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent,  
 Go to the land of pagod and rupee,  
 Where every black will be your slave and servant,  
 And think of me !

## SONNET.

ALONG the Woodford road there comes a noise  
 Of wheels, and Mr. Rounding's neat postchaise  
 Struggles along, drawn by a pair of bays,  
 With Rev. Mr. Crow and six small Boys ;  
 Who ever and anon declare their joys,  
 With trumping horns and juvenile huzzas,  
 At going home to spend their Christmas days,  
 At changing Learning's pains for Pleasure's toys.  
 Six weeks elapse, and down the Woodford way,  
 A heavy coach drags six more heavy souls,  
 But no glad urchins shout, no trumpets bray ;  
 The carriage makes a halt, the gate-bell tolls,  
 And little Boys walk in as dull and mum  
 As six new scholars to the Deaf and Dumb.



DECEMBER AND MAY.

"Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together."

SHAKESPEARE.

SAID Nestor, to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,  
 "Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes  
 away?"

You ought to be more fortified;"—"Ah, brute, be quiet,  
 do,

I know I'm not so fortified, nor fiftyfied, as you!

"Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,  
 You'd die for me, you swore, and I—I took you at your  
 word.

I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change I've  
 made;

To live, and die the wife of one, a widower by trade!"

"Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober  
 truth,

You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;  
 Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you  
 huff."

"Why, yes," she said, "and so I do—but you're not old  
 enough!"

"Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a quiet  
 hive;

I'll be the best of men—I mean—I'll be the best *alive*!

Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core."

"I thank ye, sir, for telling me—for now I'll grieve the  
 more!"



## MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes  
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,  
Looks over London's naked nose,  
Women and men :  
The world is all beneath his ken,  
He sits above the *Ball*.  
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,  
Among the Gods, by Jupiter ! and lets drop  
His eyes from the empyreal clouds  
On mortal crowds.  
Seen from these skies,  
How small those emmets in our eyes !  
Some carry little sticks—and one  
His eggs—to warm them in the sun :  
Dear ! what a hustle,  
And bustle !  
And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,  
So long and thin,  
And so pinched in,  
Just in the pismire taste.  
Oh ! what are men ?—Beings so small,  
That, should I fall  
Upon their little heads, I must  
Crush them by hundreds into dust !  
And what is life ? and all its ages—  
There's seven stages !  
Turnham Green ! Chelsea ! Putney ! Fulham !  
Brentford ! and Kew !  
And Tooting, too !  
And oh ! what very little nags to pull 'em.



Yet each would seem a horse indeed,  
If here at Paul's tip-top we 'd got 'em ;  
Although, like Cinderella's breed,  
They 're mice at bottom.  
Then let me not despise a horse,  
Though he looks small from Paul's high-cross !  
Since he would be—as near the sky—  
Fourteen hands high.  
What is this world with London in its lap ?  
Mogg's Map.  
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel ?  
A *tidy* kennel.  
The bridges stretching from its banks ?  
Stone planks.  
Oh me ! hence could I read an admonition  
To mad Ambition !  
But that he would not listen to my call,  
Though I should stand upon the cross, and *ball* !

## A VALENTINE.

OH ! cruel heart ! ere these posthumous papers  
Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath ;  
Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,  
Have only lighted me the way to death.  
Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapors,  
When I am gone, and green grass covereth  
Thy lover, lost ; but it will be in vain—  
It will not bring the vital spark again.  
Ah ! when those eyes, like tapers, burned so blue,  
It seemed an omen that we must expect  
The sprites of lovers : and it boded true,  
For I am half a sprite—a ghost elect ;



Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,  
With my last pen—before that I effect  
My exit from the stage ; just stopped before  
The tombstone steps that lead us to death's door.

Full soon these living eyes, now liquid bright,  
Will turn dead dull, and wear no radiance, save  
They shed a dreary and inhuman light,  
Illumed within by glow-worms of the grave ;  
These ruddy cheeks, so pleasant to the sight,  
These lusty legs, and all the limbs I have,  
Will keep Death's carnival, and, foul or fresh,  
Must bid farewell, a long farewell to flesh !

Yea, and this very heart, that dies for thee,  
As broken victuals to the worms will go ; .  
And all the world will dine again but me—  
For I shall have no stomach ;—and I know,  
When I am ghostly, thou wilt sprightly be  
As now thou art : but will not tears of woe  
Water thy spirits with remorse adjunct,  
When thou dost pause, and think of the defunct ?

And when thy soul is buried in a sleep,  
In midnight solitude, and little dreaming  
Of such a spectre—what, if I should creep,  
Within thy presence in such dismal seeming ?  
Thine eyes will stare themselves awake, and weep,  
And thou wilt cross thyself with treble screaming  
And pray with mingled penitence and dread  
That I were less alive—or not so dead.

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove  
This wilful homicide which thou hast done :



And the sad epitaph of so much love  
 Will eat into my heart, as if in stone :  
 And all the lovers that around thee move,  
 Will read my fate and tremble for their own ;  
 And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh,  
 " Man, born of woman, must of woman die ! "

Mine eyes grow dropsical—I can no more—  
 And what is written thou may'st scorn to read,  
 Shutting thy tearless eyes.—'Tis done—'tis o'er—  
 My hand is destined for another deed.  
 But one last word wrung from its aching core,  
 And my lone heart in silentness will bleed ;  
 Alas ! it ought to take a life to tell  
 That one last word—that fare—fare—fare thee well !

## SONNET ON STEAM.

BY AN UNDER-OSTLER.

I WISH I livd a Thowsen year Ago  
 Wurking for Sober six and Seven milers  
 And dubble Stages runnen safe and slo  
 The Orsis cum in Them days to the Bilers  
 But Now by meens of Powers of Steem forces  
 A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettels  
 The Bilers seam a Cumming to the Orses  
 And Helps and naggs Will sune be out of Vittels  
 Poor Bruits I wunder How we bee to Liv  
 When sutch a change of Orses is our Faits  
 No nothink need Be sifted in a Siv  
 May them Blowd ingins all Blow up their Grates  
 And Theaves of Oslers crib the Coles and Giv  
 Their blackgard Hannimuls a Feed of Slaits !



## A RECIPE—FOR CIVILIZATION.

The following Poem—is from the pen of DOCTOR KITCHENER!—the most heterogeneous of authors, but at the same time—in the Sporting Latin of Mr. Egan—a real *Homo-genius*, or a Genius of a Man! In the Poem, his CULINARY ENTHUSIASM, as usual—*boils over!* and makes it seem written, as he describes himself (see The Cook's Oracle)—with the Spit in one hand!—and the Frying Pan in the other—while in the style of the rhymes it is Hudibrastic—as if in the ingredients of Versification he had been assisted by his BUTLER!

As a Head Cook, Optician—Physician, Music Master—Domestic Economist and Death-bed Attorney!—I have celebrated The Author elsewhere with approbation;—and cannot now place him upon the Table *as a Poet*—without still being his LAUDER, a phrase which those persons whose course of classical reading recalls the INFAMOUS FORGERY on the *Immortal Bard of Avon!*—will find easy to understand.

SURELY, those sages err who teach  
That man is known from brutes by speech,  
Which hardly severs man from woman,  
But not th' inhuman from the human—  
Or else might parrots claim affinity,  
And dogs be doctors by latinity—  
Not t' insist (as might be shown)  
That beasts have gibberish of their own,  
Which once was no dead tongue, tho' we  
Since Esop's days have lost the key;  
Nor yet to hint dumb men—and, still, not  
Beasts that could gossip though they will not,  
But play at dummy like the monkeys,  
For fear mankind should make them flunkies.  
Neither can man be known by feature  
Or form, because so like a creature,  
That some grave men could never shape  
Which is the aped and which the ape,  
Nor by his gait, nor by his height,  
Nor yet because he's black or white,  
But *rational*—for so we call  
The only COOKING ANIMAL!



The only one who brings his bit  
Of dinner to the pot or spit ;  
For where 's the lion e'er was hasty  
To put his ven'son in a pasty ?  
Ergo, by logic, we repute  
That he who cooks is not a brute—  
But *Equus brutum est*, which means,  
If a horse had sense he'd boil his beans,  
Nay, no one but a horse would forage  
On naked oats instead of porridge,  
Which proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary,  
The difference is culinary.  
Further, as man is known by feeding  
From brutes—so men from men, in breeding  
Are still distinguished as they eat,  
And raw in manners, raw in meat—  
Look at the polished nations, hight  
The civilized—the most polite  
Is that which bears the praise of nations  
For dressing eggs two hundred fashions,  
Whereas, at savage feeders look—  
The less refined the less they cook ;  
From Tartar grooms that merely straddle  
Across a steak and warm their saddle,  
Down to the Abyssinian squaw  
That bolts her chops and collops raw,  
And, like a wild beast, cares as little  
To dress her person as her victual—  
For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,  
Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets,  
And not by shamble bodies put on,  
But those who roast and boil their mutton ;  
So Eve and Adam wore no dresses



Because they lived on water cresses,  
And till they learned to cook their crudities,  
Went blind as beetles to their nudities.  
For niceness comes from th' inner side,  
(As an ox is drest before his hide,)  
And when the entrail loathes vulgarity  
The outward man will soon cull rarity,  
For 'tis th' effect of what we eat  
To make a man look like his meat,  
As insects show their food's complexions;  
Thus fopling clothes are like confections.  
But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb,  
Would have an Abyssinian ox come?  
Or serve a dish of fricassees,  
To clodpoles in a coat of frize?  
Whereas a black would call for buffalo  
Alive—and, no doubt, eat the offal too.  
Now (this premised), it follows then  
That certain culinary men  
Should first go forth with pans and spits  
To bring the heathens to their wits,  
(For all wise Scotchmen of our century  
Know that first steps are alimentary;  
And, as we have proved, flesh pots and saucepans  
Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans;)  
But Bunyan erred to think the near gate  
To take man's soul, was battering Ear gate,  
When reason should have worked her course  
As men of war do—when their force  
Can't take a town by open courage,  
They steal an entry with its forage.  
What reverend bishop, for example,  
Could preach horned Apis from his temple?



Whereas a cook would soon unseat him,  
And make his own churchwardens eat him.  
Not Irving could convert those vermin  
Th' Anthropophages, by a sermon;  
Whereas your Osborne,\* in a trice,  
Would "take a shin of beef and spice,"—  
And raise them such a savory smother,  
No negro would devour his brother,  
But turn his stomach round as loth  
As Persians, to the old black broth—  
For knowledge oftenest makes an entry,  
As well as true love, thro' the pantry,  
Where beaux that came at first for feeding  
Grow gallant men and get good breeding;—  
Exempli gratia—in the West,  
Ship-traders say there swims a nest  
Lined with black natives, like a rookery,  
But coarse as carrion crows at cookery.—  
This race, though now called O. Y. E. men,  
(To show they are more than A. B. C. men,)  
Was once so ignorant of our knacks  
They laid their mats upon their backs,  
And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon  
On trees that baked them in the sunshine.  
As for their bodies, they were coated,  
(For painted things are so denoted;)  
But, the naked truth is stark primevals,  
That said their prayers to timber devils,  
Allowed polygamy—dwelt in wig-wams—  
And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams.—  
And why?—because their savage nook

\* Cook to the late Sir John Banks.



Had ne'er been visited by Cook—  
And so they fared till our great chief,  
Brought them, not Methodists, but beef  
In tubs—and taught them how to live,  
Knowing it was too soon to give,  
Just then, a homily on their sins,  
(For cooking ends ere grace begins,)  
Or hand his tracts to the untractable  
Till they could keep a more exact table—  
For nature has her proper courses,  
And wild men must be backed like horses,  
Which, jockeys know, are never fit  
For riding till they've had a bit  
I' the mouth; but then, with proper tackle,  
You may trot them to a tabernacle,  
Ergo (I say) he first made changes  
In the heathen modes, by kitchen ranges,  
And taught the king's cook, by convincing  
Process, that chewing was not mincing,  
And in her black fist thrust a bundle  
Of tracts abridged from Glasse and Rundell,  
Where, ere she had read beyond Welsh rabbits,  
She saw the spareness of her habits,  
And round her loins put on a striped  
Towel, where fingers might be wiped,  
And then her breast clothed like her ribs,  
(For aprons lead of course to bibs,)  
And, by the time she had got a meat-  
Screen, veiled her back, too, from the heat—  
As for her gravies and her sauces,  
(Tho' they reformed the royal fauces,)  
Her forcemeats and ragouts—I praise not,  
Because the legend further says not,



Except, she kept each Christian high-day,  
And once upon a fat good Fry-day  
Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan,  
That turned the spit, to chop up Dagon!—

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## LINES

TO A FRIEND AT COBHAM.

'Tis pleasant, when we 've absent friends,  
Sometimes to hob and nob 'em  
With Memory's glass—at such a pass  
Remember me at Cobham!

Have pigs you will, and sometimes kill,  
But if you sigh and sob 'em,  
And cannot eat your home-grown meat,  
Remember me at Cobham!

Of hen and cock, you 'll have a stock,  
And death will oft unthrob 'em—  
A country chick is good to pick—  
Remember me at Cobham!

Some orchard trees of course you 'll lease,  
And boys will sometimes rob 'em,  
A friend (you know) before a foe—  
Remember me at Cobham!

You 'll sometimes have wax-lighted rooms,  
And friends of course to mob 'em,  
Should you be short of such a sort,  
Remember me at Cobham!



## MISS OLIVER'S FIRST VOYAGE.

A MEDLEY.

"All possible marine difficulties and disasters were huddled, like an auction medley, in one lot, into her apprehension."

CABLES entangling her,  
Ship-spars for mangling her,  
Ropes, sure of strangling her;  
Blocks over-dangling her;  
Tiller to batter her,  
Topmast to shatter her,  
Tobacco to spatter her;  
Boreas blustering,  
Boatswain quite flustering,  
Thunder-clouds mustering  
To blast her with sulphur—  
If the deep don't engulf her:  
Sometimes fear's scrutiny  
Pries out a mutiny,  
Sniffs conflagration,  
Or hints at starvation:—  
All the sea dangers,  
Buccaneers, rangers,  
Pirates, and Sallee-men,  
Algerine galley-men,  
Tornadoes and typhons,  
And horrible syphons,  
And submarine travels  
Thro' roaring sea-navels;  
Every thing wrong enough,  
Long-boat not long enough,  
Vessel not strong enough;



Pitch marring frippery,  
The deck very slippery,  
And the cabin—built sloping,  
The Captain a-toping,  
And the Mate a blasphemer  
That names his Redeemer—  
With inward uneasiness;  
The cook, known by his greasiness,  
The victuals beslubbered,  
Her bed—in a cupboard;  
Things of strange christening,  
Snatched in her listening,  
Blue lights and red lights,  
And mention of dead lights,  
And shrouds made a theme of,  
Things horrid to dream of—  
And *buoys* in the water  
To fear all exhort her;  
Her friend no Leander;  
Herself no sea gander,  
And ne'er a cork jacket  
On board of the packet;  
The breeze still a-stiffening,  
The trumpet quite deafening;  
Thoughts of repentance,  
And doomsday and sentence!  
Every thing sinister,  
Not a church minister—  
Pilot a blunderer,  
Coral reefs under her,  
Ready to sunder her;  
Trunks tipsy-topsy,  
The ship in a dropsy;



Waves oversurging her,  
 Sirens a dirgeing her,  
 Sharks all expecting her,  
 Sword-fish dissecting her,  
 Crabs with their hand-vices  
 Punishing land vices;  
 Sea-dogs and unicorns,  
 Things with no puny horns,  
 Mermen carnivorous—  
 “Good Lord deliver us!”

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## SONNET.

TO LORD WHARNCLIFFE, ON HIS GAME-BILL.

I'M fond of partridges, I'm fond of snipes,  
 I'm fond of black cocks, for they're very good cocks—  
 I'm fond of wild ducks, and I'm fond of woodcocks,  
 And grouse that set up such strange moorish pipes.  
 I'm fond of pheasants with their splendid stripes—  
 I'm fond of hares, whether from Whig or Tory—  
 I'm fond of capercaillies in their glory—  
 Teal, widgeons, plovers, birds in all their types :  
 All these are in your care, Law-giving Peer,  
 And when you next address your Lordly Babel,  
 Some clause put in your Bill, precise and clear,  
 With due and fit provision to enable  
 A man that holds all kinds of game so dear  
 To keep, like Crockford, a good Gaming Table.



## A TRUE STORY.

OF all our pains, since man was curst,  
I mean of body, not the mental,  
To name the worst, among the worst,  
The dental sure is transcendental;  
Some bit of masticating bone,  
That ought to help to clear a shelf,  
But let its proper work alone,  
And only seems to gnaw itself;  
In fact, of any grave attack  
On victuals there is little danger,  
'Tis so like coming to the *rack*,  
As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seemed a fit retort  
Of justice on his grinding ways—  
Possessed a grinder of the sort,  
That troubled all his latter days.  
The best of friends fall out, and so  
His teeth had done some years ago,  
Save some old stumps, with ragged root,  
And they took turn about to shoot;  
If he drank any chilly liquor  
They made it quite a point to throb;  
But if he warmed it on the hob,  
Why then they only twitched the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth  
Had never killed him in his youth—  
One tooth he had with many fangs,  
That shot at once as many pangs,



It had an universal sting ;  
One touch of that extatic stump  
Could jerk his limbs, and make him jump,  
Just like a puppet on a string ;  
And what was worse than all, it had  
A way of making others bad.  
There is, as many know, a knack,  
With certain farming undertakers,  
And this same tooth pursued their track,  
By adding *achers* still to *achers* !

One way there is, that has been judged  
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth  
To pay the fee, and quite begrudged  
To lose his tooth and money both ;  
In fact, a dentist and the wheel  
Of Fortune are a kindred cast,  
For after all is drawn, you feel  
It's paying for a blank at last ;  
So Hunks went on from week to week,  
And kept his torment in his cheek ;  
Oh ! how it sometimes set him rocking,  
With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,  
His moans and groans were truly shocking  
And loud—altho' he held his jaw.  
Many a tug he gave his gum,  
And tooth, but still it would not come,  
Tho' tied by string to some firm thing,  
He could not draw it, do his best,  
By draw'rs, altho' he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,  
He joined a score of mouths in waiting,



Like his, to have their troubles out.  
And sight it was to look about  
At twenty faces making faces,  
With many a rampant trick and antic,  
For all were very horrid cases,  
And made their owners nearly frantic.  
A little wicket now and then  
Took one of these unhappy men,  
And out again the victim rushed,  
While eyes and mouth together gushed ;  
At last arrived our hero's turn,  
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,  
And down he sat, prepared to learn  
How teeth are charmed to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations,  
Alone can guess the sort of ache,  
When his old tooth began to break  
The thread of old associations ;  
It touched a string in every part,  
It had so many tender ties ;  
One chord seemed wrenching at his heart,  
And two were tugging at his eyes ;  
“ Bone of his bone,” he felt of course,  
As husbands do in such divorce ;  
At last the fangs gave way a little,  
Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,  
And lo ! the cause of all this work,  
Went—where it used to send his victual !

The monstrous pain of this proceeding  
Had not so numb'd his miser wit,  
But in this slip he saw a hit  
To save, at least, his purse from bleeding ;



So when the dentist sought his fees,  
Quoth Hunks, "Let's finish, if you please."  
"How finish? why it's out!"—"Oh! no—  
I'm none of your beforehand tippers,  
'Tis you are out, to argue so;  
My tooth is in my head no doubt,  
But as you say you pulled it out,  
Of course it's there—between your nippers."  
"Zounds! sir, d'ye think I'd sell the truth  
To get a fee? no, wretch, I scorn it."  
But Hunks still asked to see the tooth,  
And swore by gum! he had not drawn it.  
His end obtained, he took his leave,  
A secret chuckle in his sleeve;  
The joke was worthy to produce one,  
To think, by favor of his wit,  
How well a dentist had been bit  
By one old stump, and that a loose one!

The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth  
Is still the frailest thing on earth:  
Alas! how often when a joke  
Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,  
There comes some unexpected stroke,  
And hangs a weeper on the cuff!  
Hunks had not whistled half a mile,  
When, planted right against a stile,  
There stood his foeman, Mike Mahoney.  
A vagrant reaper, Irish-born,  
That helped to reap our miser's corn,  
But had not helped to reap his money,  
A fact that Hunks remembered quickly;  
His whistle all at once was quelled,



And when he saw how Michael held  
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,  
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,  
But misers (let observers watch it)  
Will never part with their delight  
Till well demanded by a hatchet—  
They live hard—and they die to match it.  
Thus Hunks prepared for Mike's attacking,  
Resolved not yet to pay the debt,  
But let him take it out in hacking;  
However, Mike began to stickle  
In word before he used the sickle;  
But mercy was not long attendant:  
From words at last he took to blows  
And aimed a cut at Hunks's nose;  
That made it what some folks are not—  
A member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick  
Might still have led, but for a tramper  
That came in danger's very nick,  
To put Mahoney to the scamper.  
But still compassion met a damper;  
There lay the severed nose, alas!  
Beside the daisies on the grass,  
"Wee, crimson-tipt" as well as they,  
According to the poet's lay:  
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter!  
Away ran Hodge to get assistance,  
With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,  
But somewhat at unusual distance.  
In many a little country place



It is a very common case  
To have but one residing doctor,  
Whose practice rather seems to be  
No practice, but a rule of three,  
Physician—surgeon—drug-decoctor ;  
Thus Hunks was forced to go once more  
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.  
His mere name made the learned man hot—  
“ What ! Hunks again within my door !  
I'll pull his nose ;” quoth Hunks, “ You cannot.”

The doctor looked and saw the case  
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.  
“ O ! hum—ha—yes—I understand.”  
But then arose a long demur,  
For not a finger would he stir  
Till he was paid his fee in hand ;  
That matter settled, there they were,  
With Hunks well strapped upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job—  
His tools, a chestful or a drawerful—  
Are always something very awful,  
And give the heart the strangest throb ;  
But never patient in his funks  
Looked half so like a ghost as Hunks,  
Or surgeon half so like a devil  
Prepared for some infernal revel :  
His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,  
Just like a bolus in a box,  
His fury seemed above controlling,  
He bellowed like a hunted ox :  
“ Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee how  
We treat such cheating knaves as thou ;



Oh ! sweet is this revenge to sup ;  
I have thee by the nose—it's now  
My turn—and I will turn it up."

Guess how the miser liked the scurvy  
And cruel way of venting passion ;  
The snubbing folks in this new fashion  
Seemed quite to turn him topsy-turvy ;  
He uttered pray'rs, and groans, and curses,  
For things had often gone amiss  
And wrong with him before, but this  
Would be the worst of all *reverses* !  
In fancy he beheld his snout  
Turned upward like a pitcher's spout ;  
There was another grievance yet,  
And fancy did not fail to show it,  
That he must throw a summerset,  
Or stand upon his head to blow it.  
And was there then no argument  
To change the doctor's vile intent,  
And move his pity ?—yes, in truth,  
And that was—paying for the tooth.  
"Zounds! pay for such a stump! I'd rather—"  
But here the menace went no farther,  
For with his other ways of pinching,  
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,  
A recollection strong enough  
To cause a very serious flinching ;  
In short, he paid and had the feature  
Replaced as it was meant by nature ;  
For tho' by this 't was cold to handle,  
(No corpse's could have felt more horrid,)  
And white just like an end of candle.



The doctor deemed and proved it too,  
 That noses from the nose will do  
 As well as noses from the forehead ;  
 So, fixed by dint of rag and lint,  
 The part was bandaged up and muffled.  
 The chair unfastened, Hunks arose,  
 And shuffled out, for once unshuffled ;  
 And as he went these words he snuffled—  
 “ Well, this *is* ‘paying through the nose.’ ”

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## EPIGRAMS

COMPOSED ON READING A DIARY LATELY PUBLISHED.

THAT flesh is grass is now as clear as day,  
 To any but the merest purblind pup,  
 Death cuts it down, and then, to make her hay,  
 My Lady B—— comes and rakes it up.

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## THE LAST WISH.

WHEN I resign this world so briary,  
 To have across the Styx my ferrying,  
 O, may I die without a DIARY !  
 And be interred without a BURY-ing !

---

THE poor dear dead have been laid out in vain,  
 Turned into cash, they are laid out again !



## THE MONKEY-MARTYR.

A FABLE.

"God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will: so I turned about the cage to get to the door."—*STERNE*

'Tis strange, what awkward figures and odd capers  
 Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers;  
 But there are many shallow politicians  
 Who take their bias from bewildered journals—  
     Turn state-physicians,  
 And make themselves fools'-cap of the diurnals.

One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,  
 Had read himself at last to this sour creed—  
 That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,  
 And man a tyrant over all his breed.

He could not read  
 Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,  
 But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,  
 And nourished thoughts that threw him into fevers.  
 His very dreams were full of martial beavers,  
 And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,

    To sever chains vexatious:  
 In fact, he thought that all his injured line  
 Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em  
 Till they had cleared a road to Freedom's shrine—  
 Unless perchance the turnpike men should stop 'em.

Full of this rancor,  
 Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes,  
     It came into his brains  
 To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor;



Where certain solemn sages of the nation  
Were at that moment in deliberation  
How to relieve the wide world of its chains,  
    Pluck despots down,  
    And thereby crown  
Whitee-as well as blackee-man-cipation.  
Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,  
And gazed with pride upon the Liberators;  
    To see mere coal-heavers  
    Such perfect Bolivars—  
Waiters of inns sublimed to innovators,  
And slaters dignified as legislators—  
Small publicans demanding (such their high sense  
Of liberty) an universal license—  
And pattern-makers easing Freedom's clogs—  
    The whole thing seemed  
    So fine, he deemed  
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,  
Walked out at last, and turned into the Strand,  
    To the left hand,  
Conning some portion of the previous twaddle,  
And striding with a step that seemed designed  
To represent the mighty March of Mind,  
    Instead of that slow waddle  
Of thought, to which our ancestors inclined—  
No wonder, then, that he should quickly find  
He stood in front of that intrusive pile,  
    Where Cross keeps many a kind  
    Of bird confined,  
And free-born animal, in durance vile—  
A thought that stirred up all the monkey-bile!



The window stood ajar—  
It was not far,  
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—  
The hour was verging on the supper-time,  
And many a growl was sent through many a bar.  
Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,  
And soon crept in,  
Unnoticed in the din  
Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring  
With all the harshest notes that they could bring;  
For like the Jews,  
Wild beasts refuse  
In midst of their captivity—to sing.

Lord! how it made him chafe,  
Full of his new emancipating zeal,  
To look around upon this brute-bastille,  
And see the king of creatures in—a safe!  
The desert's denizen in one small den,  
Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—  
A bear in bars unbearable. And then  
The fretful porcupine, with all its quills,  
Imprisoned in a pen!  
A tiger limited to four feet ten;  
And, still worse lot,  
A leopard to one spot,  
An elephant enlarged,  
But not discharged;  
(It was before the elephant was shot;)  
A doleful wanderer, that wandered not;  
An ounce much disproportioned to his pound.  
Pug's wrath waxed hot  
To gaze upon these captive creatures round;



Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance  
They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

He went above—a solitary mounter  
Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group

Of hapless fowls—

Cranes, vultures, owls,

In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,  
Where feathered prisoners were doomed to droop :

Here sat an eagle, forced to make a stoop,  
Not from the skies, but his impending roof;

And there aloof,

A pining ostrich, moping in a coop ;

With other samples of the bird creation,

All caged against their powers and their wills,

And cramped in such a space, the longest bills

Were plainly bills of least accommodation.

In truth, it was a very ugly scene

To fall to any liberator's share,

To see those winged fowls, that once had been

Free as the wind, no freer than fixed air.

His temper little mended,

Pug from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended

Unto the lion and the elephant,

His bosom in a pant

To see all nature's Free List thus suspended,

And beasts deprived of what she had intended.

They could not even prey

In their own way ;

A hardship always reckoned quite prodigious.

Thus he revolved—

And soon resolved

To give them freedom, civil and religious.



That night, there were no country cousins, raw  
From Wales to view the lion and his kin :  
The keeper's eyes were fixed upon a saw ;  
The saw was fixed upon a bullock's shin :

Meanwhile with stealthy paw,

Pug hastened to withdraw

The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.  
Now, monarch of the forest ! thou shalt win  
Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone ;  
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,  
But loose to roam with liberty and nature ;  
And free of all the jungles about London—  
All Hampstead's healthy desert lies before thee !  
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,  
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,

And turn a ranger

Of Hounslow Forest, and the Regent's Park—  
Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger—  
And gobble parish watchmen after dark :—  
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,  
Stealing to Merlin's cave—(*thy* cave)—Alas,  
That such bright visions should not come to pass !  
Alas for freedom, and for freedom's hero !

Alas, for liberty of life and limb !

For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,

When Nero *bolted him* !



## CRANIOLOGY.

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,  
 Man—with his bumps upon his sconce,  
 Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he  
 Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—  
 A science that by simple dint of  
 Head-combing he should find a hint of,  
 When scratching o'er those little pole-hills,  
 The faculties throw up like mole-hills;—  
 A science that, in very spite  
 Of all his teeth, ne'er came to light,  
 For tho' he knew his skull had *grinders*,  
 Still there turned up no *organ* finders,  
 Still sages wrote, and ages fled,  
 And no man's head came in his head—  
 Not even the pate of Erra Pater,  
 Knew aught about its *pia mater*.  
 At last great Dr. Gall bestirs him—  
 I don't know but it might be Spurzheim—  
 Tho' native of a dull and slow land,  
 And makes partition of our Poll-land;  
 At our Acquisitiveness guesses,  
 And all those necessary *nesses*  
 Indicative of human habits,  
 All burrowing in the head like rabbits.  
 Thus Veneration he made known,  
 Had got a lodging at the Crown:  
 And Music (see Deville's example)  
 A set of chambers in the Temple:  
 That Language taught the tongues close by,  
 And took in pupils thro' the eye,



Close by his neighbor Computation,  
Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

The science thus—to speak in fit  
Terms—having struggled from its nit,  
Was seized on by a swarm of Scotchmen,  
Those scientific hotch-potch men,  
Who have at least a penny dip  
And wallop in all doctorship,  
Just as in making broth they smatter  
By bobbing twenty things in water;  
These men, I say, made quick appliance  
And close, to phrenologic science:  
For of all learned themes whatever  
That schools and colleges deliver,  
There's none they love so near the bodles,  
As analyzing their own noddles,  
Thus in a trice each northern blockhead  
Had got his fingers in his shock head,  
And of his bumps was babbling yet worse  
Than poor Miss Capulet's dry wet-nurse;  
Till having been sufficient rangers  
Of their own heads, they took to strangers',  
And found in Presbyterians' polls  
The things they hated in their souls;  
For Presbyterians hear with passion  
Of organs joined with veneration.  
No kind there was of human pumpkin  
But at its bumps it had a bumpkin;  
Down to the very lowest gullion,  
And oiliest scull of oily scullion.  
No great man died but this they *did* do,  
They begged his cranium of his widow:



No murderer died by law disaster,  
 But they took off his scone in plaster;  
 For thereon they could show depending  
 "The head and front of his offending,"  
 How that his philanthropic bump  
 Was mastered by a baser lump;  
 For every bump (these wags insist)  
 Has its direct antagonist,  
 Each striving stoutly to prevail,  
 Like horses knotted tail to tail;  
 And many a stiff and sturdy battle  
 Occurs between these adverse cattle,  
 The secret cause, beyond all question,  
 Of aches ascribed to indigestion—  
 Whereas 'tis but two knobby rivals  
 Tugging together like sheer devils,  
 Till one gets mastery, good or sinister,  
 And comes in like a new prime-minister.

Each bias in some master node is :—  
 What takes M'Adam where a road is,  
 To hammer little pebbles less?  
 His organ of Destructiveness.  
 What makes great Joseph so encumber  
 Debate? a lumping lump of Number:  
 Or Malthus rail at babies so?  
 The smallness of his Philopro—  
 What severs man and wife? a simple  
 Defect of the Adhesive pimple:  
 Or makes weak women go astray?  
 Their bumps are more in fault than they.  
 These facts being found and set in order  
 By grave M.D.'s beyond the Border.



To make them for some few months eternal,  
 Were entered monthly in a journal,  
 That many a northern sage still writes in,  
 And throws his little Northern Lights in,  
 And proves and proves about the phrenos,  
 A great deal more than I or he knows.  
 How Music suffers, *par exemple*,  
 By wearing tight hats round the temple;  
 What ills great boxers have to fear  
 From blisters put behind the ear:  
 And how a porter's Veneration  
 Is hurt by porter's occupation:  
 Whether shillelahs in reality  
 May deaden Individuality:  
 Or tongs and poker be creative  
 Of alterations in the Amative:  
 If falls from scaffolds make us less  
 Inclined to all Constructiveness:  
 With more such matters, all applying  
 To heads—and therefore *headifying*.

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 A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,  
 Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."

ROGERS.

Come, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,  
 And lift up a little Oblivion's veil;  
 Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,  
 Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his tail.



Ay, come, let us turn our attention behind,  
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,  
That they can not keep up with the march of the mind,  
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,  
Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise!  
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,  
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,  
On a dainty lap of true nursery make!  
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song  
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,  
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—  
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,  
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—  
But no grief was allowed to indulge in its note;  
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"  
Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce?  
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?  
Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce  
"Head or tails," with a child, an unpleasantish game!

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin, indeed,  
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight;  
Why should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was need  
Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday-night.



Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?

Have you ever felt huckaback softened with sand?

Had you ever your nose towelled up to a snub,

And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,

For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees—

But how well I remember that “pepper and salt”

That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!

With a lanky right leg duly planted before;

Whilst I told of the chief that was killed by my stroke,

And extended *my* arms as “the arms that he wore!”

Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?

With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot?

Have you bowed to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove?

Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,

Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men?

When I think of that beautiful vision anew,

Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am withered and worn by a premature care,

And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days;

Old Time’s busy hand has made free with my hair,

And I’m seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!



## "DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE?"

RUN!—run for St. Clement's engine!  
 For the Pawnbroker's all in a blaze,  
 And the pledges are frying and singing—  
 Oh! how the poor pawners will craze!  
 Now where can the turncock be drinking?  
 Was there ever so thirsty an elf?—  
 But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking  
 That the plugs are as dry as himself.

The engines!—I hear them come rumbling;  
 There's the Phoenix! the Globe! and the Sun!  
 What a row there will be, and a grumbling,  
 When the water don't start for a run!  
 See! there they come racing and tearing,  
 All the street with loud voices is filled;  
 Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing  
 At a man they've run over and killed!

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,  
 And twinkle like stars in the sky;  
 It's a wonder the engines don't play now,  
 But I never saw water so shy!  
 Why there is n't enough for a snipe,  
 And the fire it is fiercer, alas!  
 Oh! instead of the New River Pipe,  
 They have gone—that they have—to the gas.

Only look at the poor little P——'s  
 On the roof—is there any thing sadder?  
 My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,  
 And they won't be an hour with the ladder!



But if any one's hot in their feet,  
And in very great haste to be saved,  
Here's a nice easy bit in the street,  
That M'Adam has lately unpaved!

There is some one—I see a dark shape  
At that window, the hottest of all—  
My good woman, why don't you escape?  
Never think of your bonnet and shawl:  
If your dress is n't perfect, what is it  
For once in a way to your hurt?  
When your husband is paying a visit  
There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt!

Only see how she throws out her *chaney*!  
Her basins, and tea-pots, and all  
The most brittle of *her* goods—or any,  
But they all break in breaking their fall:  
Such things are not surely the best  
From a two-story window to throw—  
She might save a good iron-bound chest,  
For there's plenty of people below!

O dear! what a beautiful flash!  
How it shone thro' the window and door;  
We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,  
When the woman falls thro' with the floor!  
There! there! what a volley of flame,  
And then suddenly all is obscured!—  
Well—I'm glad in my heart that I came;—  
But I hope the poor man is insured!



## THE WIDOW.

ONE widow at a grave will sob  
A little while, and weep, and sigh!  
If two should meet on such a job,  
They 'll have a gossip by and by.  
If three should come together—why,  
Three widows are good company!  
If four should meet by any chance,  
Four is a number very nice,  
To have a rubber in a trice—  
But five will up and have a dance!

Poor Mrs. C—— (why should I not  
Declare her name?—her name was Cross)  
Was one of those the “common lot”  
Had left to weep “no common loss:”—  
For she had lately buried then  
A man, the “very best of men,”  
A lingering truth, discovered first  
Whenever men “are at the worst.”  
To take the measure of her woe,  
It was some dozen inches deep—  
I mean in crape, and hung so low,  
It hid the drops she did *not* weep;  
In fact, what human life appears,  
It was a perfect “veil of tears.”  
Though ever since she lost “her prop  
And stay”—alas! he would n't stay—  
She never had a tear to mop,  
Except one little angry drop,  
From Passion's eye, as Moore would say;



Because, when Mister Cross took flight,  
It looked so very like a spite—  
He died upon a washing-day!  
Still Widow Cross went twice a week,  
As if “to wet a widow’s cheek,”  
And soothe his grave with sorrow’s gravy—  
’T was nothing but a make-believe,  
She might as well have hoped to grieve  
Enough of brine to float a navy;  
And yet she often seemed to raise  
A cambric kerchief to her eye—  
A *duster* ought to be the phrase,  
Its work was all so very dry.  
The springs were locked that ought to flow—  
In England or in widow-woman—  
As those that watch the weather know,  
Such “backward Springs” are not uncommon.

But why did Widow Cross take pains,  
To call upon the “dear remains”—  
Remains that could not tell a jot,  
Whether she ever wept or not,  
Or how his relict took her losses?  
Oh! my black ink turns red for shame—  
But still the naughty world must learn,  
There was a little German came  
To shed a tear in “Anna’s Urn,”  
At the next grave to Mr. Cross’s!  
For there an angel’s virtues slept,  
“Too soon did Heaven assert its claim!”  
But still her painted face he kept,  
“Encompassed in an angel’s frame.”



He looked quite sad and quite deprived,  
His head was nothing but a hat-band ;  
He looked so lone and so *unwived*,  
That soon the Widow Cross contrived  
To fall in love with even *that* band ;  
And all at once the brackish juices  
Came gushing out through sorrow's sluices—  
Tear after tear too fast to wipe,  
Tho' sopped, and sopped, and sopped again—  
No leak in sorrow's private pipe,  
But like a bursting on the main !  
Whoe'er has watched the window-pane—  
I mean to say in showery weather—  
Has seen two little drops of rain,  
Like lovers very fond and fain,  
At one another creeping, creeping,  
Till both, at last, embrace together :  
So fared it with that couple's weeping,  
The principle was quite as active—

Tear unto tear

Kept drawing near,

Their very blacks became attractive.  
To cut a shortish story shorter,  
Conceive them sitting tête-à-tête—  
Two cups—hot muffins on a plate—  
With "Anna's Urn" to hold hot water !  
The brazen vessel for a while  
Had lectured in an easy song,  
Like Abernethy—on the bile—  
The scalded herb was getting strong ;  
All seemed as smooth as smooth could be,  
To have a cosy cup of tea ;  
Alas ! how often human sippers



With unexpected bitters meet,  
And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,  
Like sugar, only meet the nippers!

The Widow Cross, I should have told,  
Had seen three husbands to the mould;  
She never sought an Indian pyre,  
Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves,  
But with a proper sense of fire,  
Put up, instead, with "three removes:"  
Thus, when with any tender words  
Or tears she spoke about her loss,  
The dear departed, Mr. Cross,  
Came in for nothing but his thirds;  
For, as all widows love too well,  
She liked upon the list to dwell,  
And oft ripped up the old disasters—  
She might, indeed, have been supposed  
A great *ship*-owner, for she prosed  
Eternally of her Three Masters!  
Thus, foolish woman! while she nursed  
Her mild souchong, she talked and reckoned  
What had been left her by her first,  
And by her last, and by her second.  
Alas! not all her annual rents  
Could then entice the little German—  
Not Mr. Cross's Three Per Cents,  
Or Consols, ever make him *her* man;  
He liked her cash, he liked her houses,  
But not that dismal bit of land  
She always settled on her spouses.  
So taking up his hat and band,



Said he, "You 'll think my conduct odd—  
 But here my hopes no more may linger;  
 I thought you had a wedding-finger,  
 But oh!—it is a curtain-rod!"

## A BUTCHER.

WHOE'ER has gone thro' London Street,  
 Has seen a butcher gazing at his meat,  
     And how he keeps  
     Gloating upon a sheep's  
 Or bullock's personals, as if his own;  
     How he admires his halves  
     And quarters—and his calves,  
 As if in truth upon his own legs grown;—  
     *His fat! his suet!*  
*His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it!*  
     *His thick flank!*  
     And *his thin!*  
     *His shank!*  
     *His shin!*  
 Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone!

With what an air  
 He stands aloof across the thoroughfare,  
 Gazing—and will not let a body by,  
 Tho' buy! buy! buy! be constantly his cry;  
 Meanwhile with arms akimbo, and a pair  
 Of Rhodian legs, he revels in a stare  
 At his Joint Stock—for one may call it so,  
     Howbeit, without a *Co.*  
 The dotage of self-love was never fonder  
 Than he of his brute bodies all a-row;



Narcissus in the wave did never ponder  
 With love so strong  
 On his "portrait charmant,"  
 As our vain Butcher on his carcass yonder.

Look at his sleek round skull!  
 How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is!  
 His visage seems to be  
 Ripe for beef-tea;  
 Of brutal juices the whole man is full—  
 In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis,  
 The butcher is already half a Bull.

## THE DOUBLE KNOCK.

RAT-TAT it went upon the lion's chin,  
 "That hat, I know it!" cried the joyful girl;  
 "Summer's it is, I know him by his knock,  
 Comers like him are welcome as the day!  
 Lizzy! go down and open the street-door,  
 Busy I am to any one but *him*.  
 Know him you must—he has been often here;  
 Show him up stairs, and tell him I'm alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down the stair;  
 Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat;  
 "Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—  
 Drury—or Covent Garden—darling man!—  
 Kemble will play—or Kean who makes the soul  
 Tremble; in Richard or the frenzied Moor—  
 Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce  
 Barren beside—or Liston, Laughter's Child—  
 Kelly the natural, to witness whom



Jelly is nothing in the public's jam—  
 Cooper, the sensible—and Walter Knowles  
 Super, in William Tell—now rightly told.  
 Better—perchance, from Andrews, brings a box,  
 Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—  
 Brocard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!  
 No card—thank heaven—engages me to-night!  
 Feathers, of course, no turban, and no toque—  
 Weather's against it, but I'll go in curls.  
 Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,  
 Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—  
 Cupid—the New Ballet I long to see—  
 Stupid! why don't she go and ope the door!"

Glistened her eye as the impatient girl  
 Listened, low bending o'er the topmost stair.  
 Vainly, alas! she listens and she bends,  
 Plainly she hears this question and reply:  
 "Axes your pardon, Sir, but what d' ye want?"  
 "Taxes," says he, "and shall not call again!"

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#### THE DEVIL'S ALBUM.

It will seem an odd whim  
 For a Spirit so grim  
 As the Devil to take a delight in;  
 But by common renown  
 He has come up to town  
 With an Album for people to write in!

On a handsomer book  
 Mortal never did look,  
 Of a flame-color silk is the binding,



With a border superb,  
Where, through floweret and herb,  
The old Serpent goes brilliantly winding!

By gilded grotesques,  
And embossed arabesques,  
The whole cover, in fact, is pervaded;  
But, alas! in a taste  
That betrays they were traced  
At the will of a Spirit degraded!

As for paper—the best,  
But extremely hot-pressed,  
Courts the pen to luxuriate upon it,  
And against every blank  
There's a note on the Bank,  
As a bribe for a sketch or a sonnet.

Who will care to appear  
In the Fiend's Souvenir,  
Is a question to morals most vital;  
But the very first leaf,  
It's the public belief,  
Will be filled by a Lady of Title!

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EPIGRAM

ON A LATE CATTLE-SHOW IN SMITHFIELD.

OLD Farmer Bull is taken sick,  
Yet not with any sudden trick  
Of fever, or his old dyspepsy;  
But having seen the foreign stock,  
It gave his system such a shock  
He's had a fit of cattle-epsy!



## A REPORT FROM BELOW.

"Blow high, blow low."—SEA SONG.

As Mister B. and Mistress B.  
One night were sitting down to tea,  
With toast and muffins hot—  
They heard a loud and sudden bounce,  
That made the very china flounce,  
They could not for a time pronounce  
If they were safe or shot—  
For Memory brought a deed to match  
At Deptford done by night—  
Before one eye appeared a Patch  
In t'other eye a Blight!

To be belabored out of life,  
Without some small attempt at strife,  
Our nature will not grovel;  
One impulse moved both man and dame,  
He seized the tongs—she did the same,  
Leaving the ruffian, if he came,  
The poker and the shovel.  
Suppose the couple standing so,  
When rushing footsteps from below  
Made pulses fast and fervent;  
And first burst in the frantic cat,  
All steaming like a brewer's rat,  
And then—as white as my cravat—  
Poor Mary May, the servant!

Lord, how the couple's teeth did chatter,  
Master and Mistress both flew at her,  
"Speak! Fire? or Murder? What's the matter?"



Till Mary getting breath,  
Upon her tale began to touch  
With rapid tongue, full trotting, such  
As if she thought she had too much  
To tell before her death :—

“We was both, Ma’am, in the wash-house, Ma’am, a-stand-  
ing at our tubs,

And Mrs. Round was seconding what little things I rubs;  
‘Mary,’ says she to me, ‘I say’—and there she stops for  
coughin,’

‘That dratted copper flue has took to smokin’ very often,  
But please the pigs,’—for that’s her way of swearing in a  
passion,

‘I’ll blow it up, and not be set a coughin’ in this fashion!’  
Well, down she takes my master’s horn—I mean his horn  
for loading,

And empties every grain alive for to set the flue exploding.  
Lawk, Mrs. Round! says I, and stares, that quantum is  
unproper.

I’m sartin sure it can’t not take a pound to sky a copper;  
You’ll powder both our heads off, so I tells you, with its  
puff,

But she only dried her fingers, and she takes a pinch of  
snuff.

Well, when the pinch is over—‘Teach your grandmother  
to suck

A powder horn,’ says she—Well, says I, I wish you luck.  
Them words sets up her back, so with her hands upon her  
hips,

‘Come,’ says she, quite in a huff, ‘come, keep your tongue  
inside your lips;

Afore ever you was born, I was well used to things like  
these;



I shall put it in the grate, and let it burn up by degrees.  
So in it goes, and Bounce—O Lord! it gives us such a  
rattle,

I thought we both were cannonized, like Sogers in a battle!  
Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on both our backs,  
And bless the tubs, they bundled off, and split all into cracks.  
Well, there I fainted dead away, and might have been cut  
shorter,

But Providence was kind, and brought me to with scalding  
water.

I first looks round for Mrs. Round, and sees her at a dis-  
tance,

As stiff as starch, and looked as dead as any thing in exist-  
ence;

All scorched and grimed, and more than that, I sees the  
copper slap

Right on her head, for all the world like a percussion cop-  
per cap.

Well, I crooks her little fingers, and crumps them well up  
together,

As humanity pints out, and burnt her nostrums with a  
feather.

But for all as I can do, to restore her to her mortality,  
She never gives a sign of a return to sensuality.

Thinks I, well there she lies, as dead as my own late de-  
parted mother,

Well, she'll wash no more in this world, whatever she does  
in t' other.

So I gives myself to scramble up the linens for a minute,  
Lawk, sich a shirt! thinks I, it's well my master wasn't  
in it;

Oh! I never, never, never, never, never, see a sight so  
shockin';



Here lays a leg, and there a leg—I mean, you know, a stocking—

Bodies all slit and torn to rags, and many a tattered skirt,  
And arms burnt off, and sides and backs all scotched and  
black with dirt;

But as nobody was in 'em—none but—nobody was hurt!  
Well, there I am, a-scrambling up the things, all in a lump,  
When, mercy on us! such a groan as makes my heart to  
jump.

And there she is, a-lying with a crazy sort of eye,  
A-staring at the wash-house roof, laid open to the sky:  
Then she beckons with a finger, and so down to her I  
reaches,

And puts my ear agin her mouth to hear her dying speeches,  
For, poor soul! she has a husband and young orphans, as I  
knew;

Well, Ma'am, you won't believe it, but it's Gospel fact and  
true,

But these words is all she whispered—'Why, where *is* the  
powder blew?' "

## EPIGRAM

ON THE DEPRECIATED MONEY.

THEY may talk of the plugging and sweating

Of our coinage that's minted of gold,

But to me it produces no fretting

Of its shortness of weight to be told:

All the sov'reigns I'm able to levy

As to lightness can never be wrong,

But must surely be some of them heavy,

*For I never can carry them long.*



## AN ANCIENT CONCERT.

BY A VENERABLE DIRECTOR.

"Give me *old* music—let me hear  
The songs of *days* gone by!"—H. F. CHORLEY.

O! COME, all ye who love to hear  
An ancient song in ancient taste,  
To whom all bygone Music's dear  
As verdant spots in Memory's waste!  
Its name "The Ancient Concert" wrongs,  
And has not hit the proper clef,  
To wit, Old Folks to sing Old Songs,  
To Old Subscribers rather deaf.

Away, then, Hawes! with all your band  
Ye beardless boys, this room desert!  
One youthful voice, or youthful hand,  
Our concert-pitch would disconcert!  
No Bird must join our "vocal throng,"  
The present age beheld at font:  
Away, then, all ye "Sons of Song,"  
Your Fathers are the men we want!

Away, Miss Birch, you're in your prime!  
Miss Romer, seek some other door!  
Go, Mrs. Shaw! till, counting time,  
You count you're nearly fifty-four!  
Go, Miss Novello, sadly young!  
Go, thou composing Chevalier,  
And roam the county towns among,  
No Newcome will be welcome here!



Our Concert aims to give at *night*  
The music that has had its *day* !  
So, Rooke, for us you can not write  
Till time has made you Raven grey.  
Your score may charm a modern ear,  
Nay, ours, when three or fourscore old,  
But in this Ancient atmosphere,  
Fresh airs like yours would give us cold !

Go, Hawes, and Cawse, and Woodyat go !  
Hence, Shirreff, with those native curls ;  
And Master Coward ought to know  
This is no place for boys and girls !  
No Massons here we wish to see ;  
Nor is it Mrs. Seguin's sphere,  
And Mrs. B—— ! Oh ! Mrs. B——,  
Such Bishops are not reverend here !

What ! Grisi, bright and beaming thus !  
To sing the songs gone grey with age !  
No, Grisi, no—but come to us  
And welcome, when you leave the stage !  
Off, Ivanhoff !—till weak and harsh !—  
Rubini, hence ! with all the clan !  
But come, Lablache, years hence, Lablache  
A little shrivelled thin old man.

Go, Mr. Phillips, where you please !  
Away, Tom Cooke, and all your batch ;  
You'd run us out of breath with Glees,  
And Catches that we could not catch.  
Away, ye Leaders all, who lead  
With violins, quite modern things ;  
To guide our Ancient band we need  
Old fiddles out of leading strings !



But come, ye Songsters, over-ripe,  
That into "childish trebles break!"  
And bring, Miss Winter, bring the pipe  
That can not sing without a shake!  
Nay, come, ye Spinsters all, that spin  
A slender thread of ancient voice,  
Old notes that almost seem called in;  
At such as you we *shall* rejoice!

No thundering Thalbergs here shall baulk,  
Or ride your pet *D-cadence* o'er,  
But fingers with a little chalk  
Shall, *moderato*, keep the score!  
No Broadwoods here, so full of tone,  
But Harpsichords assist the strain:  
No Lincoln's pipes, we have our own  
Bird-Organ, built by Tubal-Cain.

And welcome! St. Cecilians, now  
Ye willy-nilly, ex-good fellows,  
Who will strike up, no matter how,  
With organs that survive their bellows!  
And bring, O bring, your ancient styles  
In which our elders loved to roam,  
Those flourishes that strayed for miles,  
Till some good fiddle led them home!

O come, ye ancient London Cries,  
When Christmas Carols erst were sung!  
Come, Nurse, who droned the lullabies,  
"When Music, heavenly Maid, was young!"  
No matter how the critics treat,  
What modern sins and faults detect,  
The Copy-Book shall still repeat,  
These Concerts must "Command respect!"



## THE DROWNING DUCKS.

AMONGST the sights that Mrs. Bond  
Enjoyed yet grieved at more than others,  
Were little ducklings in a pond,  
Swimming about beside their mothers—  
Small things like living water lilies,  
But yellow as the daffo-*dillies*.

"It's very hard," she used to moan,  
"That other people have their ducklings  
To grace their waters—mine alone  
Have never any pretty chucklings."  
For why!—each little yellow navy  
Went down—all downy—to old Davy!

She had a lake—a pond I mean—  
Its wave was rather thick than pearly—  
She had two ducks, their napes were green—  
She had a drake, his tail was curly—  
Yet spite of drake, and ducks, and pond,  
No little ducks had Mrs. Bond!

The birds were both the best of mothers—  
The nests had eggs—the eggs had luck—  
The infant D.'s came forth like others—  
But there, alas! the matter stuck!  
They might as well have all died addle  
As die when they began to paddle!

For when, as native instinct taught her,  
The mother set her brood afloat,



They sank ere long right under water,  
Like any over-loaded boat;  
They were web-footed too to see,  
As ducks and spiders ought to be!

No peccant humor in a gander  
Brought havoc on her little folks—  
No poaching cooks—a frying pander  
To appetite—destroyed their yolks—  
Beneath her very eyes, Od' rot 'em!  
They went, like plummets, to the bottom,

The thing was strange—a contradiction  
It seemed of nature and her works!  
For little ducks, beyond conviction,  
Should float without the help of corks:  
Great Johnson it bewildered him!  
To hear of ducks that could not swim.

Poor Mrs. Bond! what could she do  
But change the breed—and she tried divers  
Which dived as all seemed born to do;  
No little ones were e'er survivors—  
Like those that copy gems, I'm thinking,  
They all were given to die-sinking!

In vain their downy coats were shorn;  
They floundered still!—Batch after batch went!  
The little fools seemed only born  
And hatched for nothing but a hatchment!  
Whene'er they launched—O sight of wonder!  
Like fires the water “got them under!”

No woman ever gave their lucks  
A better chance than Mrs. Bond did;



At last quite out of heart and ducks,  
She gave her pond up, and desponded;  
For Death among the water-lilies,  
Cried "*Duc ad me*" to all her dillies!

But though resolved to breed no more,  
She brooded often on this riddle—  
Alas! 't was darker than before!  
At last about the summer's middle,  
What Johnson, Mrs. Bond, or none did,  
To clear the matter up the Sun did!

The thirsty Sirius, dog-like drank  
So deep, his furious tongue to cool,  
The shallow waters sank and sank,  
And lo, from out the wasted pool,  
Too hot to hold them any longer,  
There crawled some eels as big as conger!

I wish all folks would look a bit,  
In such a case below the surface;  
But when the eels were caught and split  
By Mrs. Bond, just think of *her* face,  
In each inside at once to spy  
A duckling turned to giblet-pie!

The sight at once explained the case,  
Making the Dame look rather silly,  
The tenants of that *Eely Place*  
Had found the way to *Pick a dilly*,  
And so by under-water suction,  
Had wrought the little ducks' abduction.



## THE FALL.

"Down, down, down, ten thousand fathoms deep."—COUNT FATHOM

WHO does not know that dreadful gulf, where Niagara  
falls,  
Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture vulture calls;  
Where down beneath, Despair and Death in liquid darkness  
grobe,  
And upward, on the foam there shines a rainbow without  
Hope;  
While, hung with clouds of Fear and Doubt, the unreturning  
wave  
Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the grave;  
And many a hapless mortal there hath dived to bale or  
bliss;  
One—only one—hath ever lived to rise from that abyss!  
Oh, Heav'n! it turns me now to ice with chill of fear  
extreme,  
To think of my frail bark adrift on that tumultuous stream!  
In vain with desperate sinews, strung by love of life and  
and light,  
I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the current's might:  
On—on—still on—direct for doom, the river rushed in force,  
And fearfully the stream of Time raced with it in its  
course.  
My eyes I closed—I dared not look the way towards the  
goal;  
But still I viewed the horrid close, and dreamt it in my  
soul.  
Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the fleeting  
shore,  
And lofty trees, like winged things, flit by for evermore;



Plainly—but with no prophet sense—I heard the sullen  
sound,

The torrent's voice—and felt the mist, like death-sweat  
gathering round.

O agony! O life! My home! and those that made it sweet:  
Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my very feet.

With frightful whirl, more swift than thought, I passed the  
dizzy edge,

Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I dashed from ledge  
to ledge,

From crag to crag—in speechless pain—from midnight deep  
to deep;

I did not die—but anguish stunned my senses into sleep.

How long entranced, or whither dived, no clue I have to  
find:

At last the gradual light of life came dawning o'er my  
mind;

And through my brain there thrilled a cry—a cry as shrill  
as birds'

Of vulture or of eagle kind, but this was set to words:—

"It's Edgar Huntley in his cap and night-gown, I declares!

He's been a walking in his sleep, and pitched all down the  
stairs!"



## THE STEAM SERVICE

"Life is but a *kittle* cast."—BURNS.

THE time is not yet come—but come it will—when the masts of our Royal Navy shall be unshipped, and huge unsightly chimneys be erected in their place. The trident will be taken out of the hand of Neptune, and replaced by the effigy of a red-hot poker; the Union Jack will look like a smoke-jack; and Lambtons, Russels, and Adairs will be made Admirals of the Black; the forecastle will be called the Newcastle, and the cock-pit will be termed the coal-pit; a man-of-war's tender will be nothing but a Shields' collier; first-lieutenants will have to attend lectures on the steam-engine, and mid-shipmen must take lessons as climbing-boys in the art of sweeping flues. In short, the good old tune of "Rule Britannia" will give way to "Polly put the Kettle on;" while the Victory, the Majestic, and the Thunderer of Great Britain will "paddle in the burn," like the Harlequin, the Dart, and the Magnet of Margate.

It will be well for our song-writers to bear a wary eye to the Fleet, if they would prosper as Marine Poets. Some sea Gurney may get a seat at the Admiralty Board, and then farewell, a long farewell, to the old ocean imagery: marine metaphor will require a new figure-head. Flowing



sheets, snowy wings, and the old comparison of a ship to a bird, will become obsolete and out of date ! Poetical top-sails will be taken aback, and all such things as reefs and double-reefs will be shaken out of song. For my own part, I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I have not sought a Helicon of salt water ; or canvassed the Nine Muses as a writer for their Marine Library ; or made Pegasus a sea-horse, when sea-horses as well as land-horses are equally likely to be superseded by steam. After such a consummation, when the sea service, like the tea service, will depend chiefly on boiling water, it is very doubtful whether the Fleet will be worthy of any thing but plain prose. I have tried to adapt some of our popular blue ballads to the boiler, and Dibdin certainly does not steam quite so well as a potatoe. However, if his Sea Songs are to be in immortal use, they will have to be revised and corrected in future editions thus :—

I *steamed* from the Downs in the Nancy,  
 My jib how she *smoked* through the breeze.  
 She's a vessel as tight to my fancy  
 As ever *boiled* through the salt seas.

\* \* \* \* \*

When up the *flue* the sailor goes  
 And ventures on the *pot*,  
 The landsman, he no better knows,  
 But thinks hard is his lot.

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,  
 Weighs anchor, lights the log ;  
*Trims up the fire, picks out the slates,*  
 And drinks his can of grog.

\* \* \* \* \*



Go patter to lubbers and swabs do you see,  
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;  
But a *Boulton and Watt* and good *Wall's-end* give me ;  
And it ain't to a little I'll strike.

Though the tempest our *chimney* smack smooth shall down  
smite,  
And shiver each *bundle* of wood ;  
Clear the wreck, *stir the fire*, and stow every thing tight,  
And *boiling a gallop* we'll scud.

I have cooked Stevens's, or rather Incledon's Storm in  
the same way ; but the pathos does not seem any the ten-  
derer for stewing.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,  
By shovel, tongs, and poker, stand ;  
Down the scuttle quick be hauling,  
Down your bellows, hand, boys, hand.  
Now it freshens—blow like blazes ;  
Now unto the coal-hole go ;  
Stir, boys, stir, don't mind black faces,  
Up your ashes nimbly throw.

Ply your bellows, raise the wind, boys,  
See the valve is clear, of course ;  
Let the paddles spin, don't mind, boys,  
Though the weather should be worse.  
Fore and aft a proper draft get,  
Oil the engines, see all clear ;  
Hands up, each a sack of coal get,  
Man the boiler, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder 's roaring,  
Peal on peal contending clash ;



On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
In our eyes the paddles splash.  
One wide water all around us,  
All above one smoke-black sky :  
Different deaths at once surround us ;  
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The funnel's gone ! cries ev'ry tongue out,  
The engineer's washed off the deck ;  
A leak beneath the coal-hole's sprung out,  
Call all hands to clear the wreck.  
Quick, some coal, some nubbly pieces ;  
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;  
Plumb the boiler, speed decreases,  
Four feet water getting cold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
We for wives or children mourn ;  
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;  
Alas ! to them there's no return.  
The fire is out—we've burst the bellows,  
The tinder-box is swamped below ;  
Heaven have mercy on poor fellows,  
For only that can serve us now !

Devoutly do I hope that the kettle, though a great vocalist, will never thus appropriate the old Sea Songs of England. In the words of an old Greenwich pensioner—"Steaming and biling does very well for *Urn* Bay, and the likes ;" but the craft does not look regular and shipshape to the eye of a tar who has sailed with Duncan, Howe, and Jarvis—and who would rather even go without *port* than have it through a *funnel*.



## A LAY OF REAL LIFE.

"Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle."—GOLDSMITH.

"Some are born with tin rings in their noses, and some with silver ones."—SILVER-SMITH.

WHO ruined me ere I was born,  
Sold every acre, grass or corn,  
And left the next heir all forlorn ?  
My Grandfather.

WHO said my mother was no nurse,  
And physicked me and made me worse,  
Till infancy became a curse ?  
My Grandmother.

WHO left me in my seventh year,  
A comfort to my mother dear,  
And Mr. Pope, the overseer ?  
My Father.

WHO let me starve to buy her gin,  
Till all my bones came through my skin,  
Then called me "ugly little sin ?"  
My Mother.

WHO said my mother was a Turk  
And took me home—and made me work,  
But managed half my meals to shirk ?  
My Aunt.

WHO "of all earthly things" would boast,  
"He hated others' brats the most,"  
And therefore made me feel my post ?  
My Uncle.



Who got in scrapes, an endless score,  
And always laid them at my door,  
Till many a bitter bang I bore?

My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,  
Again with father to reside,  
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?

My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,  
And when I played cried "What a noise!"—  
Girls always hector over boys—

My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,  
Or took it all, did he incline,  
'Cause I was eight, and he was nine?

My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said "Good lad,"  
And gave me sixpence, "all he had;"  
But at the stall the coin was bad?

My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,  
But when misfortune came to pass  
Referred me to the pump? Alas!

My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,  
Who ever sympathized with grief,  
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?

Myself.



## THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL.

"Resigned, I kissed the rod."

WELL! I think it is time to put up!  
For it does not accord with my notions,  
Wrist, elbow, and chine,  
Stiff from throwing the line,  
To take nothing at last by my motions!

I ground-bait my way as I go,  
And dip at each watery dimple;  
But however I wish  
To inveigle the fish,  
To my *gentle* they will not play *simple*!

Though my float goes so swimmingly on,  
My bad luck never seems to diminish;  
It would seem that the Bream  
Must be scarce in the stream,  
And the *Chub*, tho' it's chubby, be *thinnish*!

Not a Trout there can be in the place,  
Not a Grayling or Rud worth the mention,  
And although at my hook  
With *attention* I look,  
I can ne'er see my hook with a *Tench* on!

At a brandling once Gudgeon would gape,  
But they seem upon different terms now;  
Have they taken advice  
Of the "*Council of Nice*,"  
And rejected their "*Diet of Worms*," now?



In vain my live minnow I spin,  
Not a Pike seems to think it worth snatching;  
For the gut I have brought,  
I had better have bought  
A good *rope* that was used to *Jack-ketching*!

Not a nibble has ruffled my cork,  
It is vain in this river to search then;  
I may wait till it's night,  
Without any bite,  
And at *roost-time* have never a *Perch* then!

No Roach can I meet with—no Bleak,  
Save what in the air is so sharp now;  
Not a Dace have I got,  
And I fear it is not  
“*Carpe diem*,” a day for the Carp now;

Oh! there is not a one pound prize  
To be got in this fresh-water lottery!  
What then can I deem  
Of so fishless a stream  
But that 'tis—like St. Mary's—*Ottery*!

For an Eel I have learned how to try,  
By a method of Walton's own showing—  
But a fisherman feels  
Little prospect of Eels,  
In a path that's devoted to towing!

I have tried all the water for miles,  
Till I'm weary of dipping and casting  
And hungry and faint—  
Let the Fancy just paint  
What it is, *without Fish*, to be *Fasting*!



And the rain drizzles down very fast,  
 While my dinner-time sounds from a far-bell—  
     So, wet to the skin,  
     I'll e'en back to my Inn,  
 Where at least I am sure of a *Bar-bell!*

## SEA SONG.

AFTER DIBDIN.

PURE water it plays a good part in  
     The swabbing the decks and all that—  
 And it finds its own level for sartin—  
     For it sartinly drinks very flat:—  
 For my part a drop of the creatur  
     I never could think was a fault,  
 For if Tars should swig water by natur,  
     The sea would have never been salt!—  
 Then off with it into a jorum  
     And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,  
 For if I've any sense of decorum  
     It never was meant to be neat!—

One day when I was but half sober—  
     Half measures I always disdain—  
 I walked into a shop that sold Soda,  
     And ax'd for some Water Champagne:—  
 Well, the lubber he drew and he drew, boys.  
     Till I'd shipped my six bottles or more,  
 And blow off my last limb but it's true, boys,  
     Why, I warn't half so drunk as afore!—  
 Then off with it into a jorum,  
     And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,  
 For if I've any sense of decorum,  
     It never was meant to be neat.



## THE APPARITION.

IN the dead of the night, when from beds that are turfy,  
The spirits rise up on old cronies to call,  
Came a shade from the Shades on a visit to Murphy,  
Who had not foreseen such a visit at all.

“Don’t shiver and shake,” said the mild Apparition,  
“I’m come to your bed with no evil design;  
I’m the Spirit of Moore, Francis Moore the Physician,  
Once great like yourself in the Almanack line.

“Like you I was once a great prophet on weather,  
And deemed to possess a more prescient knack  
Than dogs, frogs, pigs, cattle, or cats, all together,  
The donkeys that bray, and the dillies that quack.

“With joy, then, as ashes retain former passion,  
I saw my old mantle lugged out from the shelf,  
Turned, trimmed, and brushed up, and again brought in  
fashion,  
I seemed to be almost reviving myself!

“But, oh! from my joys there was soon a sad cantle—  
As too many cooks make a mull of the broth—  
To find that two Prophets were under my mantle,  
And pulling two ways at the risk of the cloth.

“Unless you would meet with an awkwardish tumble,  
Oh! join like the Siamese twins in your jumps;  
Just fancy if Faith on her Prophets should stumble,  
The one in his clogs, and the other in pumps!



“ But think how the people would worship and wonder,  
 To find you ‘ hail fellows, well met,’ in your hail,  
 In one tune with your rain, and your wind, and your thunder,  
 ‘ ‘Fore God,’ they would cry, ‘ they are both in a tale’ !”

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## LITTLE O'P.—AN AFRICAN FACT.

It was July the First, and the great hill of Howth  
 Was bearing by compass sow-west and by south,  
 And the name of the ship was the Peggy of Cork,  
 Well freighted with bacon and butter and pork.  
 Now, this ship had a captain, Macmorris by name,  
 And little O'Patrick was mate of the same;  
 For Bristol they sailed, but by nautical scope,  
 They contrived to be lost by the Cape of Good Hope.  
 Of all the Cork boys that the vessel could boast,  
 Only little O'P. made a swim to the coast;  
 And when he revived from a sort of a trance,  
 He saw a big Black with a very long lance.  
 Says the savage, says he, in some Hottentot tongue  
 “ Bash Kuku my gimmel bo gomborry bung !”  
 Then blew a long shell, to the fright of our elf,  
 And down came a hundred as black as himself.  
 They brought with them *guattul*, and pieces of *klam*,  
 The first was like beef, and the second like lamb;  
 “ Don't I know,” said O'P., “ what the wretches are at ?  
 “ They 're intending to eat me as soon as I 'm fat !”  
 In terror of coming to pan, spit, or pot,  
 His rations of *jarbul* he suffered to rot;  
 He would not touch *purry* or *doolberry-lik*,  
 But kept himself *growing* as thin as a stick.



Though broiling the climate, and parching with drouth,  
He would not let *chobbery* enter his mouth,  
But kicked down the *krug* shell, tho' sweetened with *natt-*  
"I an't to be pisoned the likes of a rat!"

At last the great *Joddry* got quite in a rage,  
And cried, "O mi pitticum dambally nage!  
The *chobbery* take, and put back on the shelf,  
Or give me the *krug* shell, I'll drink it myself!  
The *doolberry-lik* is the best to be had,  
And the *purry* (I chewed it myself) is not bad;  
The *jarbul* is fresh, for I saw it cut out,  
And the *Bok* that it came from is grazing about.  
My *jumbo*! but run off to Billery Nang,  
And tell her to put on her *jigger* and *tang*,  
And go with the *Bloss* to the man of the sea,  
And say that she comes as his *Wulwul* from me."

Now Billery Nang was as Black as a sweep,  
With thick curly hair like the wool of a sheep,  
And the moment he spied her, said little O'P.,  
"Sure the Divil is dead, and his Widow's at me!"  
But when, in the blaze of her Hottentot charms,  
She came to accept him for life in her arms,  
And stretched her thick lips to a broad grin of love,  
A Raven preparing to bill like a Dove,  
With a soul full of dread he declined the grim bliss,  
Stopped her Molyneux arms, and eluded her kiss;  
At last fairly foiled, she gave up the attack,  
And *Jeddry* began to look blacker than black;  
"By Mumbo! by Jumbo!—why here is a man,  
That won't be made happy do all that I can;  
He will not be married, lodged, clad, and well fed,  
Let the *Rham* take his *shangwang* and chop off his head!"



## CONVEYANCING.

O, LONDON is the place for all  
 In love with loco-motion !  
 Still to and fro the people go  
 Like billows of the ocean ;  
 Machine or man, or caravan,  
 Can all be had for paying,  
 When great estates, or heavy weights,  
 Or bodies want conveying.

There 's always hacks about in packs,  
 Wherein you may be shaken,  
 And Jarvis is not always *drunk*,  
 Tho' always *overtaken* ;  
 In racing tricks he 'll never mix,  
 His nags are in their last days,  
 And *slow* to go, altho' they show  
 As if they had their *fast days* !

Then if you like a single horse,  
 This age is quite a *cab-age*,  
 A car not quite so small and light  
 As those of our Queen *Mab* age ;  
 The horses have been *broken well*,  
 All danger is rescinded,  
 For some have *broken both their knees*  
 And some are *broken winded*.

If you 've a friend at Chelsea end,  
 The stages are worth knowing—  
 There is a sort, we call 'em short,  
 Although the longest going—



For some will stop at Hatchett's shop,  
 Till you grow faint and sicky,  
 Perched up behind, at last to find,  
 Your dinner is all *dickey* !

Long stages run from every yard ;  
 But if you 're wise and frugal,  
 You 'll never go with any Guard  
 That plays upon the bugle,  
 " Ye banks and braes," and other lays  
 And ditties everlasting,  
 Like miners going all your way,  
 With *boring* and with *blasting*.

Instead of *journeys*, people now  
 May go upon a *Gurney*,  
 With steam to do the horses' work,  
 By *powers of attorney* ;  
 Tho' with a load it may explode,  
 And you may all be *un-done* !  
 And find you 're going *up to Heaven*,  
 Instead of *up to London* !

To speak of every kind of coach  
 It is not my intention ;  
 But there is still one vehicle  
 Deserves a little mention ;  
 The world a sage has called a stage,  
 With all its living lumber,  
 And Malthus swears it always bears  
 Above the proper number.

The law will transfer house or land  
 For ever and a day hence,



For lighter things, watch, brooches, rings,  
 You 'll never want conveyance ;  
 Ho ! stop the thief ! my handkerchief !  
 It is no sight for laughter—  
 Away it goes, and leaves my nose  
 To join in running after !

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## THE BURNING OF THE LOVE LETTER.

"Sometimes they were put to the proof, by what was called the Fiery Ordeal."—  
 HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

No morning ever seemed so long !—  
 I tried to read with all my might !  
 In my left hand " My Landlord's Tales,"  
 And threepence ready in my right.  
 'T was twelve at last—my heart beat high !—  
 The Postman rattled at the door !—  
 And just upon her road to church,  
 I dropt the " Bride of Lammermoor !"  
 I seized the note—I flew up stairs—  
 Flung-to the door, and locked me in—  
 With panting haste I tore the seal—  
 And kissed the B in Benjamin !  
 'T was full of love—to rhyme with dove—  
 And all that tender sort of thing—  
 Of sweet and meet—and heart and dart—  
 But not a word about a ring !—  
 In doubt I cast it in the flame,  
 And stood to watch the latest spark—  
 And saw the love all end in smoke—  
 Without a Parson and a Clerk !



## POEM—FROM THE POLISH.

Some months since a young lady was much surprised at receiving from the Captain of a Whaler, a blank sheet of paper, folded in the form of a letter, and duly sealed. At last, recollecting the nature of the sympathetic ink, she placed the missive on a toasting-fork, and after holding it to the fire for a minute or two succeeded in thawing out the following verses:

FROM seventy-two North latitude,  
 Dear Kitty, I indite;  
 But first I'd have you understand  
 How hard it is to write.

Of thoughts that breathe and words that burn,  
 My Kitty, do not think—  
 Before I wrote these very lines,  
 I had to melt my ink.

Of mutual flames and lover's warmth,  
 You must not be too nice;  
 The sheet that I am writing on  
 Was once a sheet of ice!

The Polar cold is sharp enough  
 To freeze with icy gloss  
 The genial current of the soul,  
 E'en in a "Man of Ross."

Pope says that letters waft a sigh  
 From Indus to the Pole;  
 But here I really wish the post  
 Would only "post the *coal*."

So chilly is the Northern blast,  
 It blows me through and through;  
 A ton of Wallsend in a note  
 Would be a billet-doux!



In such a frigid latitude  
It scarce can be a sin,  
Should Passion cool a little, where  
A Fury was iced in.

I'm rather tired of endless snow,  
And long for coals again;  
And would give up a Sea of Ice,  
For some of Lambton's Main.

I'm sick of dazzling ice and snow,  
The sun itself I hate;  
So very bright, so very cold,  
Just like a summer grate.

For opodeldoc I would kneel,  
My chilblains to anoint;  
O Kate, the needle of the north  
Has got a freezing point.

Our food *is* solids—ere we put  
Our meat into our crops,  
We take sledge-hammers to our steaks  
And hatchets to our chops.

So very bitter is the blast,  
So cutting is the air,  
I never have been warm but once,  
When hugging with a bear.

One thing I know you'll like to hear,  
Th' effect of Polar snows,  
I've left off snuff—one pinching day—  
From leaving off my nose.



I have no ear for music now ;  
My ears both left together ;  
And as for dancing, I have cut  
My toes—it's cutting weather.

I've said that you should have my hand,  
Some happy day to come ;  
But, Kate, you only now can wed  
A finger and a thumb.

Don't fear that any Esquimaux  
Can wean me from my own ;  
The Girdle of the Queen of Love  
Is not the Frozen Zone.

At wives with large estates of snow  
My fancy does not bite ;  
I like to see a Bride—but not  
In such a deal of white.

Give me for home a house of brick,  
The Kate I love at Kew !  
A hand unchopped—a merry eye,  
And not a nose, of blue !

To think upon the Bridge of Kew,  
To me a bridge of sighs ;  
Oh, Kate, a pair of icicles  
Are standing in my eyes !

God knows if I shall e'er return,  
In comfort to be lulled ;  
But if I do get back to port,  
Pray let me have it mulled.



## FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

"Good heaven! Why even the little children in France speak French!"  
ADDISON.

NEVER go to France  
Unless you know the lingo,  
If you do, like me,  
You will repent by jingo.  
Staring like a fool,  
And silent as a mummy,  
There I stood alone,  
A nation with a dummy:

Chaises stand for chairs,  
They christen letters *Billies*,  
They call their mothers *mares*,  
And all their daughters *fillies*;  
Strange it was to hear,  
I'll tell you what 's a good 'un,  
They call their leather *queer*,  
And half their shoes are wooden.

Signs I had to make,  
For every little notion,  
Limbs all going like  
A telegraph in motion,  
For wine I reeled about,  
To show my meaning fully  
And made a pair of horns,  
To ask for "beef and bully."

Moo! I cried for milk;  
I got my sweet things snigger,



When I kissed Jeannette,  
    'T was understood for sugar.  
If I wanted bread,  
    My jaws I set a-going,  
And asked for new-laid eggs,  
    By clapping hands and crowing!

If I wished a ride,  
    I'll tell you how I got it;  
On my stick astride,  
    I made believe to trot it;  
Then their cash was strange,  
    It bored me every minute,  
Now here's a *hog* to change,  
    How many *sows* are in it!

Never go to France,  
    Unless you know the lingo;  
If you do, like me,  
    You will repent, by jingo;  
Staring like a fool,  
    And silent as a mummy,  
There I stood alone,  
    A nation with a dummy!



## OUR VILLAGE.

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."—GOLDSMITH.

I HAVE a great anxiety to become a topographer, and I do not know that I can make an easier commencement of the character, than by attempting a description of our village. It will be found, as my friend the landlord over the way says, that "things are drawn *mild*."

I live opposite the Green Man. I know that to be the sign, in spite of the picture, because I am told of the fact in large gilt letters, in three several places. The whole-length portrait of "*l'homme verd*" is rather imposing. He stands plump before you, in a sort of wrestling attitude, the legs standing distinctly apart, in a brace of decided boots, with dun tops, joined to a pair of creole-colored leather breeches. The rest of his dress is peculiar; the coat, a two-flapper, green and brown, or, as they say at the tap, *half-and-half*; a cocked hat on the half cock; a short belt crossing the breast like a flat gas-pipe. The one hand stuck on the greeny-brown hip of my friend, in the other a gun with a barrel like an entire butt, and the butt like a brewer's whole stock. On one side, looking up at the vanished vision of his master, is all that remains of a liver-and-white pointer—seeming now to be some old dog from India, for his white complexion is turned yellow, and his liver is more than half gone!



The inn is really a very quiet, cozy, comfortable inn, though the landlord announces a fact in larger letters, methinks, than his information warrants, viz., that he is "*Licensed to deal in Foreign Wines and Spirits.*" All inn-keepers, I trust, are so licensed; there is no occasion to make so brazen a brag of this sinecure permit.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had written thus far, when the tarnished gold letters of the Green Man seemed to be suddenly re-gilt; and on looking upwards, I perceived that a sort of sky-light had been opened in the clouds, giving entrance to a bright gleam of sunshine, which glowed with remarkable effect on a yellow post-chaise in the stable-yard, and brought the ducks out beautifully white from the black horse-pond. Tempted by the appearance of the weather, I put down my pen, and strolled out for a quarter of an hour before dinner to inhale that air, without which, like the chameleon, I cannot feed. On my return, I found, with some surprise, that my papers were a good deal discomposed; but, before I had time for much wonder, my landlady entered with one of her most obliging curtesys, and observed that she had seen me writing in the morning, and it had occurred to her by chance, that I might by possibility have been writing a description of the village. I told her that I had actually been engaged on that very subject. "If that is the case, of course, sir, you would begin, no doubt, about the Green Man, being so close by; and I dare say, you would say something about the sign, and the Green Man with his top boots, and his gun, and his Indian liver-and-white pointer, though his white to be sure is turned yellow, and his liver is more than half gone." "You are perfectly right, Mrs. Ledger," I replied, "and in one part of the description, I think I have used almost your own very words." "Well that is curious,



sir," exclaimed Mrs. L., and physically, not arithmetically, casting up all her hands and eyes. "Moreover, what I mean to say, is this; and I only say that to save trouble. There's a young man lodges at the Green Grocer's over the way, who has writ an account of the village already to your hand. The people about the place call him the Poet, but, anyhow, he studies a good deal, and writes beautiful; and, as I said before, has made the whole village out of his own head. Now, it might save trouble, sir, if you was to write it out, and I am sure I have a copy, that, as far as the loan goes, is at your service, sir." My curiosity induced me to take the offer; and as the poem really forestalled what I had to say of the Hamlet, I took my landlady's advice and transcribed it—and here it is:

## OUR VILLAGE.—BY A VILLAGER.

OUR village, that's to say not Miss Mitford's village, but  
our village of Bullock Smithy,  
Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards, two  
elders, and a withy;  
And in the middle, there's a green of about not exceeding  
an acre and a half;  
It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies,  
three horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a calf!  
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar sort of  
common law lease,  
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two  
dead dogs, four drowned kittens, and twelve geese.  
Of course the green's cropt very close, and does famous for  
bowling when the little village-boys play at cricket;  
Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure  
to come and stand right before the wicket.



There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and workshops,  
and pig-styes, and poultry-huts, and such like sheds;  
With plenty of public houses—two Foxes, one Green Man,  
three Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's Heads.  
The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only one that  
for love or money can raise  
A postilion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses,  
and a ramshackled "neat post-chaise."  
There's one parish-church for all the people, whatsoever  
may be their ranks in life or their degrees,  
Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing-cold, little  
Methodist chapel of Ease;  
And close by the church-yard, there's a stone-mason's yard,  
that when the time is seasonable  
Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble urns and  
cherubims very low and reasonable.  
There's a cage, comfortable enough; I've been in it with  
Old Jack Jeffrey and Tom Pike;  
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or  
any thing else you like.  
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but  
the upright post;  
But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Cob's horse,  
as is always there almost.  
There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap  
in his way, Old Joe Bradley,  
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and  
shoes horses very badly.  
There's a shop of all sorts, that sells every thing, kept by  
the widow of Mr. Task;  
But when you go there, it's ten to one she's out of every  
thing you ask.



You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies,  
about the old sugary cask :  
There are six empty houses, and not so well papered inside  
as out,  
For bill-stickers won't beware, but sticks notices of sales  
and election placards all about.  
That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden  
pots in the windows is seen ;  
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium,  
and a tea-plant with five black leaves and one green.  
As for hollyhocks at the cottage-doors, and honeysuckles  
and jasmines, you may go and whistle ;  
But the tailor's front garden grow two cabbages, a dock, a  
ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a thistle.  
There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's the school-  
master's is the chief—  
With two pear-trees that don't bear ; one plum and an apple,  
that every year is stripped by a thief.  
There's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable  
Mrs. Gaby ;  
A select establishment, for six little boys and one big, and  
four little girls and a baby.  
There's a rectory, with pointed gables and strange odd  
chimneys that never smokes,  
For the rector don't live on his living like other Christian  
sort of folks ;  
There's a barber's, once a-week well filled with rough  
black-bearded, shock-headed churls,  
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two  
masculine ladies in false curls ;  
There's a butcher's, and a carpenter's, and a plumber's, and  
a small green-grocer's, and a baker,



But he won't bake on a Sunday, and there's a sexton that's  
 a coal-merchant besides, and an undertaker;  
 And a toy-shop, but not a whole one, for a village can't  
 compare with the London shops;  
 One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, batts, Clout's  
 balls, and the other sells malt and hops.  
 And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit  
 behind her betters,  
 Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a  
 cobbler, lives in it herself, and it's the post office for letters.  
 Now I've gone through all the village—ay, from end to end,  
 save and except one more house,  
 But I have n't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and  
 that's the Village Poor-House!

---

 A VALENTINE.

THE WEATHER. To P. MURPHY, Esq., M.N.S.

These, properly speaking, being esteemed the three arms of Meteoric action.

DEAR Murphy, to improve her charms,  
 Your servant humbly begs;  
 She thanks you for her leash of arms,  
 But wants a brace of legs.

Moreover, as you promise folks,  
 On certain days a drizzle;  
 She thinks, in case she cannot rain,  
 She should have means to *mizzle*.

Some lightning too may just fall due,  
 When woods begin to moult;  
 And if she cannot "fork it out,"  
 She'll wish to make a *bolt*!



## TO FANNY.

"Gay being, born to flutter!"—SALE'S GLEE.

Is this your faith, then, Fanny?  
 What, to chat with every Dun!  
 I'm the one, then, but of many,  
 Not of many, but the *One*!

Last night you smiled on all, Ma'am,  
 That appeared in scarlet dress;  
 And your Regimental Ball, Ma'am,  
 Looked a little like a *Mess*.

I thought that of the Sogers .  
 (As the Scotch say) one might do,  
 And that I, slight Ensign Rogers,  
 Was the chosen man and true.

But 'Sblood! your eye was busy  
 With that ragamuffin mob;—  
 Colonel Buddell—Colonel Dizzy—  
 And Lieutenant-Colonel Cobb.

General Joblin, General Jodkin,  
 Colonels—Kelly, Felly, with  
 Majors—Sturgeon, Truffle, Bodkin,  
 And the Quarter-master Smith.

Major Powderum—Major Dowdrum—  
 Major Chowdrum—Major Bye—  
 Captain Tawney—Captain Fawney,  
 Captain Any-one—but I!



Deuce take it! when the regiment  
You so praised, I only thought  
That you loved it in abridgment,  
But I now am better taught!

I went, as loving man goes,  
To admire thee in quadrilles;  
But Fan, you dance fandangoes  
With just any fop that wills!

I went with notes before us,  
On the lay of Love to touch;  
But with all the Corps in chorus,  
Oh! it is indeed too much!

You once—ere you contracted  
For the Army—seemed my own;  
But now you laugh with all the Staff,  
And I may sigh alone!—

I know not how it chances,  
When my passion ever dares,  
But the warmer my advances,  
Then the cooler are your airs.

I am, I don't conceal it,  
But I am a little hurt;  
You're a Fan, and I must feel it,  
Fit for nothing but a *F'list*!

I dreamt thy smiles of beauty  
On myself alone did fall;  
But alas! "Cosi Fan Tutti!"  
It is thus, Fan, thus with all!



You have taken quite a mob in  
 Of new military flames ;—  
 They would make a fine Round Robin  
 If I gave you all their names !

---

## THE BOY AT THE NORE.

"Alone I did it!—Boy!"—CORIOLANUS.

I SAY, little Boy at the Nore,  
 Do you come from the small Isle of Man ?  
 Why, your history a mystery must be—  
 Come tell us as much as you can,  
     Little Boy at the Nore !

You live it seems wholly on water,  
 Which your Gambier calls living in clover ;—  
 But how comes it, if that is the case,  
 You 're eternally half seas over—  
     Little boy at the Nore ?

While you ride—while you dance—while you float—  
 Never mind your imperfect orthography ;—  
 But give us as well as you can,  
 Your watery auto-biography,  
     Little Boy at the Nore !

## LITTLE BOY AT THE NORE LOQUITUR.

I 'm the tight little Boy at the Nore,  
 In a sort of sea negus I dwells ;  
 Half and half 'twixt salt-water and Port,  
 I 'm reckoned the first of the swells—  
     I 'm the Boy at the Nore !



I lives with my toes to the flounders,  
And watches through long days and nights ;  
Yet, cruelly eager, men look—  
To catch the first glimpse of my lights—  
I'm the Boy at the Nore.

I never gets cold in the head,  
So my life on salt water is sweet—  
I think I owes much of my health,  
To being well used to wet feet—  
As the Boy at the Nore.

There's one thing, I'm never in debt :  
Nay!—I liquidates more than I *oughter* ;\*  
So the man to beat Cits as goes by,  
In keeping the head above water,  
Is the Boy at the Nore.

I've seen a good deal of distress  
Lots of Breakers in Ocean's Gazette ;  
They should do as I do—rise o'er all ;  
Ay, a good floating capital get,  
Like the Boy at the Nore !

I'm a'ter the sailor's own heart,  
And cheers him, in deep water rolling ;  
And the friend of all friends to Jack Junk,  
Ben Backstay, Tom Pipes, and Tom Bowling,  
Is the Boy at the Nore !

Could I e'er but grow up, I'd be off  
For a week to make love to my wheedles ;  
If the tight little Boy at the Nore  
Could but catch a nice girl at the Needles,  
We'd have *two* at the Nore !

\* A word caught from some American Trader in passing.



They thinks little of sizes on water,  
 On big waves the tiny one skulks—  
 While the river has Men of War on it—  
 Yes—the Thames is oppressed with Great Hulks,  
 And the Boy's at the Nore!

But I've done—for the water is heaving  
 Round my body, as though it would sink it!  
 And I've been so long pitching and tossing,  
 That sea-sick—you'd hardly now think it—  
 Is the Boy at the Nore!

---

 SHOOTING PAINS.

"The charge is prepared."—MACHEATH.

If I shoot any more I'll be shot,  
 For ill-luck seems determined to star me,  
 I have marched the whole day  
 With a gun—for no pay—  
 Zounds, I'd better have been in the army!

What matters Sir Christopher's leave;  
 To his manor I'm sorry I came yet!  
 With confidence fraught,  
 My two pointers I brought,  
 But we are not a point towards game yet!

And that gamekeeper too, with advice!  
 Of my course he has been a nice chalker,  
 Not far, were his words,  
 I could go without birds:  
 If my legs could cry out, they'd cry "Walker!"



Not Hawker could find out a flaw—  
My appointments are modern and Mantony,  
    And I've brought my own man,  
    To mark down all he can,  
But I can't find a mark for my Antony!

The partridges—where can they lie?  
I have promised a leash to Miss Jervas,  
    As the least I could do;  
    But without even two  
To brace me—I'm getting quite nervous!

To the pheasants—how well they're preserved!  
My sport's not a jot more beholden,  
    As the birds are so shy,  
    For my friends I must buy,  
And so send "silver pheasants and golden."

I have tried ev'ry form for a hare,  
Every patch, every furze, that could shroud her,  
    With toil unrelaxed,  
    Till my patience is taxed,  
But I cannot be taxed for hare-powder,

I've been roaming for hours in three flats  
In the hope of a snipe for a snap at;  
    But still vainly I court  
    The percussioning sport,  
I find nothing for "setting my cap at!"

A woodcock—this month is the time—  
Right and left I've made ready my lock for,  
    With well-loaded double,  
    But spite of my trouble,  
Neither barrel can I find a cock for!



A rabbit I should not despise,  
But they lurk in their burrows so lowly,  
    This day 's the eleventh,  
    It is not the seventh,  
But they seem to be keeping it hole-y.

For a mallard I 've waded the marsh,  
And haunted each pool, and each lake—oh !  
    Mine is not the luck,  
    To obtain thee, O Duck,  
Or to doom thee, O Drake, like a Draco !

For a field-fare I 've fared far a-field,  
Large or small I am never to sack bird,  
    Not a thrush is so kind  
    As to fly, and I find  
I may whistle myself for a black-bird !

I am angry, I 'm hungry, I 'm dry,  
Disappointed, and sullen, and goaded,  
    And so weary an elf,  
    I am sick of myself,  
And with Number One seem overloaded.

As well one might beat round St. Paul's,  
And look out for a cock or a hen there ;  
    I have searched round and round  
    All the Baronet's ground,  
But Sir Christopher has n't a wren there !

Joyce may talk of his excellent caps,  
But for nightcaps they set me desiring,  
    And it 's really too bad,  
    Not a shot I have had  
With Hall's Powder, renowned for " quick firing."



If this is what people call sport,  
 Oh! of sporting I can't have a high sense,  
 And there still remains one  
 More mischance on my gun—  
 "Fined for shooting without any license."

---

PAIRED *NOT* MATCHED.

OF wedded bliss  
 Bards sing amiss,  
 I cannot make a song of it;  
 For I am small,  
 My wife is tall,  
 And that's the short and long of it;  
 When we debate  
 It is my fate  
 To always have the wrong of it;  
 For I am small  
 And she is tall,  
 And that's the short and long of it!  
 And when I speak  
 My voice is weak,  
 But hers—she makes a gong of it;  
 For I am small,  
 And she is tall,  
 And that's the short and long of it;  
 She has, in brief,  
 Command in Chief,  
 And I'm but Aide-de-camp of it;  
 For I am small,  
 And she is tall,  
 And that's the short and long of it!



She gives to me  
The weakest tea,  
And takes the whole Souchong of it;  
For I am small,  
And she is tall,  
And that's the short and long of it;

She'll sometimes grip  
My buggy whip,  
And make me feel the thong of it;  
For I am small,  
And she is tall,  
And that's the short and long of it!

Against my life  
She'll take a knife,  
Or fork, and dart the prong of it;  
For I am small,  
And she is tall,  
And that's the short and long of it!

I sometimes think  
I'll take to drink,  
And hector when I'm strong of it  
For I am small,  
And she is tall,  
And that's the short and long of it!

O, if the bell  
Would ring her knell,  
I'd make a gay ding-dong of it;  
For I am small,  
And she is tall,  
And that's the short and long of it!



## THE COMPASS, WITH VARIATIONS.

"The Needles have sometimes been fatal to Mariners."—PICTURE OF ISLE OF WIGHT.

ONE close of day—'t was in the bay  
Of Naples, bay of glory !  
While light was hanging crowns of gold  
On mountains high and hoary,  
A gallant bark got under way,  
And with her sails my story.

For Leghorn she was bound direct,  
With wine and oil for cargo,  
Her crew of men some nine or ten,  
The captain's name was Iago ;  
A good and gallant bark she was,  
La Donna (called) del Lago.

Bronzed mariners were her's to view,  
With brown cheeks, clear or muddy,  
Dark, shining eyes, and coal-black hair,  
Meet heads for painter's study ;  
But 'midst their tan there stood one man,  
Whose cheek was fair and ruddy ;

His brow was high, a loftier brow  
Ne'er shone in song or sonnet,  
His hair a little scant, and when  
He doffed his cap or bonnet,  
One saw that Grey had gone beyond  
A premiership upon it !

His eye—a passenger was he,  
The cabin he had hired it— .



His eye was grey, and when he looked  
Around, the prospect fired it—  
A fine poetic light, as if  
The Apple-Nine inspired it.

His frame was stout, in height about  
Six feet—well made and portly;  
Of dress and manner just to give  
A sketch, but very shortly,  
His order seemed a composite  
Of rustic with the courtly.

He ate and quaffed, and joked and laughed.  
And chatted with the seamen,  
And often tasked their skill and asked  
“What weather is ’t to be, man?”  
No demonstration there appeared  
That he was any demon.

No sort of sign there was that he  
Could raise a stormy rumpus,  
Like Prospero make breezes blow,  
And rocks and billows thump us—  
But little we supposed what he  
Could with the needle compass!

Soon came a storm—the sea at first  
Seemed lying almost fallow—  
When lo! full crash, with billowy dash,  
From clouds of black and yellow,  
Came such a gale, as blows but once  
A cent’ry, like the aloe!

Our stomachs we had just prepared  
To vest a small amount in;



When, gush! a flood of brine came down  
The skylight—quite a fountain,  
And right on end the table reared,  
Just like the Table Mountain.

Down rushed the soup, down gushed the wine,  
Each roll, its rôle repeating,  
Rolled down—the round of beef declared  
For parting—not for meating!  
Off flew the fowls, and all the game  
Was “too far gone for eating!”

Down knife and fork—down went the pork,  
The lamb too broke its tether;  
Down mustard went—each condiment—  
Salt—pepper—all together!  
Down every thing, like craft that seek  
The Downs in stormy weather.

Down plunged the Lady of the Lake,  
Her timbers seemed to sever;  
Down, down, a dreary derry down,  
Such lurch she had gone never;  
She almost seemed about to take  
A bed of down forever!

Down dropped the captain's nether jaw,  
Thus robbed of all its uses,  
He thought he saw the Evil One  
Beside Vesuvian sluices,  
Playing at dice for soul and ship,  
And throwing *Sink* and *Deuces*.

Down fell the steward on his face,  
To all the Saints commending;



And candles to the Virgin vowed,  
As save-alls 'gainst his ending.  
Down fell the mate, he thought his fate,  
Check-mate, was close impending !

Down fell the cook—the cabin boy,  
Their beads with fervor telling,  
While alps of serge, with snowy verge,  
Above the yards came yelling.  
Down fell the crew, and on their knees  
Shuddered at each white swelling !

Down sunk the sun of bloody hue,  
His crimson light a cleaver  
To each red rover of a wave :  
To eye of fancy-weaver,  
Neptune, the God, seemed tossing in  
A raging scarlet fever !

Sore, sore afraid, each papist prayed  
To Saint and Virgin Mary ;  
But one there was that stood composed  
Amid the waves' vagary ;  
As staunch as rock, a true game-cock  
'Mid chicks of Mother Cary !

His ruddy cheek retained its streak,  
No danger seemed to shrink him ;  
His step still bold—of mortal mould  
The crew could hardly think him :  
The Lady of the Lake, he seemed  
To know, could never sink him.

Relaxed at last the furious gale  
Quite out of breath with racing ;



The boiling flood in milder mood,  
With gentler billows chasing;  
From stem to stern, with frequent turn,  
The Stranger took to pacing.

And as he walked to self he talked,  
Some ancient ditty thrumming,  
In under tone, as not alone—  
Now whistling, and now humming—  
“You’re welcome, Charlie,” “Cowdenknowes,”  
“Kenmure,” or “Campbells’ Coming.”

Down went the wind, down went the wave,  
Fear quitted the most finical;  
The Saints, I wot, were soon forgot,  
And Hope was at the pinnacle:  
When rose on high, a frightful cry—  
“The Devil’s in the binnacle!”

“The Saints be near,” the helmsman cried,  
His voice with quite a falter—  
“Steady’s my helm, but every look  
The needle seems to alter;  
God only knows where China lies,  
Jamaica, or Gibraltar!”

The captain stared aghast at mate,  
The pilot at th’ apprentice;  
No fancy of the German Sea  
Of Fiction the event is:  
But when they at the compass looked,  
It seemed non compass mentis.

Now north, now south, now east, now west,  
The wavering point was shaken,



'T was past the whole philosophy  
Of Newton, or of Bacon ;  
Never by compass, till that hour  
Such latitudes were taken !

With fearful speech, each after each  
Took turns in the inspection ;  
They found no gun—no iron—none  
To vary its direction ;  
It seemed a new magnetic case  
Of Poles in Insurrection !

Farewell to wives, farewell their lives,  
And all their household riches ;  
Oh ! while they thought of girl or boy,  
And dear domestic niches,  
All down the side which holds the heart,  
That needle gave them stitches.

With deep amaze, the Stranger gazed  
To see them so white-livered :  
And walked abaft the binnacle,  
To know at what they shivered ;  
But when he stood beside the card,  
St. Josef ! how it quivered !

No fancy-motion, brain-begot,  
In eye of timid dreamer—  
The nervous finger of a sot  
Ne'er showed a plainer tremor ;  
To every brain it seemed too plain,  
There stood th' Infernal Schemer !

Mixed brown and blue each visage grew,  
Just like a pullet's gizzard ;



Meanwhile the captain's wandering wit,  
From tacking like an izzard,  
Bore down in this plain course at last,  
"It's Michael Scott—the Wizard!"

A smile past o'er the ruddy face,  
"To see the poles so falter  
I'm puzzled, friends, as much as you,  
For with no fiends I palter;  
Michael I'm not—although a Scott—  
My Christian name is Walter."

Like oil it fell, that name, a spell  
On all the fearful faction;  
The captain's head (for he had read)  
Confessed the Needle's action,  
And bowed to HIM in whom the North  
Has lodged its main attraction!

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—  
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:  
So he called upon Lucy—'t was just ten o'clock—  
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,  
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat*:  
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more  
Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe:  
For the moment will come when such comers must go;  
So she kissed him, and whispered—poor innocent thing—  
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."



## THE LAMENT OF TOBY,

THE LEARNED PIG.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."—POPE.

O HEAVY day! oh day of woe!  
To misery a poster,  
Why was I ever farrowed—why  
Not spitted for a roaster?

In this world, pigs, as well as men,  
Must dance to fortune's fiddlings,  
But must I give the classics up,  
For barley-meal and middlings?

Of what avail that I could spell  
And read, just like my betters,  
If I must come to this at last,  
To litters, not to letters?

O, why are pigs made scholars of?  
It baffles my discerning,  
What griskins, fry, and chitterlings,  
Can have to do with learning.

Alas! my learning once drew cash,  
But public fame's unstable,  
So I must turn a pig again,  
And fatten for the table.

To leave my literary line  
My eyes get red and leaky;  
But Giblett does n't want me *blue*,  
But red and white, and streaky.



Old Mullins used to cultivate  
My learning like a gard'ner;  
But Giblett only thinks of lard,  
And not of Dr. Lardner!

He does not care about my brain  
The value of two coppers,  
All that he thinks about my head  
Is, how I'm off for choppers.

Of all my literary kin  
A farewell must be taken,  
Good-bye to the poetic Hogg!  
The philosophic Bacon!

Day after day my lessons fade,  
My intellect gets muddy;  
A trough I have, and not a desk,  
A sty—and not a study!

Another little month, and then  
My progress ends, like Bunyan's;  
The seven sages that I loved  
Will be chopped up with onions!

Then over head and ears in brine  
They'll souse me, like a salmon,  
My mathematics turned to brawn,  
My logic into gammon.

My Hebrew will all retrograde,  
Now I'm put up to fatten;  
My Greek, it will all go to grease;  
The Dogs will have my Latin!



Farewell to Oxford!—and to Bliss!  
To Milman, Crowe, and Glossop—  
I now must be content with chats,  
Instead of learned gossip!

Farewell to “Town!” farewell to “Gown!”  
I’ve quite outgrown the latter—  
Instead of Trencher-cap my head  
Will soon be in a platter!

O why did I at Brazen-Nose  
Rout up the roots of knowledge?  
A butcher that can’t read will kill  
A pig that’s been to college!

For sorrow I could stick myself,  
But conscience is a clasher;  
A thing that would be rash in man,  
In me would be a rasher!

One thing I ask—when I am dead  
And past the Stygian ditches—  
And that is, let my schoolmaster  
Have one of my two fitches:

’T was he who taught my letters so  
I ne’er mistook or missed ’em;  
Simply by *ringing* at the nose,  
According to *Bell’s* system.



## MY SON AND HEIR.

MY mother bids me bind my heir,  
But not the trade where I should bind;  
To place a boy—the how and where—  
It is the plague of parent-kind !

She does not hint the slightest plan,  
Nor what indentures to indorse ;  
Whether to bind him to a man—  
Or, like Mazeppa, to a horse.

What line to choose of likely rise,  
To something in the Stocks at last—  
“ Fast bind, fast find,” the proverb cries  
I find I cannot bind so fast !

A Statesman James can never be ;  
A Tailor ?—there I only learn  
His chief concern is cloth, and he  
Is always cutting his concern.

A Seedsman ?—I'd not have him so ;  
A Grocer's plum might disappoint ;  
A Butcher ?—no, not that—although  
I hear “ the times are out of joint !”

Too many of all trades there be,  
Like Pedlars, each has such a pack ;  
A merchant selling coals ?—we see  
The buyer send to cellar back.



A Hardware dealer?—that might please,  
But if his trade's foundation leans  
On spikes and nails, he won't have ease  
When he retires upon his means.

A Soldier?—there he has not nerves,  
A Sailor seldom lays up pelf:  
A Baker?—no, a baker serves  
His customer before himself.

Dresser of hair?—that's not the sort;  
A joiner jars with his desire—  
A Churchman?—James is very short,  
And cannot to a church aspire.

A Lawyer?—that's a hardish term!  
A Publisher might give him ease,  
If he could into Longman's firm,  
Just plunge at once "in medias Rees."

A shop for pot, and pan, and cup,  
Such brittle Stock I can't advise;  
A Builder running houses up,  
Their gains are stories—may be lies!

A Coppersmith I can't endure—  
Nor petty Usher A, B, C-ing;  
A Publican no father sure,  
Would be the author of his being!

A Paper-maker?—come he must  
To rags before he sells a sheet—  
A Miller?—all his toil is just  
To make a meal—he does not eat.



A Currier?—that by favor goes—

A Chandler gives me great misgiving—

An Undertaker?—one of those

That do not hope to get their living!

Three Golden Balls?—I like them not;

An Auctioneer I never did—

The victim of a slavish lot,

Obliged to do as he is bid!

A Broker watching fall and rise

Of Stock?—I'd rather deal in stone—

A Printer?—there his toils comprise

Another's work beside his own.

A Cooper?—neither I nor Jem

Have any taste or turn for that—

A Fish retailer?—but with him

One part of trade is always flat.

A Painter?—long he would not live—

An Artist's a precarious craft—

In trade Apothecaries give,

But very seldom take, a draught.

A Glazier?—what if he should smash!

A Crispin he shall not be made—

A Grazier may be losing cash,

Although he drives "a roaring trade."

Well, something must be done! to look

On all my little works around—

James is too big a boy, like book,

To leave upon the shelf unbound.



But what to do?—my temples ache  
 From evening's dew till morning's pearl,  
 What course to take my boy to make—  
 Oh could I make my boy—a girl!

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## THE FOX AND THE HEN.

A FABLE.

Speaking within *compass*, as to fabulousness I prefer *Southcote* to *Northcote*.  
 FIGGEGROMITUS.

ONE day, or night, no matter where or when,  
 Sly Reynard, like a foot-pad, laid his pad  
 Right on the body of a speckled Hen,  
 Determined upon taking all she had;  
 And like a very bibber at his bottle,  
 Began to draw the claret from her throttle;  
 Of course it put her in a pretty pucker,  
 And with a scream as high  
 As she could cry,  
 She called for help—she had enough of sucker.

Dame Partlet's scream  
 Waked, luckily, the house-dog from his dream,  
 And, with a savage growl  
 In answer to the fowl,  
 He bounded forth against the prowling sinner,  
 And, uninvited, came to the Fox Dinner.

Sly Reynard, heedful of the coming doom,  
 Thought, self-deceived,  
 He should not be perceived,  
 Hiding his *brush* within a neighboring *broom*;  
 But quite unconscious of a Poacher's snare,



And caught in copper noose,  
And looking like a goose,  
Found that his fate had "hung upon a *hare*;"  
His tricks and turns were rendered of no use to him,  
And, worst of all, he saw old surly Tray  
Coming to play  
Tray-Deuce with him.

Tray, an old Mastiff bred at Dunstable,  
Under his Master, a most special constable,  
Instead of killing Reynard in a fury,  
Seized him for legal trial by a Jury;  
But Juries—Æsop was a sheriff then—  
Consisted of twelve Brutes and not of Men.

But first the Elephant sat on the body—  
I mean the Hen—and proved that she was dead,  
To the veriest fool's head  
Of the Booby and the Noddy.

Accordingly, the Stork brought in a bill  
Quite true enough to kill;  
And then the Owl was called—for, mark,  
The Owl can witness in the dark.  
To make the evidence more plain,  
The Lynx connected all the chain.  
In short there was no quirk or quibble  
At which a legal Rat could nibble;  
The Culprit was as far beyond hope's bounds  
As if the Jury had been *packed*—of hounds,  
Reynard, however, at the utmost nick,  
Is seldom quite devoid of shift and trick;



Accordingly our cunning Fox,  
Through certain influence, obscurely channeled,  
A friendly Camel got into the box,  
When 'gainst his life the Jury was impaneled.

Now, in the Silly Isles such is the law,  
If Jurors should withdraw,  
They are to have no eating and no drinking  
Till all are starved into one way of thinking.

Thus Reynard's Jurors, who could not agree,  
Were locked up strictly, without bit or mummock,  
Till every Beast that only had *one* stomach,  
Bent to the Camel, who was blest with *three*.  
To do them justice, they debated  
From four till ten, while dinner waited,  
When thirst and hunger got the upper,  
And each inclined to mercy, and hot supper :  
"Not guilty" was the word, and Master Fox  
Was freed to murder other hens and cocks.

## MORAL.

What moral greets us by this tale's assistance  
But that the Solon is a sorry Solon,  
Who makes the full stop of a Man's existence  
Depend upon a *Colon*?



## THE COMET.

AN ASTRONOMICAL ANECDOTE.

"I cannot fill up a blank better than with a short history of this self-same *Starling*."  
 STERNE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

AMONGST professors of astronomy,  
 Adepts in the celestial economy,  
 The name of H\*\*\*\*\*l's very often cited,  
 And justly so, for he is hand and glove  
 With every bright intelligence above;  
 Indeed, it was his custom so to stop,  
 Watching the stars upon the house's top,  
 That once upon a time he got be-knighted.

In his observatory thus coquetting  
 With Venus—or with Juno gone astray,  
 All sublunary matters quite forgetting  
 In his flirtations with the winking stars,  
 Acting the spy—it might be upon Mars—  
 A new André;  
 Or, like a Tom of Coventry, sly peeping  
 At Dian sleeping;  
 Or ogling thro' his glass  
 Some heavenly lass  
 Tripping with pails along the Milky Way;  
 Or looking at that Wain of Charles the Martyr's:—  
 Thus he was sitting, watchman of the sky,  
 When lo! a something with a tail of flame  
 Made him exclaim,  
 "My stars!"—he always puts that stress on *my*—  
 "My stars and garters!"



“ A comet, sure as I ’m alive !  
A noble one as I should wish to view ;  
It can’t be Halley’s though, *that* is not due  
Till eighteen thirty-five.  
Magnificent !—how fine his fiery trail !  
Zounds ! ’tis a pity, though, he comes unsought—  
Unasked—unreckoned—in no human thought—  
He ought—he ought—he ought  
To have been caught  
With scientific salt upon his tail !

“ I looked no more for it, I do declare,  
Than the Great Bear !  
As sure as Tycho-Brahe is dead,  
It really entered in my head  
No more than Berenice’s Hair !”  
Thus musing, Heaven’s Grand Inquisitor  
Sat gazing on the uninvited visitor  
Till John, the serving-man, came to the upper  
Regions, with “ Please your Honor, come to supper.”

“ Supper ! good John, to-night I shall not sup  
Except on that phenomenon—look up !”  
“ Not sup !” cried John, thinking with consternation  
That supping on a *star* must be *starvation*,  
Or ev’n to batten  
On Ignes Fatui would never fatten.  
His visage seemed to say—that very odd is—  
But still his master the same tune ran on,  
“ I can’t come down—go to the parlor, John,  
And say I ’m supping with the heavenly bodies.

“ The heavenly bodies !” echoed John, “ Ahem !”  
His mind still full of famishing alarms,



"'Zooks, if your Honor sups with *them*,  
In helping, somebody must make long arms !'  
He thought his master's stomach was in danger,  
But still in the same tone replied the Knight,

"Go down, John, go, I have no appetite,  
Say I'm engaged with a celestial stranger."—  
Quoth John, not much au fait in such affairs,  
"Wouldn't the stranger take a bit down stairs?"  
"No," said the master, smiling, and no wonder,

At such a blunder,  
"The stranger is not quite the thing you think,  
He wants no meat or drink,  
And one may doubt quite reasonably whether  
He has a mouth,  
Seeing his head and tail are joined together,  
Behold him—there he is, John, in the South."

John looked up with his portentous eyes,  
Each rolling like a marble in its socket,  
At last the fiery tad-pole spies,  
And, full of Vauxhall reminiscence, cries,

"A rare good rocket !"

"A what? A rocket, John! Far from it!

What you behold, John, is a comet;  
One of those most eccentric things

That in all ages  
Have puzzled sages  
And frightened kings;

With fear of change that flaming meteor, John,  
Perplexes sovereigns, throughout its range"—

"Do he?" cried John;

"Well, let him flare on,  
I have n't got no sovereigns to change!"



## I CANNOT BEAR A GUN.

"Timidity is generally reckoned an essential attribute of the fair sex, and this absurd notion gives rise to more false starts than a race for the Leger. Hence screams at mice, fits at spiders, faces at toads, jumps at lizards, flights from daddy longlegs, panics at wasps, *sauve qui peut* at the sight of a gun. Surely, when the military exercise is made a branch of education at so many ladies' academics, the use of the musket would only be a judicious step further in the march of mind. I should not despair, in a month's practice, of making the most timid British female fond of small-arms."

HINTS BY A CORPORAL.

It can't be minced, I'm quite convinced  
 All girls are full of flam,  
 Their feelings fine and feminine  
 Are nothing else but sham.  
 On all their tricks I need not fix,  
 I'll only mention one,  
 How many a Miss will tell you this,  
 "I cannot bear a gun!"

There's cousin Bell can't 'bide the smell  
 Of powder—horrid stuff!  
 A single pop will make her drop,  
 She shudders at a puff.  
 My Manton near, with aspen fear  
 Will make her scream and run;  
 "It's always so, you brute, you know  
 I cannot bear a gun!"

About my flask I must not ask,  
 I must not wear a belt,  
 I must not take a punch to make  
 My pellets, card or felt;  
 And if I just allude to dust,  
 Or speak of number one,  
 "I beg you'll not—don't talk of shot,  
 I cannot bear a gun!"



Percussion cap I dare not snap,  
I may not mention Hall,  
Or raise my voice for Mr. Joyce,  
His wadding to recall;  
At Hawker's book I must not look,  
All shooting I must shun,  
Or else—"It's hard, you've no regard,  
I cannot bear a gun!"

The very dress I wear no less  
Must suit her timid mind,  
A blue or black must clothe my back,  
With swallow-tails behind;  
By fustian, jean, or velveteen,  
Her nerves are overdone;  
"Oh do not, John, put gaiters on,  
I cannot bear a gun!"

Even little James she snubs, and blames  
His Lilliputian train,  
Two inches each from mouth to breech,  
And charged with half a grain—  
His crackers stopped, his squibbing dropped,  
He has no fiery fun,  
And all thro' her "How dare you, sir?  
I cannot bear a gun!"

Yet Major Flint—the Devil's in 't!  
May talk from morn to night,  
Of springing mines, and twelves and nines,  
And volleys left and right,  
Of voltigeurs and tirailleurs,  
And bullets by the ton:  
She never dies of fright, or cries  
"I cannot bear a gun!"



It stirs my bile to see her smile  
At all his bang and whiz,  
But if I talk of morning walk,  
And shots as good as his,  
I must not name the fallen game :  
As soon as I've begun,  
She's in her pout, and crying out,  
"I cannot bear a gun!"

Yet, underneath the rose, her teeth  
Are false, to match her tongue :  
Grouse, partridge, hares, she never spares,  
Or pheasants, old or young—  
On widgeon, teal, she makes a meal,  
And yet objects to none ;  
"What have I got, it's full of shot !  
I cannot bear a gun !"

At pigeon-pie she is not shy,  
Her taste it never shocks,  
Though they should be from Battersea,  
So famous for blue rocks ;  
Yet when I bring the very thing  
My marksmanship has won,  
She cries "Lock up that horrid cup,  
I cannot bear a gun !"

Like fool and dunce I got her once  
A box at Drury Lane,  
And by her side I felt a pride  
I ne'er shall feel again ;  
To read the bill it made her ill,  
And this excuse she spun,  
"Der Freyschütz, oh, seven shots ! you know,  
I cannot bear a gun !"



Yet at a hint from Major Flint,  
Her very hands she rubs,  
And quickly drest in all her best,  
Is off to Wormwood Scrubbs.  
The whole review she sits it through,  
With noise enough to stun,  
And never winks, or even thinks,  
"I cannot bear a gun!"

She thus may blind the Major's mind  
In mock-heroic strife,  
But let a bout at war break out,  
And where 's the soldier's wife,  
To take his kit and march a bit  
Beneath a broiling sun?  
Or will she cry, "My dear, good-bye,  
I cannot bear a gun!"

If thus she doats on army coats,  
And regimental cuffs,  
The yeomanry might surely be  
Secure from her rebuffs;  
But when I don my trappings on,  
To follow Captain Dunn,  
My carbine's gleam provokes a scream,  
"I cannot bear a gun."

It can't be minced, I'm quite convinced,  
All girls are full of flam,  
Their feelings fine, and feminine,  
Are nothing else but sham;  
On all their tricks I need not fix,  
I'll only mention one,  
How many a Miss will tell you this,  
"I cannot bear a gun!"



## TRIMMER'S EXERCISE,

FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN.

HERE, come, Master Timothy Todd,  
Before we have done you'll look grimmer;  
You've been spelling some time for the rod,  
And your jacket shall know I'm a Trimmer.

You don't know your A from your B,  
So backward you are in your Primer:  
Don't kneel—you shall go on *my* knee,  
For I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

This morning you hindered the cook,  
By melting your dumps in the skimmer;  
Instead of attending your book—  
But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

To-day, too, you went to the pond,  
And bathed, though you are not a swimmer;  
And with parents so doting and fond—  
But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

After dinner you went to the wine,  
And helped yourself—yes, to a brimmer;  
You could n't walk straight in a line,  
But I'll make you to know I'm a Trimmer.

You kick little Tomkins about,  
Because he is slighter and slimmer;  
Are the weak to be thumped by the stout?  
But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.



Then you have a sly pilfering trick,  
 Your school-fellows call you the nimmer—  
 I will cut to the bone if you kick!  
 For I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

To-day you made game at my back :  
 You think that my eyes are grown dimmer,  
 But I watched you, I've got a sly knack!  
 And I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

Don't think that my temper is hot,  
 It's never beyond a slow simmer;  
 I'll teach you to call me Dame Trot,  
 But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

Miss Edgeworth, or Mrs. Chapone,  
 Might melt to behold your tears glimmer;  
 Mrs. Barbauld would let you alone,  
 But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

## TO A BAD RIDER.

WHY, Mr. Rider, why  
 Your nag so ill endorse, man?  
 To make observers cry,  
 You're mounted, but no horseman?

With elbows out so far  
 This thought you can't debar me—  
 Though no Dragoon—Hussar—  
 You're surely of the army!

I hope to turn M.P.  
 You have not any notion,  
 How awkward you would be  
 At "seconding a motion!"



## SYMPTOMS OF OSSIFICATION.

"An indifference to tears, and blood, and human suffering, that could only belong to a Boney-partie."—*Life of Napoleon.*

TIME was, I always had a drop  
 For any tale or sigh of sorrow;  
 My handkerchief I used to sop  
 Till often I was forced to borrow;  
 I don't know how it is, but now  
 My eyelids seldom want a drying;  
 The doctors, p'rhaps, could tell me how—  
 I fear my heart is ossifying!

O'er Goethe how I used to weep,  
 With turnip cheeks and nose of scarlet,  
 When Werter put himself to sleep  
 With pistols kissed and cleaned by Charlotte;  
 Self-murder is an awful sin,  
 No joke there is in bullets flying,  
 But now at such a tale I grin—  
 I fear my heart is ossifying!

The Drama once could shake and thrill  
 My nerves, and set my tears a stealing,  
 The Siddons then could turn at will  
 Each plug upon the main of feeling;  
 At Belvidera now I smile,  
 And laugh while Mrs. Haller's crying;  
 'Tis odd, so great a change of style—  
 I fear my heart is ossifying!

That heart was such—some years ago,  
 To see a beggar quite would shock it,



And in his hat I used to throw  
 The quarter's savings of my pocket :  
 I never wish—as I did *then* !—  
 The means from my own purse supplying,  
 To turn them all to gentlemen—  
 I fear my heart is ossifying !

We've had some serious things of late,  
 Our sympathies to beg or borrow,  
 New melo-drames, of tragic fate,  
 And acts, and songs, and tales of sorrow ;  
 Miss Zouch's case, our eyes to melt,  
 And sundry actors sad good-bye-ing ;  
 But Lord !—so little have I felt,  
 I'm sure my heart is ossifying !

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 THOSE EVENING BELLS.

"I'D BE A PARODY."

THOSE Evening Bells, those Evening Bells,  
 How many a tale their music tells,  
 Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime,  
 And letters only just in time !—

The Muffin-boy has passed away,  
 The Postman gone—and I must pay,  
 For down below Deaf Mary dwells,  
 And does not hear those Evening Bells.

And so 't will be when she is gone,  
 That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
 And other maids with timely yells  
 Forget to stay those Evening Bells.



## RONDEAU.

[EXTRACTED FROM A WELL-KNOWN ANNUAL.]

O CURIOUS reader, didst thou ne'er  
Behold a worshipful Lord May'r  
Seated in his great civic chair  
So dear ?

Then cast thy longing eyes this way,  
It is the ninth November day,  
And in his new-born state survey  
One here !

To rise from little into great  
Is pleasant : but to sink in state  
From high to lowly is a fate  
Severe.

Too soon his shine is overcast,  
Chilled by the next November blast ;  
His blushing honors only last  
One year !

He casts his fur and sheds his chains,  
And moults till not a plume remains—  
The next impending May'r distrains  
His gear.

He slips like water through a sieve—  
Ah, could his little splendor live  
Another twelvemonth—he would give  
One ear !



DOG-GREL VERSES, BY A POOR BLIND.

"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,  
The beggars are coming . . ."—OLD BALLAD.

OH what shall I do for a dog?  
Of sight I have not got a particle,  
Globe, Standard, or Sun,  
Times, Chronicle—none  
Can give *me* a good leading article.

A Mastiff once led me about,  
But people appeared so to fear him—  
I might have got pence  
Without his defence,  
But Charity would not come near him.

A Blood-hound was not much amiss,  
But instinct at last got the upper;  
And tracking Bill Soames,  
And thieves to their homes,  
I never could get home to supper.

A Fox-hound once served me as guide,  
A good one at hill and at valley;  
But day after day  
He led me astray,  
To follow a milk-woman's tally.

A turnspit once did me good turns  
At going and crossing, and stopping;  
Till one day his breed  
Went off at full speed,  
To spit at a great fire in Wapping.



A Pointer once pointed my way,  
But did not turn out quite so pleasant,  
Each hour I'd a stop  
At a Poulterer's shop  
To point at a very high pheasant.

A Pug did not suit me at all,  
The feature unluckily rose up ;  
And folks took offence  
When offering pence,  
Because of his turning his nose up.

A Butcher once gave me a dog,  
That turned out the worse one of any ;  
A Bull dog's own pup,  
I got a toss up  
Before he had brought me a penny.

My next was a Westminster Dog,  
From Aistrop the regular cadger ;  
But, sightless, I saw  
He never would draw  
A blind man so well as a badger.

A greyhound I got by a swop,  
But, Lord ! we soon came to divorces :  
He treated my strip  
Of cord like a slip,  
And left me to go my own courses.

A poodle once towed me along,  
But always we came to one harbor :  
To keep his curls smart,  
And shave his hind part,  
He constantly called on a barber.



My next was a Newfoundland brute,  
 As big as a calf fit for slaughter;  
     But my old cataract  
     So truly he backed,  
 I always fell into the water.

I once had a sheep-dog for guide,  
 His worth did not value a button;  
     I found it no go,  
     A Smithfield Ducrow,  
 To stand on four saddles of mutton.

My next was an Esquimaux dog,  
 A dog that my bones ached to talk on,  
     For picking his ways  
     On cold frosty days  
 He picked out the slides for a walk on.

Bijou was a lady-like dog,  
 But vexed me at night not a little,  
     When tea-time was come  
     She would not go home,  
 Her tail had once trailed a tin kettle.

I once had a sort of a Shock,  
 And kissed a street post like a brother,  
     And lost every tooth  
     In learning this truth—  
 One blind cannot well lead another.

A terrier was far from a trump,  
 He had one defect, and a thorough,  
     I never could stir,  
     'Od rabbit the cur!  
 Without going into the Borough.



My next was Dalmatian, the dog !  
And led me in danger, oh crikey !  
By chasing horse heels,  
Between carriage wheels,  
Till I came upon boards that were spiky.

The next that I had was from Cross,  
And once was a favorite spaniel  
With Nero, now dead,  
And so I was led  
Right up to his den like a Daniel.

A mongrel I tried, and he did,  
As far as the profit and lossing,  
Except that the kind  
Endangers the blind,  
The breed is so fond of a crossing.

A setter was quite to my taste,  
In alleys or streets broad or narrow,  
Till one day I met  
A very dead set,  
At a very dead horse in a barrow.

I once had a dog that went mad,  
And sorry I was that I got him ;  
It came to a run,  
And a man with a gun  
Peppered *me* when he ought to have shot him.

My profits have gone to the dogs,  
My trade has been such a deceiver,  
I fear that my aim  
Is a mere losing game,  
Unless I can find a Retriever.



## THE KANGAROOS.

A FABLE.

A PAIR of married kangaroos  
    (The case is oft a human one too)  
Were greatly puzzled once to choose  
    A trade to put their eldest son to :  
A little brisk and busy chap,  
    As all the little K.'s just then are—  
About some two months off the lap—  
    They 're not so long in arms as men are.

A twist in each parental muzzle  
Betrayed the hardship of the puzzle—  
    So much the flavor of life's cup  
Is framed by early wrong or right,  
And Kangaroos we know are quite  
    Dependent on their "rearing up."  
The question, with its ins and outs,  
Is intricate and full of doubts ;

    And yet they had no squeamish carings  
For trades unfit or fit for gentry,  
Such notion never had an entry,

    For they had no armorial bearings.  
Howbeit they 're not the last on earth  
That might indulge in pride of birth ;

    Whoe'er has seen their infant young  
Bob in and out their mother's pokes,

    Would own, with very ready tongue,  
They are not born like common folks.  
Well, thus the serious subject stood,

    It kept the old pair watchful nightly,



Debating for young hopeful's good,  
That he might earn his livelihood,  
And go through life (like them) uprightly.  
Arms would not do at all; no, marry,  
In that line all his race miscarry;  
And agriculture was not proper,  
Unless they meant the lad to tarry  
For ever as a mere clod-hopper.  
He was not well cut out for preaching,  
At least in any striking style:  
And as for being mercantile—  
He was not formed for over-reaching.  
The law—why there still fate ill-starred him,  
And plainly from the bar debarred him:  
A doctor—who would ever fee him?  
In music he could scarce engage,  
And as for going on the stage  
In tragic socks I think I see him!

He would not make a rigging-mounter;  
A haberdasher had some merit,  
But there the counter still ran counter,  
For just suppose  
A lady chose  
To ask him for a yard of ferret!

A gardener digging up his beds,  
The puzzled parents shook their heads.

“A tailor would not do because—”  
They paused and glanced upon his paws.

Some parish post—though fate should place it  
Before him, how could he embrace it?



In short, each anxious Kangaroo  
 Discussed the matter through and through;  
 By day they seemed to get no nearer,  
     'T was posing quite—  
     And in the night  
 Of course they saw their way no clearer!  
 At last thus musing on their knees—  
 Or hinder elbows if you please—  
 It came—no thought was ever brighter!  
 In weighing every why and whether,  
 They jumped upon it both together—  
 “Let 's make the imp a *short-hand writer*!”

## MORAL.

I wish all human parents so  
     Would argue what their sons are fit for;  
 Some would-be critics that I know  
     Would be in trades they have more wit for.

## SONNET.

THE sky is glowing in one ruddy sheet;—  
 A cry of fire! resounds from door to door;  
 And westward still the thronging people pour;—  
 The turncock hastens to F. P. 6 feet,  
 And quick unlocks the fountains of the street;  
 While rumbling engines, with increasing roar,  
 Thunder along to luckless Number Four,  
 Where Mr. Dough makes bread for folks to eat.  
 And now through blazing frames, and fiery beams,  
 The Globe, the Sun, the Phoenix, and what not,  
 With gushing pipes throw up abundant streams,  
 On burning bricks, and twists, on rolls—too hot—  
 And scorching loaves—as if there were no shorter  
 And cheaper way of making toast-and-water!



## THE SUB-MARINE.

It was a brave and jolly wight,  
His cheek was baked and brown,  
For he had been in many climes  
With captains of renown,  
And fought with those who fought so well  
At Nile and Camperdown.

His coat it was a soldier coat,  
Of red with yellow faced,  
But (merman-like) he looked marine  
All downward from the waist;  
His trowsers were so wide and blue,  
And quite in sailor taste!

He put the rummer to his lips,  
And drank a jolly draught;  
He raised the rummer many times—  
And ever as he quaffed,  
The more he drank, the more the ship  
Seemed pitching fore and aft!

The ship seemed pitching fore and aft,  
As in a heavy squall;  
It gave a lurch and down he went,  
Head-foremost in his fall!  
Three times he did not rise, alas!  
He never rose at all!

But down he went, right down at once,  
Like any stone he dived,



He could not see, or hear, or feel—  
Of senses all deprived !  
At last he gave a look around  
To see where he arrived !

And all that he could see was green,  
Sea-green on every hand !  
And then he tried to sound beneath,  
And all he felt was sand !  
There he was fain to lie, for he  
Could neither sit nor stand !

And lo ! above his head there bent  
A strange and staring lass !  
One hand was in her yellow hair,  
The other held a glass ;  
A mermaid she must surely be,  
If ever mermaid was !

Her fish-like mouth was opened wide,  
Her eyes were blue and pale,  
Her dress was of the ocean green,  
When ruffled by the gale ;  
Thought he “ beneath that petticoat  
She hides a salmon-tail ! ”

She looked as siren ought to look,  
A sharp and bitter shrew,  
To sing deceiving lullabies  
For mariners to rue—  
But when he saw her lips apart,  
It chilled him through and through !

With either hand he stopped his ears  
Against her evil cry ;



Alas, alas, for all his care,  
His doom it seemed to die,  
Her voice went ringing through his head  
It was so sharp and high !

He thrust his fingers farther in  
At each unwilling ear,  
But still, in very spite of all,  
The words were plain and clear ;  
“ I can’t stand here the whole day long,  
To hold your glass of beer ! ”

With opened mouth and opened eyes,  
Up rose the Sub-marine,  
And gave a stare to find the sands  
And deeps where he had been :  
There was no siren with her glass !  
No waters ocean-green !

The wet deception from his eyes  
Kept fading more and more,  
He only saw the bar-maid stand  
With pouting lips before—  
The small green parlor of The Ship,  
And little sanded floor !



## THE SWEEP'S COMPLAINT.

"I like to meet a sweep—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes, sounding like the *peep, peep*, of a young sparrow."  
—ESSAYS OF ELIA.

———"A voice cried Sweep no more!  
Macbeth hath murdered sweep."—SHAKESPEARE.

ONE morning ere my usual time  
I rose, about the seventh chime,  
When little stunted boys that climb  
Still linger in the street;  
And as I walked, I saw indeed  
A sample of the sooty breed,  
Though he was rather run to seed,  
In height above five feet.  
A mongrel tint he seemed to take,  
Poetic simile to make,  
DAY through his MARTIN 'gan to break,  
White overcoming jet.  
From side to side he crossed oblique,  
Like Frenchman who has friends to seek,  
And yet no English word can speak,  
He walked upon the fret:  
And while he sought the dingy job,  
His laboring breast appeared to throb,  
And half a hiccup half a sob  
Betrayed internal woe.  
To cry the cry he had by rote  
He yearned, but law forbade the note,  
Like Chanticleer with rousy throat,  
He gaped—but not a crow!  
I watched him, and the glimpse I snatched  
Disclosed his sorry eyelids patched  
With red, as if the soot had caught



That hung about the lid ;  
And soon I saw the tear-drop stray,  
He did not care to brush away ;  
Thought I the cause he will betray—  
And thus at last he did.

Well, here's a pretty go ! here's a Gagging Act, if ever  
there was a gagging !  
But I'm bound the members as silenced us, in doing it had  
plenty of magging.  
They had better send us all off, they had, to the School for  
the Deaf and Dumb,  
To unlearn us our mother tongues, and to make signs and be  
regularly mum.  
But they can't undo natur—as sure as ever the morning  
begins to peep,  
Directly I open my eyes, I can't help calling out Sweep  
As natural as the sparrows among the chimbley-pots that  
say Cheep !  
For my own part I find my suppressed voice very uneasy,  
And comparable to nothing but having your tissue stopt  
when you are sneezy.  
Well, it's all up with us ! tho' I suppose we must n't cry  
all up.  
Here's a precious merry Christmas, I'm blest if I can earn  
either bit or sup !  
If crying Sweep, of mornings, is going beyond quietness's  
border,  
Them as pretends to be fond of silence oughtn't to cry  
hear, hear, and order, order.  
I wonder Mr. Sutton, as we've sut-on too, don't sympathise  
with us  
As a Speaker what don't speak, and that's exactly our own  
cus.



God help us if we don't not cry, how are we to pursue our callings?

I'm sure we're not half so bad as other businesses with their bawlings.

For instance, the general postmen, that at six o'clock go about ringing,

And wake up all the babbies that their mothers have just got to sleep with singing.

Greens ought n't to be cried no more than blacks—to do the impartial job,

If they bring in a Sooty Bill, they ought to have brought in a Dusty Bob.

Is a dustman's voice more sweet than ourn, when he comes a seeking arter the cinders,

Instead of a little boy like a blackbird in spring, singing merrily under your windows?

There's the omnibus cads as plies in Cheapside, and keeps calling out Bank and City;

Let his Worship, the Mayor, decide if our call of Sweep is not just as pretty.

I can't see why the Jews should be let go about crying Old Close thro' their hooky noses,

And Christian laws should be ten times more hard than the old stone laws of Moses,

Why is n't the mouths of the muffin-men compelled to be equally shut?

Why, because Parliament members eat muffins, but they never eat no sut.

Next year there won't be any May-day at all, we shan't have no heart to dance,

And Jack in the Green will go in black like mourning for our mischance;

If we live as long as May, that's to say, through the hard winter and pinching weather,



For I don't see how we're to earn enough to keep body and soul together.

I only wish Mr. Wilberforce, or some of them that pities the niggers,

Would take a peep down in our cellars, and look at our miserable starving figures,

A-sitting idle on our empty sacks, and all ready to eat each other,

And a brood of little ones crying for bread to a heart-breaking Father and Mother.

They have n't a rag of clothes to mend, if their mothers had thread and needles,

But crawl naked about the cellars, poor things, like a swarm of common black beadsles.

If they 'd only inquired before passing the Act and taken a few such peeps,

I don't think that any real gentleman would have set his face against sweeps.

Climbing 's an ancient respectable art, and if History 's of any vally,

Was recommended by Queen Elizabeth to the great Sir Walter Raleigh,

When he wrote on a pane of glass how I'd climb, if the way I only knew,

And she writ beneath, if your heart 's afeared, don't venture up the flue.

As for me I was always loyal, and respected all powers that are higher,

But how can I now say God save the King, if I an't to be a Cryer?

There 's London milk, that 's one of the cries, even on Sunday the law allows,

But ought black sweeps, that are human beasts, to be worser off than black cows?



Do *we* go calling about, when it's church time, like the  
noisy Billingsgate vermin,

And disturb the parson with "All alive O!" in the middle  
of a funeral sermon?

But the fish won't keep, not the mackarel won't, is the cry  
of the Parliament elves,

Every thing, except the sweeps I think, is to be allowed to  
keep themselves!

Lord help us! what's to become of us if we mustn't cry  
no more?

We shan't do for black mutes to go a standing at a death's  
door.

And we shan't do to emigrate, no not even to the Hottentot  
nations,

For as time wears on, our black will wear off, and then think  
of our situations!

And we should not do, in lieu of black-a-moor footmen, to  
serve ladies of quality nimbly,

For when we were drest in our sky-blue and silver, and large  
frills, all clean and neat, and white silk stockings, if  
they pleased to desire us to sweep the hearth, we  
could n't resist the chimbley.



COCKLE *vs.* CACKLE.

THOSE who much read advertisements and bills,  
 Must have seen puffs of Cockle's Pills,  
 Called Anti-bilious—  
 Which some Physicians sneer at, supercilious,  
 But which we are assured, if timely taken,  
 May save your liver and bacon;  
 Whether or not they really give one ease,  
 I, who have never tried,  
 Will not decide;  
 But no two things in union go like these—  
 Viz.—Quacks and Pills—save Ducks and Pease.  
 Now Mrs. W. was getting fallow,  
 Her lilies not of the white kind, but yellow,  
 And friends portended was preparing for  
 A human Pâté Périgord;  
 She was, indeed, so very far from well,  
 Her Son, in filial fear, procured a box  
 Of those said pellets to resist Bile's shocks,  
 And—tho' upon the ear it strangely knocks—  
 To save her by a Cockle from a shell!  
 But Mrs. W., just like Macbeth,  
 Who very vehemently bids us “throw  
 Bark to the Bow-wows,” hated physic so,  
 It seemed to share “the bitterness of Death:”  
 Rhubarb—Magnesia—Jalap, and the kind—  
 Senna—Steel—Assafœtida, and Squills—  
 Powder or Draught—but least her throat inclined  
 To give a course to Boluses or Pills;  
 No—not to save her life, in lung or lobe,



For all her lights's or all her liver's sake,  
Would her convulsive thorax undertake,  
Only one little uncelestial globe !

'Tis not to wonder at, in such a case,  
If she put by the pill-box in a place  
For linen rather than for drugs intended—  
Yet for the credit of the pills let 's say  
    After they thus were stowed away,  
    Some of the linen mended ;  
But Mrs. W. by disease's dint,  
Kept getting still more yellow in her tint,  
When lo ! her second son, like elder brother,  
Marking the hue on the parental gills,  
Brought a new charge of Anti-tumeric Pills,  
To bleach the jaundiced visage of his Mother—  
Who took them—in her cupboard—like the other.

    “ Deeper and deeper, still,” of course,  
    The fatal color daily grew in force ;  
Till daughter W., newly come from Rome,  
Acting the self-same filial, pilial, part,  
To cure Mama, another dose brought home  
Of Cockles ;—not the Cockles of her heart !  
    These going where the others went before,  
    Of course she had a very pretty store ;  
And then—some hue of health her cheek adorning,  
    The Medicine so good must be,  
    They brought her dose on dose, which she  
Gave to the up-stairs cupboard, “night and morning.”  
Till wanting room at last, for other stocks,  
Out of the window one fine day she pitched  
The pillage of each box, and quite enriched  
The feed of Mr. Burrell's hens and cocks—



A little Barber of a by-gone day,  
 Over the way,  
 Whose stock in trade, to keep the least of shops,  
 Was one great head of Kemble—that is, John,  
 Staring in plaster, with a *Brutus* on,  
 And twenty little Bantam fowls—with *crops*.

Little Dame W. thought when through the sash  
 She gave the physic wings,  
 To find the very things  
 So good for bile, so bad for chicken rash,  
 For thoughtless cock, and unreflecting pullet!  
 But while they gathered up the nauseous nubbles,  
 Each pecked itself into a peck of troubles,  
 And brought the hand of Death upon its gullet.  
 They might as well have addled been, or ratted,  
 For long before the night—ah, woe betide  
 The Pills!—each suicidal Bantam died  
 Unfatted!

Think of poor Burrel's shock,  
 Of Nature's debt to see his hens all payers,  
 And laid in death as Everlasting Layers,  
 With Bantam's small Ex-Emperor, the Cock.  
 In ruffled plumage and funereal hackle,  
 Giving, undone by Cockle, a last Cackle!  
 To see as stiff as stone his unlive stock,  
 It really was enough to move his block.  
 Down on the floor he dashed, with horror big,  
 Mr. Bell's third wife's mother's coachman's wig;  
 And with a tragic stare like his own Kemble,  
 Burst out with natural emphasis enough,  
 And voice that grief made tremble,  
 Into that very speech of sad Macduff—



“What!—all my pretty chickens and their dam,  
At one fell swoop!—  
Just when I’d bought a coop  
To see the poor lamented creatures cram!”

After a little of this mood,  
And brooding over the departed brood,  
With razor he began to ope each craw,  
Already turning black, as black as coals;  
When lo! the undigested cause he saw—  
“Pisoned by goles!”

To Mrs. W.’s luck a contradiction,  
Her window still stood open to conviction;  
And by short course of circumstantial labor,  
He fixed the guilt upon his adverse neighbor;—  
Lord! how he railed at her: declaring now,  
He’d bring an action ere next Term of Hilary,  
Then, in another moment, swore a vow,  
He’d make her do pill-penance in the pillory!  
She, meanwhile distant from the dimmest dream  
Of combating with guilt, yard-arm or arm-yard,  
Lapped in a paradise of tea and cream;  
When up ran Betty with a dismal scream—  
“Here’s Mr. Burrell, ma’am, with all his farm-yard!”  
Straight in he came, unbowing and unbending,

With all the warmth that iron and a barber  
Can harbor;

To dress the head and front of her offending,  
The fuming phial of his wrath uncorking;  
In short, he made her pay him altogether,  
In hard cash, very *hard*, for ev’ry feather,  
Charging of course, each Bantam as a Dorking;  
Nothing could move him, nothing make him supple,



So the sad dame unpocketing her loss,  
 Had nothing left but to sit hands across,  
 And see her poultry "going down ten couple."

Now birds by poison slain,  
 As venom'd dart from Indian's hollow cane,  
 Are edible; and Mrs. W.'s thrift—

She had a thrifty vein—

Destined one pair for supper to make shift—  
 Supper as usual at the hour of ten :  
 But ten o'clock arriv'd and quickly pass'd,  
 Eleven—twelve—and one o'clock at last,  
 Without a sign of supper even then !  
 At length, the speed of cookery to quicken,  
 Betty was call'd, and with reluctant feet,

Came up at a white heat—

"Well, never I see chicken like them chicken !  
 My saucepans, they have been a pretty while in 'em !  
 Enough to stew them, if it comes to that,  
 To flesh and bones, and perfect rags ; but drat  
 Those Anti-biling Pills ! there is no bile in 'em !"

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#### ON A NATIVE SINGER.

AFTER HEARING MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

As sweet as the Bird that by calm Bendemeer,  
 Pours such rich modulations of tone—  
 As potent, as tender, as brilliant, as clear—  
 Still her voice has a charm of its own.

For lo ! like the skylark, when after its song  
 It drops down to its nest from above,  
 She reminds us her home and her music belong  
 To the very same soil that we love.



THE UNDYING ONE.

"He shall not die."—UNCLE TOBY.

OF all the verses, grave or gay,  
That ever wiled an hour,  
I never knew a mingled lay  
At once so sweet and sour  
As that by Ladye Norton spun,  
And christened "The Undying One."

I'm very certain that she drew  
A portrait, when she penned  
That picture of a perfect Jew,  
Whose days will never end :  
I'm sure it means my Uncle Lunn,  
For he is an Undying One.

These twenty years he's been the same  
And may be twenty more ;  
But Memory's Pleasures only claim  
His features for a score ;  
Yet in that time the change is none—  
The image of th' Undying One !

They say our climate's damp and cold,  
And lungs are tender things ;  
My uncle's much abroad and old,  
But when " King Cole " he sings,  
A Stentor's voice, enough to stun,  
Declares him an Undying One.

Others have died from needle-pricks,  
And very slender blows ;



From accidental slips or kicks,  
Or bleeding at the nose ;  
Or choked by grape-stone, or a bun—  
But he is the Undying One !

A soldier once, he once endured  
A bullet in the breast—  
It might have killed—but only cured  
An asthma in the chest ;  
He was not to be slain with gun,  
For he is the Undying One.

In water once too long he dived,  
And all supposed him beat,  
He seemed so cold—but he revived  
To have another heat,  
Just when we thought his race was run,  
And came in fresh—th' Undying One !

To look at Meux's once he went,  
And tumbled in the vat—  
And greater Jobs their lives have spent  
In lesser boils than that—  
He left the beer quite underdone,  
No bier to the Undying One !

He's been from strangulation black,  
From bile, of yellow hue,  
Scarlet from fever's hot attack,  
From cholera morbus blue ;  
Yet with these dyes—to use a pun—  
He still is the Undying One.

He rolls in wealth, yet has no wife  
His Three per Cents. to share ;



He never married in his life,  
Or flirted with the fair;  
The sex he made a point to shun,  
For beauty an Undying One.

To judge him by the present signs,  
The future by the past,  
So quick he lives, so slow declines,  
The Last Man won't be last,  
But buried underneath a ton  
Of mould by the Undying One!

Next Friday week, his birth-day boast,  
His ninetieth year he spends,  
And I shall have his health to toast  
Amongst expectant friends,  
And wish—it really sounds like fun—  
Long life to the Undying One!

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A CUSTOM-HOUSE BREEZE.

ONE day—no matter for the month or year,  
A Calais packet, just come over,  
And safely moored within her pier,  
Began to land her passengers at Dover;  
All glad to end a voyage long and rough,  
And during which  
Through roll and pitch,  
The Ocean-King had *sick*ophants enough!

Away, as fast as they could walk or run,  
Eager for steady rooms and quiet meals,  
With bundles, bags, and boxes at their heels,  
Away the passengers all went, but one,



A female, who from some mysterious check,  
 Still lingered on the steamer's deck,  
 As if she did not care for land a tittle,  
 For horizontal rooms, and cleanly victual—  
 Or nervously afraid to put  
 Her foot  
 Into an Isle described as "tight and little."

In vain commissioner and touter,  
 Porter and waiter thronged about her;  
 Boring, as such officials only bore—  
 In spite of rope and barrow, knot, and truck,  
 Of plank and ladder, there she stuck,  
 She could n't, no she would n't go on shore.

"But, ma'am," the steward interfered,  
 "The wessel must be cleared.  
 You musn't stay aboard, ma'am, no one don't!  
 It's quite agin the orders so to do—  
 And all the passengers is gone but you."  
 Says she, "I can not go ashore, and won't!"  
 "You ought to!"  
 "But I can't!"  
 "You must!"  
 "I shan't!"

At last, attracted by the racket  
 'Twixt gown and jacket,  
 The captain came himself, and, cap in hand,  
 Begged very civilly to understand  
 Wherefore the lady could not leave the packet.  
 "Why then," the lady whispered with a shiver,  
 That made the accents quiver,



“ I ’ve got some foreign silks about me pinned,  
In short so many things, all contraband,  
To tell the truth I am afraid to land,  
In such a *searching* wind ! ”

PAIN IN A PLEASURE-BOAT.

A SEA ECLOGUE.

“ I apprehend you ! ”—SCHOOL OF REFORM.

BOATMAN.

SHOVE off there !—ship the rudder, Bill—cast off—she ’s  
under weigh !

MRS. F.

She ’s under what ?—I hope she ’s not ! good gracious, what  
a spray !

BOATMAN.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom ! keep clear of those two  
brigs !

MRS. F.

I hope they don’t intend some joke by running of their rigs !

BOATMAN.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she ’s rather out of trim !

MRS. F.

Great bags of stones ! they ’re pretty things to help a boat  
to swim !

BOATMAN.

The wind is fresh—if she don’t scud, it ’s not the breeze’s  
fault !

MRS. F.

Wind fresh, indeed, I never felt the air so full of salt !



BOATMAN.

That Schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts!

MRS. F.

If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts!

BOATMAN.

It's neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and could n't pass the bar.

MRS. F.

The bar! what! roads with turnpikes too? I wonder where they are!

BOATMAN.

Ho! brigh ahoy! hard up! hard up! that lubber cannot steer!

MRS. F.

Yes, yes—hard up upon a rock! I know some danger's near!

Lord, there's a wave! it's coming in! and roaring like a bull!

BOATMAN.

Nothing, Ma'am, but a little slop! go large, Bill! keep her full!

MRS. F.

What, keep her full! what daring work! when full, she must do down!

BOATMAN.

Why, Bill, it lulls! ease off a bit—it's coming off the town! Steady your helm! we'll clear the *Pint*! lay right for yonder pink!

MRS. F.

Be steady—well, I hope they can! but they've got a pint of drink!



BOATMAN.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she 'll fetch it up this reach.

MRS. F.

I 'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it by that speech!

I wonder what it is, now, but—I never felt so queer!

BOATMAN.

Bill, mind your luff—why Bill, I say, she 's yawing—keep her near!

MRS. F.

Keep near! we 're going further off; the land 's behind our backs.

BOATMAN.

Be easy, Ma'am, it 's all correct, that 's only 'cause we tacks:

We shall have to beat about a bit—Bill, keep her out to sea.

MRS. F.

Beat who about? keep who at sea?—how black they look at me!

BOATMAN.

It 's veering round—I knew it would! off with her head! stand by!

MRS. F.

Off with her head! whose? where? with what!—an axe I seem to spy!

BOATMAN.

She can't not keep her own, you see; we shall have to pull her in!

MRS. F.

They 'll drown me, and take all I have! my life 's not worth a pin!



BOATMAN.

Look out, you know, be ready, Bill—just when she takes  
the sand !

MRS. F.

The sand—O Lord ! to stop my mouth ! how every thing is  
planned !

BOATMAN.

The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand ! now Ma'am, just  
step ashore !

MRS. F.

What ! an't I going to be killed—and weltered in my gore ?  
Well, Heaven be praised ! but I'll not go a sailing any  
more !

## QUAKER SONNET.

A GENUINE BROWN STUDY AFTER NATURE, BY R. M.

How sweet thus clad, in Autumn's mellow Tone,  
With serious Eye, the russet Scene to view !  
No Verdure decks the Forest, save alone  
The sad green Holly, and the olive Yew.  
The Skies, no longer of a garish Blue,  
Subdued to Dove-like Tints, and soft as Wool,  
Reflected show their slaty Shades anew  
In the drab Waters of the clayey Pool.  
Meanwhile yon Cottage Maiden wends to School,  
In Garb of Chocolate so neatly drest,  
And Bonnet puce, fit object for the Tool,  
And chastened Pigments, of our Brother West ;  
Yea, all is silent, sober, calm, and cool,  
Save gaudy Robin with his crimson Breast.



## LITERARY AND LITERAL.

THE March of Mind upon its mighty stilts,  
 (A spirit by no means to fasten mocks on,)  
 In travelling through Berks, Beds, Notts, and Wilts,

Hants—Bucks, Herts, Oxon,  
 Got up a thing our ancestors ne'er thought on,  
 A thing that, only in our proper youth,  
 We should have chuckled at—in sober truth,  
 A *Conversazione* at Hog's Norton!

A place whose native dialect, somehow,  
 Has always by an adage been affronted,  
 And that it is all *gutturals*, is now  
 Taken for grunted.

Conceive the snoring of a greedy swine,  
 The slobbering of a hungry Ursine Sloth—  
 If you have ever heard such creature dine—  
 And—for Hog's Norton, make a mix of both!—

O shades of Shakspeare! Chaucer! Spenser!  
 Milton! Pope! Gray! Warton!  
 O Coleman! Kenny! Planche! Poole! Peake!  
 Pocock! Reynolds! Morton!  
 O Grey! Peel! Sadler! Wilberforce! Burdett!  
 Hume! Wilmot! Horton!

Think of your prose and verse, and worse—delivered in  
 Hog's Norton!—

The founder of Hog's Norton Athenæum  
 Framed her society  
 With some variety  
 From Mr. Roscoe's Liverpool museum;



Not a mere pic-nic for the mind's repast,  
 But tempting to the solid knife-and-forker,  
 It held its sessions in a house that last  
     Had killed a porker.

It chanced one Friday,  
 One Farmer Grayley stuck a very big hog,  
 A perfect Gog or Magog of a pig-hog,  
 Which made of course a literary high day—  
 Not that our Farmer was a man to go  
 With literary tastes—so far from suiting 'em,  
 When he heard mention of Professor *Crowe*,  
 Or Lalla-*Rookh*, he always was for shooting 'em!  
 In fact in letters he was quite a log,  
     With him great Bacon  
     Was literally taken,  
 And Hogg—the Poet—nothing but a Hog!  
 As to all others on the list of Fame,  
 Although they were discussed and mentioned daily,  
 He only recognized one classic name,  
 And thought that *she* had hung herself—*Miss Baillie*!

To balance this, our Farmer's only daughter  
 Had a great taste for the Castalian water—  
 A Wordsworth worshipper—a Southey wooer—  
 (Though men that deal in water-color cakes  
 May disbelieve the fact—yet nothing's truer)  
     She got the *bluer*  
 The more she dipped and dabbled in the *Lakes*.  
 The secret truth is, Hope, the old deceiver,  
 At future Authorship was apt to hint,  
 Producing what some call the *Type-us* Fever,  
 Which means a burning to be seen in print.



Of learning's laurels—Miss Joanna Baillie—  
 Of Mrs. Hemans—Mrs. Wilson—daily  
 Dreamt Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley ;  
 And Fancy hinting that she had the better  
 Of L.E.L. by one initial letter,  
 She thought the world would quite enraptured see

“LOVE LAYS AND LYRICS

BY

A. P. I. G.”

Accordingly, with very great propriety,  
 She joined the H. N. B., and double S.,  
 That is—Hog's Norton Blue Stocking Society ;  
 And saving when her Pa his pigs prohibited,

Contributed

Her pork and poetry towards the mess.

This feast, we said, one Friday was the case,  
 When Farmer Grayley—from Macbeth to quote—  
 Screwing his courage to the “sticking-place,”  
 Stuck a large knife into a grunter's throat :—  
 A kind of murder that the law's rebuke  
 Seldom condemns by shake of its peruke,  
 Showing the little sympathy of *big-wigs*  
 With *pig-wigs* !

The swine—poor wretch !—with nobody to speak for it,  
 And beg its life, resolved to have a squeak for it ;  
 So—like the fabled swan—died singing out,  
 And, thus, there issued from the farmer's yard  
 A note that notified without a card,  
 An invitation to the evening rout.



And when the time came duly—"At the close of  
The day," as Beattie has it, "when the ham—"  
Bacon, and pork were ready to dispose of,  
And pettitoes and chit'lings too, to cram—  
Walked in the H. N. B. and double S.'s,  
All in appropriate and swinish dresses,  
For lo! it is a fact, and not a joke,  
Although the Muse might fairly jest upon it,  
They came—each "Pig-faced Lady," in that bonnet

We call *a poke*.

The Members all assembled thus, a rare woman  
At pork and poetry was chosen *chairwoman* ;—  
In fact, the bluest of the Blues, Miss Ikey,  
Whose whole pronunciation was so piggy,  
She always named the authoress of "*Psyche*"—

As Mrs. *Tiggey* !

And now arose a question of some moment—  
What author for a lecture was the richer,  
Bacon or Hogg? there were no votes for Beaumont,  
But some for *Flitcher* ;

While others, with a more sagacious reasoning,  
Proposed another work,  
And thought their pork

Would prove more relishing from Thomson's Season-ing!  
But, practised in Shakspearian readings daily—  
O! Miss Macaulay! Shakspeare at Hog's Norton!—  
Miss Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley  
Selected *him* that evening to snort on.

In short, to make our story not a big tale,

Just fancy her exerting

Her talents, and converting

The Winter's Tale to something like a pig-tale !



Her sister auditory,  
 All sitting round, with grave and learned faces,  
     Were very plauditory,  
 Of course, and clapped her at the proper places;  
 Till fanned at once by fortune and the Muse,  
 She thought herself the blessedest of Blues.  
 But Happiness, alas! has blights of ill,  
 And Pleasure's bubbles in the air explode;—  
 There is no travelling through life but still  
 The heart will meet with breakers on the road!

With that peculiar voice  
 Heard only from Hog's Norton throats and noses,  
 Miss G., with Perdita, was making choice  
 Of buds and blossoms for her summer posies,  
 When coming to that line, where Proserpine  
 Lets fall her flowers from the wain of Dis;

Imagine this—

Up rose on his hind legs old Farmer Grayley,  
 Grunting this question for the club's digestion,  
 "Do *Dis's Wagon* go from the Ould Baaaley?"

## I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

"Double, single, and the rub."—HOYLE.

"This, this is Solitude."—BYRON.

WELL, I confess, I did not guess  
 A simple marriage vow  
 Would make me find all womenkind  
 Such unkind women now!  
 They need not, sure, as *distant* be  
 As Java or Japan—  
 Yet every Miss reminds me this—  
 I'm not a single man!



Once they made choice of my bass voice  
To share in each duett;  
So well I danced, I somehow chanced  
To stand in every set:  
They now declare I cannot sing,  
And dance on Bruin's plan;  
Me draw!—me paint!—me anything!—  
I'm not a single man!

Once I was asked advice, and tasked  
What works to buy or not,  
And "would I read that passage out  
I so admired in Scott?"  
They then could bear to hear one read;  
But if I now began,  
How they would snub, "My pretty page,"  
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,  
Another hemmed a frill;  
I had more purses netted then  
Than I could hope to fill.  
I once could get a button on,  
But now I never can—  
My buttons then were Bachelor's—  
I'm not a single man!

Oh how they hated politics  
Thrust on me by papa:  
But now my chat—they all leave that  
To entertain mama.  
Mama, who praises her own self,  
Instead of Jane or Ann,  
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—  
I'm not a single man!



Ah me, how strange it is the change,  
In parlor and in hall,  
They treat me so, if I but go  
To make a morning call.  
If they had hair in papers once,  
Bolt up the stairs they ran;  
They now sit still in dishabille—  
I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond  
Of Romans and of Greeks;  
She daily sought my cabinet  
To study my antiques.  
Well, now she doesn't care a dump  
For ancient pot or pan,  
Her taste at once is modernized—  
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,  
And all that sort of thing;  
I go to balls without my wife,  
And never wear a ring:  
And yet each Miss to whom I come,  
As strange as Genghis Khan,  
Knows by some sign, I can't divine—  
I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,  
I'm left in crowded rooms,  
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,  
Or Hervey at his Tombs.  
From head to heel, they make me feel,  
Of quite another clan;  
Compelled to own, though left alone,  
I'm not a single man!



Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast  
A nose of Roman line,  
Will turn up even that in scorn  
Of compliments of mine :  
She should have seen that I have been  
Her sex's partisan,  
And really married all I could—  
I'm not a single man !

'Tis hard to see how others fare,  
Whilst I rejected stand—  
Will no one take my arm because  
They cannot have my hand ?  
Miss Parry, that for some would go  
A trip to Hindostan,  
With me don't care to mount a stair—  
I'm not a single man !

Some change, of course, should be in force,  
But, surely, not so much—  
There may be hands I may not squeeze,  
But must I never touch ?—  
Must I forbear to hand a chair,  
And not pick up a fan ?  
But I have been myself picked up—  
I'm not a single man !

Others may hint a lady's tint  
Is purest red and white—  
May say her eyes are like the skies,  
So very blue and bright—  
*I* must not say that she *has eyes*,  
Or if I so began,  
I have my fears about my ears—  
I'm not a single man !



I must confess I did not guess  
A simple marriage vow,  
Would make me find all womenkind  
Such unkind women now ;—  
I might be hashed to death, or smashed,  
By Mr. Pickford's van,  
Without, I fear, a single tear—  
I 'm not a single man !

---

TO C. DICKENS, ESQ.,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA

PSHAW ! away with leaf and berry,  
And the sober-sided cup !  
Bring a goblet, and bright sherry,  
And a bumper fill me up !  
Though a pledge I had to shiver,  
And the longest ever was !  
Ere his vessel leaves our river,  
I would drink a health to Boz !

Here's success to all his antics,  
Since it pleases him to roam,  
And to paddle o'er Atlantic,  
After such a *sale* at home !  
May he shun all rocks whatever,  
And each shallow sand that lurks,  
And his *passage* be as clever  
As the best among his works.



A PLAN FOR  
WRITING BLANK VERSE IN RHYME.

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

RESPECTED SIR,—In a morning paper justly celebrated for the acuteness of its reporters, and their almost prophetic insight into character and motives—the Rhodian length of their leaps towards results, and the magnitude of their inferences, beyond the drawing of Meux's dray-horses—there appeared, a few days since, the following paragraph:

“Mansion House. Yesterday, a tall, emaciated being, in a brown coat, indicating his age to be about forty-five, and the raggedness of which gave a great air of mental ingenuity and intelligence to his countenance, was introduced by the officers to the Lord Mayor. It was evident, from his preliminary bow, that he had made some discoveries in the art of poetry, which he wished to lay before his Lordship, but the Lord Mayor perceiving by his accent that he had already submitted his project to several of the leading Publishers, referred him back to the same jurisdiction, and the unfortunate votary of the Muses withdrew, declaring by another bow, that he should offer his plan to the Editor of the Comic Annual.”

The unfortunate above referred to, Sir, is myself, and with regard to the Muses, indeed a votary, though not a £10 one, if the qualification depends on my pocket—but for the idea of addressing myself to the editor of the Comic Annual, I am indebted solely to the assumption of the gentlemen of the Press. That I have made a discovery is true, in common with Hervey, and Herschell, and Galileo, and Roger Bacon, or rather, I should say, with Columbus—my



invention concerning a whole hemisphere, as it were, in the world of poetry—in short, the whole continent of blank verse. To an immense number of readers this literary land has been hitherto a complete *terra incognita*, and from one sole reason—the want of that harmony which makes the close of one line chime with the end of another. They have no relish for numbers that turn up blank, and wonder accordingly at the epithet of “Prize” prefixed to Poems of the kind which emanate in—I was going to say from—the University of Oxford. Thus many very worthy members of society are unable to appreciate the *Paradise Lost*, the *Task*, the *Chase*, or the *Seasons*—the *Winter* especially—without rhyme. Others, again, can read the Poems in question, but with a limited enjoyment; as certain persons can admire the architectural beauties of Salisbury steeple, but would like it better with a ring of bells. For either of these tastes my discovery will provide, without affronting the palate of any other; for although the lover of rhyme will find in it a prodigality hitherto unknown, the heroic character of blank verse will not suffer in the least, but each line will “do as it likes with its own,” and sound as independently of the next as, “milk-maid,” and “water-carrier.” I have the honor to subjoin a specimen—and if, through your publicity, Mr. Murray should be induced to make me an offer for an Edition of *Paradise Lost* on this principle, for the Family Library, it will be an eternal obligation on,

Respected Sir, your most obliged, and humble servant,

\* \* \* \* \*

#### A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,  
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!  
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time  
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain—



Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out—  
 Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,  
 Denying to his frantic clutch much touch ;—  
 Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride  
 Four horses as no other man can span ;  
 Or in the small Olympic Pitt, sit split  
 Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things  
 Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung ;  
 The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,  
 And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,  
 About the streets and take up Pall-Mal Sal,  
 Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,  
 Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,  
 But frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,  
 And while they 're going, whisper low, " No go !"

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,  
 And sleepers waking, grumble—" Drat that cat !"  
 Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls  
 Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise  
 In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor  
 Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly ;—  
 But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,  
 Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,  
 And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns  
 And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice ;  
 White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,  
 That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes !



## UP THE RHINE.

WHAT MR. GRUNDY SAYS OF THE NATIVES.

YE Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,  
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,  
First listen to one little whisper of mine—  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,  
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap, and smock-frock it,  
But if you speak English, or look it, why then  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds  
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,  
With thirty per cent. as a tax on your heads,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see old Cologne—not the sweetest of towns—  
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it;  
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll count seven Mountains, and see Roland's Eck,  
Hear legends veracious as any by Crockett;  
But oh! to the tone of romance what a check,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Old Castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill—  
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—  
Once haunts of Baronial Banditti—and still  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket.



You'll stop at Coblentz, with its beautiful views,  
But make no long stay with your money to stock it,  
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

A Fortress you'll see, which, as people report,  
Can never be captured, save famine should block it—  
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein—but that's not their *forte*,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see an old man who'll let off an old gun,  
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it;  
But think that the words of the echo thus run,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the Vine!  
Of course you will freely Moselle it and Hock it—  
P'raps purchase some pieces of Humbugheim wine—  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths—  
Where some to their heads hold a pistol and cock it;  
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And Friendships you'll swear most eternal of pacts,  
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket;  
But still, in the most sentimental of acts,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

In short, if you visit that stream or its shore,  
Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it,  
And where Schinderhannes was Robber of yore,  
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!



LOVE LANGUAGE OF A MERRY YOUNG SOLDIER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"Ach, Gretchen, mein täubchen."

O GRETTEL, my Dove, my heart's Trumpet,  
My Cannon, my Big Drum, and also my Musket,  
O hear me, my mild little Dove,  
In your still little room.

Your portrait, my Gretel, is always on guard,  
Is always attentive to Love's parole and watchword;  
Your picture is always going the rounds,  
My Gretel, I call at every hour!

My heart's Knapsack is always full of you;  
My looks, they are quartered with you;  
And when I bite off the top end of a cartridge,  
Then I think that I give you a kiss.

You alone are my Word of Command and orders,  
Yea, my Right-face, Left-face, Brown Tommy, and wine,  
And at the word of command "Shoulder Arms!"  
Then I think you say "Take me in your arms."

Your eyes sparkle like a Battery,  
Yea, they wound like Bombs and Grenades;  
As black as Gunpowder is your hair,  
Your hand as white Parading breeches!

Yes, you are the Match and I am the Cannon;  
Have pity, my love, and give quarter,  
And give the word of command "Wheel round  
Into my heart's Barrack Yard."



## ANACREONTIC,

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

COME, fill up the Bowl, for if ever the glass  
Found a proper excuse or fit season,  
For toasts to be honored, or pledges to pass,  
Sure, this hour brings an exquisite reason :  
For, hark ! the last chime of the dial has ceased,  
And Old Time, who has leisure to cozen,  
Had finished the months, like the flasks at a feast,  
Is preparing to tap a fresh dozen !  
Hip ! Hip ! and Hurrah !

Then fill, all ye Happy and Free, unto whom  
The past Year has been pleasant and sunny ;  
Its months each as sweet as if made of the bloom  
Of the thyme whence the bee gathers honey—  
Days ushered by dew-drops, instead of the tears,  
Maybe, wrung from some wretcheder cousin—  
Then fill, and with gratitude join in the cheers  
That triumphantly hail a fresh dozen !  
Hip ! Hip ! and Hurrah !

And ye, who have met with Adversity's blast,  
And been bowed to the earth by its fury ;  
To whom the Twelve Months, that have recently passed,  
Were as harsh as a prejudiced jury—  
Still, fill to the future ! and join in our chime,  
The regrets of remembrance to cozen,  
And having obtained a New Trial of Time,  
Shout, in hopes of a kindlier dozen !  
Hip ! Hip ! and Hurrah !



MORE HULLAHBALOO.

"Loud as from numbers without number."—MILTON.

"You may do it extempore, for it's nothing but roaring."—QUINCE.

AMONGST the great inventions of this age,  
Which every other century surpasses,  
Is one—just now the rage—  
Called "Singing for all Classes"—  
That is, for all the British millions,  
And billions,  
And quadrillions,  
Not to name *Quintilians*,  
That now, alas ! have no more ear than asses,  
To learn to warble like the birds in June,  
In time and tune,  
Correct as clocks, and musical as glasses !

In fact, a sort of plan,  
Including gentleman as well as yokel,  
Public or private man,  
To call out a militia—only Vocal,  
Instead of Local,  
And not designed for military follies,  
But keeping still within the civil border,  
To form with mouths in open order,  
And sing in volleys.  
Whether this grand Harmonic scheme  
Will ever get beyond a dream,  
And tend to British happiness and glory,  
Maybe no, and maybe yes,  
Is more than I pretend to guess—  
However, here's my story.



In one of those small, quiet streets,  
Where business retreats  
To shun the daily bustle and the noise  
The shoppy Strand enjoys,  
But Law, Joint Companies, and Life Assurance,  
Find past endurance—  
Is one of those back streets, to Peace so dear,  
The other day, a ragged wight,  
Began to sing with all his might,  
“*I have a silent sorrow here!*”  
The place was lonely, not a creature stirred,  
Except some little dingy bird;  
Or vagrant cur that sniffed along,  
Indifferent to the Son of Song;  
No truant errand-boy, or doctor's lad,  
No idle Filch, or lounging cad,  
No pots encumbered with diurnal beer,  
No printer's devil with an author's proof,  
Or housemaid on an errand far aloof,  
Lingered the tattered Melodist to hear—  
Who yet, confound him! bawled as loud  
As if he had to charm a London crowd,  
Singing beside the public way,  
Accompanied—instead of violin,  
Flute, or piano, chiming in—  
By rumbling cab, and omnibus, and dray,  
A van with iron bars to play *staccato*,  
Or engine *obligato*—  
In short, without one instrument vehicular  
(Not even a truck, to be particular),  
There stood the rogue and roared,  
Unasked and unencored,  
Enough to split the organs called auricular!



Heard in that quiet place,  
Devoted to a still and studious race,  
The noise was quite appalling !  
To seek a fitting simile and spin it,  
Appropriate to his calling,  
His voice had all Lablache's *body* in it;  
But oh ! the scientific tone it lacked,  
And was in fact,  
Only a forty-boatswain power of bawling !

'T was said, indeed, for want of vocal *nous*,  
The stage had banished him, when he attempted it,  
For tho' his voice completely filled the house,  
It also emptied it.  
However, there he stood  
Vociferous—a ragged don !  
And with his iron pipes laid on  
A row to all the neighborhood.

In vain were sashes closed,  
And doors against the persevering Stentor,  
Though brick, and glass, and solid oak opposed,  
Th' intruding voice would enter,  
Heedless of ceremonial or decorum,  
Den, office, parlor, study, and sanctorum ;  
Where clients and attorneys, rogues and fools,  
Ladies, and masters who attended schools,  
Clerks, agents, all provided with their tools,  
Were sitting upon sofas, chairs, and stools,  
With shelves, pianos, tables, desks, before 'em—  
How it did bore 'em !

Louder, and louder still  
The fellow sang with horrible goodwill,



Curses both loud and deep, his sole gratuities,  
From scribes bewildered making many a flaw,  
    In deeds of law  
    They had to draw ;  
    With dreadful incongruities  
In posting ledgers, making up accounts  
    To large amounts,  
    Or casting up annuities—  
Stunned by that voice, so loud and hoarse,  
Against whose overwhelming force  
No invoice stood a chance, of course !

The Actuary 'pshawed and " pished,"  
And knit his calculating brows, and wished  
The singer " a bad life"—a mental murther !  
The Clerk, resentful of a blot and blunder,  
    Wished the musician further,  
    Poles distant—and no wonder !  
For Law and Harmony tend far asunder—  
The lady could not keep her temper calm,  
Because the sinner did not sing a psalm—  
The Fiddler in the very same position  
    As Hogarth's chafed musician  
(Such prints require but cursory reminders)  
Came and made faces at the wretch beneath,  
And wishing for his foe between his teeth,  
    (Like all impatient elves  
    That spite themselves)  
Ground his own grinders.

But still with unrelenting note,  
    Though not a copper came of it, in verity,  
The horrid fellow with the ragged coat,  
    And iron throat,



Heedless of present honor and prosperity,  
 Sang like a Poet singing for posterity,  
 In penniless reliance—  
 And, sure, the most immortal Man of Rhyme  
 Never set Time  
 More thoroughly at defiance!

From room to room, from floor to floor,  
 From Number One to Twenty-four,  
 The Nuisance bellowed, till all patience lost,  
 Down came Miss Frost,  
 Expostulating at her open door—  
 "Peace, monster, peace!  
 Where is the New Police?  
 I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray,  
 Don't stand there bawling, fellow, don't!  
 You really send my serious thoughts astray,  
 Do—there's a dear good man—do, go away."  
 Says he, "I won't!"

The spinster pulled her door to with a slam,  
 That sounded like a wooden d—n,  
 For so some moral people, strickly loth  
 To swear in words, however up,  
 Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,  
 Or through a doorpost vent a banging oath—  
 In fact, this sort of physical transgression  
 Is really no more difficult to trace  
 Than in a given face  
*A very bad expression.*

However in she went  
 Leaving the subject of her discontent  
 To Mr. Jones's Clerk at Number Ten;



Who, throwing up the sash,  
With accents rash,  
Thus hailed the most vociferous of men :  
“ Come, come, I say old fellow, stop your chant !  
I cannot write a sentence—no one can’t !  
So just pack up your trumps,  
And stir your stumps—”  
Says he, “ I shan’t !”

Down went the sash  
As if devoted to “ eternal smash”  
(Another illustration  
Of acted imprecation),  
While close at hand, uncomfortably near,  
The independent voice, so loud and strong,  
And clanging like a gong,  
Roared out again the everlasting song,  
“ I have a silent sorrow here.”

The thing was hard to stand !  
The Music-master could not stand it—  
But rushed forth with fiddle-stick in hand,  
As savage as a bandit,  
Made up directly to the tattered man,  
And thus in broken sentences began—  
But playing first a prelude of grimaces,  
Twisting his features to the strangest shapes,  
So that to guess his subject from his faces,  
He meant to give a lecture upon apes.

“ Com—com—I say !  
You go away !  
Into two parts my head you split—  
My fiddle cannot hear himself a bit,  
When I do play—



You have no bis'ness in a place so still!  
 Can you not come another day?"  
 Says he—"I will."

"No—no—you scream and bawl!  
 You must not come at all!  
 You have no rights, by rights, to beg—  
 You have not one off leg—  
 You ought to work—you have not some complaint—  
 You are not cripple in your back or bones—  
 Your voice is strong enough to break some stones—"  
 Says he—"It ain't."

"I say you ought to labor!  
 You are in a young case,  
 You have not sixty years upon your face,  
 To come and beg your neighbor!  
 And discompose his music with a noise,  
 More worse than twenty boys—  
 Look what a street it is for quiet!  
 No cart to make a riot,  
 No coach, no horses, no postilion,  
 If you will sing, I say, it is not just  
 To sing so loud."—Says he, "I MUST!  
 I'M SINGING FOR THE MILLION!"



## ODE TO THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

WHO BROUGHT ME A PROOF TO BE CORRECTED, AND WHO FELL ASLEEP  
WHILE IT WAS UNDERGOING CORRECTION: BEING AN ODE FOUNDED  
ON FACT!

"Fallen Cherub!"—MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

OH bright and blessed hour ;—  
The Devil 's asleep !—I see his little lashes  
Lying in sable o'er his sable cheek ;  
Closed are his wicked little window sashes,  
And tranced is Evil's power !  
The world seems hushed and dreaming out-a-doors,  
Spirits but speak ;  
And the heart echoes, while the Devil snores.

Sleep, Baby of the damned !  
Sleep, when no press of trouble standeth by !  
Black wanderer amid the wandering,  
How quiet is thine eye !  
Strange are thy very small pernicious dreams—  
With shades of printers crammed,  
And pica, double pica, on the wing !  
Or in cold sheets thy sprite perchance is flying  
The world about—  
Dying—and yet, not like the Devil dying—  
*Dele*,—the *Evil* out !

Before sweet sleep drew down  
The blinds upon thy *Day & Martin* eyes.



Thou did'st let slip thy slip of mischief on me,  
 With weary, weary sighs ;  
 And then, outworn with *demoning* o'er town,  
     Oblivion won thee !  
 Best of compositors ! thou didst compose  
 Thy decent little wicked self, and go  
 A Devil-cruiser round the shores of sleep—  
 I hear thee fathom many a slumber-deep,  
     In the waves of woe ;  
     Dropping thy lids of lead  
     To sound the dead !

Heaven forgive me ! I  
 Have wicked schemes about thee, wicked one ;  
 And in my scheming, sigh  
 And stagger under a gigantic thought ;  
 “ What if I run my pen into thine eye,  
 And put thee out ?  
 Killing the Devil will be a noble deed,  
 A deed to snatch perdition from mankind—  
 To make the Methodist's a stingless creed—  
 To root out terror from the Brewer's mind—  
 And break the bondage which the Printer presses—  
     To change the fate of Lawyers—  
 Confirm the Parson's holy sinecure—  
 Make worthless sin's approaches—  
 To justify the bringing up addresses  
 To me, in hackney coaches,  
 From operative Sawyers ! ”

“ To murder thee ”—  
 Methinks—“ will never harm my precious head ”—  
 For what can chance me, when the Devil is dead ?



But when I look on thy serene repose,  
Hear the small Satan dying through thy nose,  
My thoughts become less dangerous and more deep;  
I can but wish thee everlasting sleep!

Sleep free from dreams  
Of type, and ink, and press, and dabbing-ball—  
Sleep free from all  
That would make shadowy, devilish slumber darker,  
Sleep free from Mr. Baldwin's Mr. Parker!

Oh! fare thee well!  
Farewell, black bit of breathing sin! Farewell,  
Tiny remembrancer of a Printer's Hell!

Young thing of darkness, seeming  
A small, poor *type* of wickedness *set up*!  
Full is thy little cup  
Of misery in the waking world! So dreaming  
Perchance may now *undemonize* thy fate  
And bear thee, Black-boy, to a whiter state!  
Yet mortal evil is, than thine, more high;—  
Thou art *upright* in sleep; men sleep—and *lie*!  
And from thy lids to me a moral peeps,  
*For I correct my errors—while the Devil sleeps!*

---

A GOOD DIRECTION.

A CERTAIN gentleman, whose yellow cheek  
Proclaimed he had not been in living quite

An Anchorite—

Indeed, he scarcely ever knew a well day;  
At last, by friends' advice, was led to seek  
A surgeon of great note—named Aberfeldie.



A very famous Author upon Diet,  
 Who, better starred than Alchemists of old,  
 By dint of turning mercury to gold,  
 Had settled at his country house in quiet.

Our Patient, after some impatient rambles  
 Thro' Enfield roads, and Enfield lanes of brambles,  
 At last, to make inquiry had the *nous*—

“Here, my good man,  
 Just tell me if you can,

Pray which is Mr. Aberfeldie's house?”

The man thus stopped—perusing for a while

The yellow visage of the man of bile,

At last made answer, with a broadish grin:

“Why, turn to right—and left—and right agin,  
 The road's direct—you cannot fail to go it.”

“But stop! my worthy fellow!—one word more—  
 From other houses how am I to know it!”

‘How!—why you'll see *blue pillars* at the door!’

TO \* \* \* \* \*

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER.

THE old Catholic City was still

In the Minster the vespers were sung,  
 And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,

The last call of the trumpet had rung;  
 While across the broad stream of the Rhine,

The full Moon cast a silvery zone;  
 And, methought, as I gazed on its shine,

“Surely, that is the Eau de Cologne.”



I inquired the place of its source,  
 If it ran to the east or the west ;  
 But my heart took a note of its course,  
 That it flowed towards Her I love best—  
 That it flowed towards Her I love best,  
 Like those wandering thoughts of my own,  
 And the fancy such sweetness possessed,  
 That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne !

## SONNET.

Allegory—A moral vehicle.—DICTIONARY.

I HAD a Gig-Horse, and I called him Pleasure,  
 Because on Sundays, for a little jaunt,  
 He was so fast and showy, quite a treasure ;  
 Although he sometimes kicked, and shied aslant.  
 I had a Chaise, and christened it Enjoyment,  
 With yellow body, and the wheels of red,  
 Because 't was only used for one employment,  
 Namely, to go wherever Pleasure led.  
 I had a wife, her nickname was Delight ;  
 A son called Frolic, who was never still :  
 Alas ! how often dark succeeds to bright ?  
 Delight was thrown, and Frolic had a spill,  
 Enjoyment was upset and shattered quite,  
 And Pleasure fell a splitter on *Paine's Hill* !



## SONNET TO VAUXHALL.

"The English Garden."—MASON.

THE cold transparent ham is on my fork—

It hardly rains—and hark the bell!—ding-dingle—  
Away! Three thousand feet at gravel work,

Mocking a Vauxhall shower!—Married and Single  
Crush—rush;—Soaked Silks with wet white Satin mingle.

Hengler! Madame! round whom all bright sparks lurk,  
Calls audibly on Mr. and Mrs. Pringle

To study the Sumblime, &c.—(vide Burke)

All Noses are upturned!—Wish—ish!—On high

The rocket rushes—trails—just steals in sight—

Then droops and melts in bubbles of blue light—

And Darkness reigns—Then balls flare up and die—

Wheels whiz—smack crackers—serpents twist—and then

Back to the cold transparent ham again!

## ANSWER

TO A LADY WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES IN  
HER ALBUM, DECLARATORY OF WHAT HE LIKED AND WHAT HE DIS-  
LIKED.

You bid me mention what I like,

And, gaily smiling, little guess

How deeply may that question strike

The chords of solemn thankfulness.

I like my friends, my children, wife—

The home they make so blessed a spot;

I like my fortune—calling—life—

In every thing I like my lot;



And feeling thus, my heart 's imbued  
With never-ceasing gratitude.

What I dislike, you next demand.  
A puzzling query,—for in me  
Nought that proceeds from Nature's hand  
Awakens an antipathy.

But what I like the least are those  
Who nourish an unthankful mind,  
Quick to discern imagined woes,  
To all their real blessings blind,  
For that is double want of love,  
To man below, and God above.

## SONNET.

TO A SCOTCH GIRL, WASHING LINEN AFTER HER COUNTRY FASHION.

WELL done and wetly, thou Fair Maid of Perth,  
Thou makest a washing picture well deserving  
The pen and pencilling of Washington Irving :  
Like dripping Naiad, pearly from her birth,  
Dashing about the water of the Firth,  
To cleanse the calico of Mrs. Skirving,  
And never from thy dance of duty swerving  
As there were nothing else than dirt on earth !  
Yet what is thy reward ? Nay, do not start !  
I do not mean to give thee a new damper,  
But while thou fillest this industrious part  
Of washer, wearer, mangler, presser, stamper,  
Deserving better character—thou art  
What Bodkin would but call—"a common tramper."



# ODES AND ADDRESSES

TO

GREAT PEOPLE.

"CATCHING ALL THE ODDITIES, THE WHIMSIES, THE ABSURDITIES, AND THE  
LITTLENESSSES OF CONSCIOUS GREATNESS BY THE WAY"

*Citizen of the World.*



## PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

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FROM the kindness with which this little volume has been received, the Authors have determined upon presenting to the Public "more last Baxterish words;" and the Reader will be pleased therefore to consider this rather as a Preface or Advertisement to the volume to come, than a third Address in prose, explanatory or recommendatory of the present portion of the Work. It is against etiquette to introduce one gentleman to another thrice; and it must be confessed, that if these few sentences were to be billeted upon the first volume, the Public might overlook the Odes, but would have great reason to complain of the Addresses.

So many Great Men stand over, like the correspondents to a periodical, that they must be "continued in our next." These are certainly bad times for paying debts; but all persons having any claims upon the Authors, may rest assured, that they will ultimately be paid in full.

No material alterations have been made in this third Edition—with the exception of the introduction of a few new commas, which the lovers of punctuation will immediately detect and duly appreciate;—and the omission of the three puns, which, in the opinion of all friends and reviewers, were detrimental to the correct humor of the publication.



## ODES AND ADDRESSES.<sup>1</sup>

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### ODE TO MR. GRAHAM.

THE AERONAUT.

"Up with me!—up with me into the sky!"

WORDSWORTH—*on a Lark.*

DEAR Graham, whilst the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
Their meaner flights pursue,  
Let us cast off the foolish ties  
That bind us to the earth, and rise  
And take a bird's-eye view!—

A few more whiffs of my segar  
And then, in Fancy's airy car,  
Have with thee for the skies:—  
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurled  
Hath borne me from this little world,  
And all that in it lies!—

Away!—away!—the bubble fills—  
Farewell to earth and all its hills!—  
We seem to cut the wind!—  
So high we mount, so swift we go,  
The chimney tops are far below,  
The Eagle's left behind!—



Ah me! my brain begins to swim!—  
The world is growing rather dim;  
The steeples and the trees—  
My wife is getting very small!  
I cannot see my babe at all!—  
The Dollond, if you please!

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,  
Lord! what a Lilliput it is,  
That little world of Mogg's!—  
Are those the London Docks?—that channel,  
The mighty Thames?—a proper kennel  
For that small Isle of Dogs!—

What is that seeming tea-urn there?  
That fairy dome, St. Paul's!—I swear,  
Wren must have been a Wren!—  
And that small stripe?—it cannot be  
The City Road!—Good lack! to see  
The little ways of men!

Little, indeed!—my eyeballs ache  
To find a turnpike.—I must take  
Their tolls upon my trust!—  
And where is mortal labor gone?  
Look, Graham, for a little stone  
Mac Adamized to dust!

Look at the horses!—less than flies!—  
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs  
To wish to be a Mayor!  
What is the honor?—none at all,  
One's honor must be very small  
For such a civic chair!—.



And there's Guildhall!—'tis far aloof—  
Methinks, I fancy through the roof

Its little guardian Gogs,  
Like penny dolls—a tiny show!—  
Well—I must say they're ruled below  
By very little logs!—

Oh! Graham, how the upper air  
Alters the standards of compare;

One of our silken flags  
Would cover London all about—  
Nay, then—let's even empty out  
Another brace of bags!

Now for a glass of bright Champagne  
Above the clouds!—Come, let us drain

A bumper as we go!—  
But hold!—for God's sake do not cant  
The cork away—unless you want  
To brain your friends below.

Think! what a mob of little men  
Are crawling just within our ken,

Like mites upon a cheese!—  
Pshaw!—how the foolish sight rebukes  
Ambitious thoughts!—can there be *Dukes*  
Of *Gloster* such as these!—

Oh! what is glory?—what is fame?

Hark to the little mob's acclaim,

'Tis nothing but a hum!—

A few near gnats would trump as loud

As all the shouting of a crowd

That has so far to come!—



Well—they are wise that choose the near,  
A few small buzzards in the ear,  
To organs ages hence!—  
Ah me! how distance touches all;  
It makes the true look rather small,  
But murders poor pretence.

“The world recedes!—it disappears!  
Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears  
With buzzing noises ring!”—  
A fig for Southey’s Laureat lore!—  
What’s Rogers here?—Who cares for Moore  
That hears the Angels sing!—

A fig for earth, and all its minions!—  
We are above the world’s opinions,  
Graham! we’ll have our own!—  
Look what a vantage height we’ve got—  
Now—*do* you think Sir Walter Scott  
Is such a Great Unknown?

Speak up!—or hath he hid his name  
To crawl thro’ “subways” unto fame,  
Like Williams of Cornhill?—  
Speak up, my lad!—when men run small  
We’ll show what’s little in them all,  
Receive it how they will!—

Think now of Irving!—shall he preach  
The princes down—shall he impeach  
The potent and the rich,  
Merely on ethic stilts—and I  
Not moralize at two miles high  
The true didactic pitch!



Come :—what d' ye think of Jeffrey, sir ?  
Is Gifford such a Gulliver

In Lilliput's Review,  
That like Colossus he should stride  
Certain small brazen inches wide  
For poets to pass through ?

Look down ! the world is but a spot.  
Now say—Is Blackwood's *low* or not,  
For all the Scottish tone ?  
It shall not weigh us here—not where  
The sandy burden's lost in air—  
Our lading—where is 't flown ?

Now—like you Croly's verse indeed—  
In heaven—where one cannot read  
The "Warren" on a wall ?  
What think you here of that man's fame ?  
Tho' Jerdan magnified his name,  
To me 'tis very small !

And, truly, is there such a spell  
In those three letters, L. E. L.,  
To witch a world with song ?  
On clouds the Byron did not sit,  
Yet dared on Shakspeare's head to spit,  
And say the world was wrong !

And shall not we ? Let 's think aloud !  
Thus being couched upon a cloud,  
Graham, we 'll have our eyes !  
We felt the great when we were less,  
But we 'll retort on littleness  
Now we are in the skies.



O Graham, Graham ! how I blame  
 The bastard blush—the petty shame  
     That used to fret me quite—  
 The little sores I covered then,  
 No sores on earth, nor sorrows when  
     The world is out of sight !

*My* name is Tims.—I am the man  
 That North's unseen, diminished clan  
     So scurvily abused !  
 I am the very P. A. Z.  
 The London Lion's small pin's head  
     So often hath refused !

Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—  
 Hath scorned my *lays* :—do his appear  
     Such great eggs from the sky ?—  
 And Longman, and his lengthy Co.  
 Long, only, in a little Row,  
     Have thrust my poems by !

What else ?—I'm poor, and much beset  
 With damned small duns—that is—in debt  
     Some grains of golden dust !  
 But only worth, above, is worth.—  
 What's all the credit of the earth !  
     An inch of cloth on trust !

What's Rothschild here, that wealthy man !  
 Nay, worlds of wealth ?—Oh, if you can  
     Spy out—the *Golden Ball* !  
 Sure as we rose, all money sank :  
 What's gold or silver now ?—the Bank  
     Is gone—the 'Change and all !



What's all the ground-rent of the globe?—  
Oh, Graham, it would worry Job  
To hear its landlords prate!  
But after this survey, I think  
I'll ne'er be bullied more, nor shrink  
From men of large estate!

And less, still less, will I submit  
To poor mean acres' worth of wit—  
I that have heaven's span—  
I that like Shakspeare's self may dream  
Beyond the very clouds, and seem  
An Universal Man!

Mark, Graham, mark those gorgeous crowds!  
Like Birds of Paradise the clouds  
Are winging on the wind!  
But what is grander than their range?  
More lovely than their sun-set change?—  
The free creative mind!

Well! the Adults' School's in the air!  
The greatest men are lessoned there  
As well as the Lessee!  
Oh could Earth's Ellistons thus small  
Behold the greatest stage of all,  
How humbled they would be!

“Oh would some Power the giftie gie 'em,  
To see themselves as others see 'em,”  
'T would much abate their fuss!  
If they could think that from the skies  
They are as little in our eyes  
As they can think of us!



Of us ? are we gone out of sight ?  
Lessened ! diminished ! vanished quite !

Lost to the tiny town !

Beyond the Eagle's ken—the grope  
Of Dolland's longest telescope !

Graham ! we're going down !

Ah me ! I've touched a string that opes  
The airy valve !—the gas elopes—

Down goes our bright Balloon !—

Farewell the skies ! the clouds ! I smell

The lower world ! Graham, farewell,

Man of the silken moon !

The earth is close ! the City nears—

Like a burnt paper it appears,

Studded with tiny sparks !

Methinks I hear the distant rout

Of coaches rumbling all about—

We're close above the Parks !

I hear the watchmen on their beats,

Hawking the hour about the streets.

Lord ! what a cruel jar

It is upon the earth to light !

Well—there's the finish of our flight !

I've smoked my last segar !



## ODE

TO MR. M'ADAM.\*

"Let us take to the road!"—BEGGAR'S OPERA.

M'ADAM, hail !

Hail, Roadian ! hail, Colossus ! who dost stand  
Striding ten thousand turnpikes on the land !

Oh universal Leveler ! all hail !

To thee, a good, yet stony-hearted man,

The kindest one, and yet the flintiest going—

To thee—how much for thy commodious plan,

Lanark Reformer of the Ruts, is Owing !

The Bristol mail

Gliding o'er ways, hitherto deemed invincible,

When carrying Patriots now shall never fail

Those of the most "*unshaken* public principle."

Hail to thee, Scot of Scots !

Thou northern light, amid those heavy men !

Foe to Stonehenge, yet friend to all beside,

Thou scatterest flints and favors far and wide,

From palaces to cots ;—

Dispenser of coagulated good !

Distributor of granite and of food !

Long may thy fame its even path march on

E'en when thy sons are dead !

Best benefactor ! though thou giv'st a stone

To those who ask for bread !



Thy first great trial in this mighty town  
 Was, if I rightly recollect, upon  
     That gentle hill which goeth  
 Down from "the County" to the Palace gate,  
     And, like a river, thanks to thee, now floweth  
 Past the Old Horticultural Society—  
 The chemist Cobb's, the house of Howell and James,  
 Where ladies play high shawl and satin games—  
     A little *Hell* of lace!  
 And past the Athenæum, made of late,  
     Severs a sweet variety  
 Of milliners and booksellers who grace  
     Waterloo Place,  
 Making division, the Muse fears and guesses,  
 'Twixt Mr. Rivington's and Mr. Hessey's.  
 Thou stood'st thy trial, Mac! and shaved the road  
 From Barber Beaumont's to the King's abode  
 So well, that paviors threw their rammers by,  
 Let down their tucked shirt-sleeves, and with a sigh  
 Prepared themselves, poor souls, to chip or die!

Next, from the palace to the prison, thou  
     Didst go, the highway's watchman, to thy beat—  
     Preventing though the *rattling* in the street,  
     Yet kicking up a row  
 Upon the stones—ah! truly watchman-like,  
 Encouraging thy victims all to strike,  
     To further thy own purpose, Adam, daily;—  
 Thou hast smoothed, alas, the path to the Old Bailey!  
     And to the stony bowers  
     Of Newgate, to encourage the approach,  
     By caravan or coach—  
 Hast strewed the way with flints as soft as flowers.



Who shall dispute thy name !  
 Insculpt in stone in every street,  
     We soon shall greet  
 Thy trodden down, yet all unconquered fame !  
 Where'er we take, even at this time, our way,  
 Nought see we, but mankind in open air,  
 Hammering thy fame, as Chantrey would not dare ;—  
     And with a patient care  
 Chipping thy immortality all day !  
 Demosthenes, of old—that rare old man—  
 Prophetically *followed*, Mac ! thy plan :—  
     For he, we know,  
     (History says so,)  
 Put *pebbles* in his mouth when he would speak  
     The *smoothest* Greek !

It is “impossible, and cannot be,”  
     But that thy genius hath,  
     Besides the turnpike, many another path  
 Trod, to arrive at popularity,  
 O'er Pegasus, perchance, thou hast thrown a thigh,  
 Nor ridden a roadster only ; mighty Mac !  
 And 'faith I'd swear, when on that winged hack,  
 Thou hast observed the highways in the sky !  
 Is the path up Parnassus rough and steep,  
     And “hard to climb,” as Dr. B. would say ?  
 Dost think it best for Sons of Song to keep  
     The noiseless *tenor* of their way ? (see Gray.)  
 What line of road *should* poets take to bring  
     Themselves unto those waters, loved the first !—  
 Those waters which can wet a man to sing !  
     Which, like thy fame, “from *granite* basins burst,  
     Leap into life, and, sparkling, woo the thirst ?”



That thou'rt a proser, even thy birth-place might  
 Vouchsafe;—and Mr. Cadell *may*, God wot,  
 Have paid thee many a pound for many a blot—  
 Cadell's a wayward wight!

Although no Walter, still thou art a Scot,  
 And I can throw, I think, a little light  
 Upon some works thou hast written for the town—  
 And published, like a Lilliput Unknown!

“Highways and Byeways,” is thy book, no doubt,  
 (One whole edition's out,)

And next, for it is fair

That Fame,

Seeing her children, should confess she had 'em:—

“Some *Passages* from the life of Adam Blair”—

(Blair is a Scottish name,)

What are they, but thy own good roads, M'Adam?

O! indefatigable laborer

In the paths of men! when thou shalt die, 't will be  
 A mark of thy surpassing industry,

That of the monument, which men shall rear  
 Over thy most inestimable bone,

Thou didst thy very self lay the first stone!—

Of a right ancient line thou comest—through  
 Each crook and turn we trace the unbroken clue,

Until we see thy sire before our eyes—

Rolling his gravel walks in Paradise!

But he, our great Mac Parent, erred, and ne'er

Have our walks since been fair!

Yet Time, who, like the merchant, lives on 'Change,  
 For ever varying, through his varying range,

Time maketh all things even!

In this strange world, turning beneath high heaven!



He hath redeemed the Adams, and contrived—

(How are Time's wonders hived!)

In pity to mankind and to befriend 'em—

(Time is above all praise)

That he, who first did make our evil ways,

Reborn in Scotland, should be first to mend 'em!



## A FRIENDLY ADDRESS

TO MRS. FRY, *IN* NEWGATE.<sup>3</sup>

"Sermons in stones."—As you LIKE IT.

"Out! out! damned spot!"—MACBETH.

I LIKE you, Mrs. Fry! I like your name!

It speaks the very warmth you feel in pressing  
In daily act round Charity's great flame—

I like the crisp Browne way you have of dressing  
Good Mrs. Fry! I like the placid claim

You make to Christianity—professing  
Love, and good *works*—of course you buy of Barton,  
Beside the young *fry's* booksellers, Friend Darton!

I like good Mrs. Fry, your brethren mute—

Those serious, solemn gentlemen that sport—  
I should have said, that *wear*, the sober suit  
Shaped like a court dress—but for heaven's court.

I like your sisters too—sweet Rachel's fruit—

Protestant nuns! I like their stiff support  
Of virtue—and I like to see them clad  
With such a difference—just like good from bad!

I like the sober colors—not the west;

Those gaudy manufactures of the rainbow—



Green, orange, crimson, purple, violet—

In which the fair, the flirting, and the vain, go—  
The others are a chaste, severer set,

In which the good, the pious, and the plain, go—  
They 're moral *standards*, to know Christians by—  
In short, they are your *colors*, Mrs. Fry!

As for the naughty tinges of the prism—

Crimson's the cruel uniform of war—  
Blue—hue of brimstone! minds no catechism;  
And green is young and gay—not noted for  
Goodness, or gravity, or quietism,

Till it is saddened down to tea-green, or  
Olive—and purple's given to wine, I guess;  
And yellow is a convict by its dress!

They're all the devil's liveries, that men

And women wear in servitude to sin—  
But how will they come off, poor motleys, when  
Sin's wages are paid down, and they stand in  
The Evil presence! You and I know, then

How all the party colors will begin  
To part—the *Pittite* hues will sadden there,  
Whereas the *Fovite* shades will all show fair!

Witness their goodly labors one by one!

*Russet* makes garments for the needy poor,  
*Dove-color* preaches love to all—and *dun*  
Calls every day at Charity's street-door—  
*Brown* studies Scripture, and bids women shun

All gaudy furnishing—*olive* doth pour  
Oil into wounds: and *drab* and *slate* supply  
Scholar and book in Newgate, Mrs. Fry!



Well! Heaven forbid that I should discommend  
 The gratis, charitable, jail-endeavor!  
 When all persuasions in your praises blend—  
 The Methodist's creed and cry are, *Fry* forever!  
 No—I will be your friend—and, like a friend,  
 Point out your very worst defect—Nay, never  
 Start at that word! But I *must* ask you why  
 You keep your school *in* Newgate, Mrs. Fry?

Too well I know the price our mother Eve  
 Paid for *her* schooling: but must all her daughters  
 Commit a petty larceny, and thief—  
 Pay down a crime for "*entrance*" to your "*quarters*?"  
 Your classes may increase, but I must grieve  
 Over your pupils at their bread and waters!  
 Oh, tho' it cost you rent—(and rooms run high)  
 Keep your school *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

O save the vulgar soul before it's spoiled!  
 Set up your mounted sign *without* the gate—  
 And there inform the mind before 'tis soiled!  
 'Tis sorry writing on a greasy slate!  
 Nay, if you would not have your labors foiled,  
 Take it *inclining* towards a virtuous state,  
 Not prostrate and laid flat—else, woman meek!  
 The *upright* pencil will but hop and shriek!

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to drain  
 The evil spirit from the heart it preys in—  
 To bring sobriety to life again,  
 Choked with the vile Anacreontic raisin—  
 To wash Black Betty when her black's ingrain—  
 To stick a moral lacquer on Moll Brazen,  
 Of Suky Tawdry's habits to deprive her;  
 To tame the wild-fowl ways of Jenny Diver!



Ah, who can tell how hard it is to teach

Miss Nancy Dawson on her bed of straw—  
To make Long Sal sew up the endless breach

She made in manners—to write heaven's own law  
On hearts of granite.—Nay, how hard to preach,

In cells, that are not memory's—to draw  
The moral thread, thro' the immoral eye  
Of blunt Whitechapel natures, Mrs. Fry!

In vain you teach them baby-work within:

'Tis but a clumsy botchery of crime;

'Tis but a tedious darning of old sin—

Come out yourself, and stitch up souls in time—  
It is too late for scouring to begin

When virtue's ravelled out, when all the prime  
Is worn away, and nothing sound remains;  
You'll fret the fabric out before the stains!

I like your chocolate, good Mistress Fry!

I like your cookery in every way;

I like your shrove-tide service and supply;

I like to hear your sweet *Pandean* play;

I like the pity in your full-brimmed eye;

I like your carriage, and your silken gray,  
Your dove-like habits, and your silent preaching;  
But I don't like your Newgatory teaching.

Come out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry! Repair

Abroad, and find your pupils in the streets.

O, come abroad into the wholesome air,

And take your moral place, before Sin seats  
Her wicked self in the Professor's chair.

Suppose some morals raw! the true receipt's  
To dress them in the pan, but do not try  
To cook them in the fire, good Mrs. Fry!



Put on your decent bonnet, and come out!

Good lack! the ancients did not set up schools  
In jail—but at the *Porch!* hinting, no doubt,  
That Vice should have a lesson in the rules  
Before 't was whipt by law.—O come about,  
Good Mrs. Fry! and set up forms and stools  
All down the Old Bailey, and thro' Newgate-street,  
But not in Mr. Wontner's proper seat!

Teach Lady Barrymore, if, teaching, you  
That peerless Peeress can absolve from dolor;  
Teach her it is not virtue to pursue  
Ruin of blue, or any other color;  
Teach her it is not Virtue's crown to rue,  
Month after month, the unpaid drunken dollar;  
Teach her that "flooring Charleys" is a game  
Unworthy one that bears a Christian name.

O come and teach our children—that ar'n't *ours*—  
That heaven's straight pathway is a narrow way,  
Not Broad St. Giles's, where fierce Sin devours  
Children, like Time—or rather they both prey  
On youth together—meanwhile Newgate low'rs  
Even like a black cloud at the close of day,  
To shut them out from any more blue sky:  
Think of these hopeless wretches, Mrs. Fry!

You are not nice—go into their retreats,  
And make them Quakers, if you will.—'T were best  
They wore straight collars, and their shirts sans *pleats*;  
That they had hats *with* brims—that they were drest  
In garbs without *lappels*—than shame the streets  
With so much raggedness.—You may invest  
Much cash this way—but it will cost its price,  
To give a good, round, real *cheque* to Vice!



In brief—Oh teach the child its moral rote,  
Not *in* the way from which 't will not depart—  
But *out*—out—out! Oh, bid it walk remote!

And if the skies are closed against the smart,  
Even let him wear the single-breasted coat,

For that ensureth singleness of heart.—  
Do what you will, his every want supply,  
*Keep* him—but *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!



## ODE

TO RICHARD MARTIN, ESQUIRE,

M.P. FOR GALWAY.\*

"*Martin*, in this, has proved himself a very good Man!"—BOXIANA.

How many sing of wars,  
Of Greek and Trojan jars—  
The butcheries of men!  
The Muse hath a "Perpetual Ruby Pen!"  
Dabbling with heroes and the blood they spill;  
But no one sings the man  
That, like a pelican,  
Nourishes Pity with his tender *Bill*!

Thou Wilberforce of hacks!  
Of whites as well as blacks,  
Pyebald and dapple grey,  
Chestnut and bay—  
No poet's eulogy thy name adorns!  
But oxen, from the fens,  
Sheep—in their pens,  
Praise thee, and red cows with their winding horns!  
Thou art sung on brutal pipes!  
Drovers may curse thee,  
Knackers asperse thee,



And sly M.P.'s bestow their cruel wipes ;  
But the old horse neighs thee,  
And zebras praise thee,  
Asses, I mean—that have as many stripes !  
Hast thou not taught the Drover to forbear,  
In Smithfield's muddy, murderous, vile environ—  
Staying his lifted bludgeon in the air !  
Bullocks don't wear  
*Oxide* of iron !  
The cruel Jarvy thou hast summoned oft,  
Enforcing mercy on the coarse Yahoo,  
That thought his horse the *courser* of the two—  
Whilst Swift smiled down aloft !—  
O worthy pair ! for this, when ye inhabit  
Bodies of birds—(if so the spirit shifts  
From flesh to feather)—when the clown uplifts  
His hands against the sparrows nest, to *grab* it—  
He shall not harm the MARTINS and the *Swifts* !  
Ah ! when Dean Swift was *quick*, how he enhanced  
The horse !—and humbled biped man like Plato !  
But now he's dead, the charger is mischanced—  
Gone backward in the world—and not advanced—  
Remember Cato !  
Swift was the horse's champion—not the King's  
Whom Southey sings,  
Mounted on Pegasus—would he were thrown !  
He'll wear that ancient hackney to the bone,  
Like a mere clothes-horse airing royal things !  
Ah well-a-day ! the ancients did not use  
Their steeds so cruelly !—let it debar men  
From wonted rowelling and whip's abuse—  
Look at the ancients' *Muse* !  
Look at their *Carmen* !



O, Martin ! how thine eye—  
That one would think had put aside its lashes—  
    That can't bear gashes  
Thro' any horse's side, must ache to spy  
That horrid window fronting Fetter-lane—  
For there's a nag the crows have picked for victual,  
    Or some man painted in a bloody vein—  
    Gods ! is there no *Horse-spital* !  
That such raw shows must sicken the humane !  
    Sure Mr. Whittle  
    Loves thee but little,  
To let that poor horse linger in his *pane* !

O build a Brookes's Theatre for horses !  
O wipe away the national reproach—  
    And find a decent Vulture for their corpses !  
    And in thy funeral track  
Four sorry steeds shall follow in each coach !  
    Steeds that confess "the luxury of *wo* !"   
True mourning steeds, in no extempore black,  
    And many a wretched hack  
Shall sorrow for thee—sore with kick and blow  
And bloody gash—it is the Indian knack—  
(Save that the savage is his own tormentor)—  
Banting shall weep too in his sable scarf—  
The biped woe the quadruped shall enter,  
    And Man and Horse go half and half,  
As if their griefs met in a common *Centaur* !



## ODE

### TO THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

"O breathe not his name!"—MOORE.

THOU Great Unknown!  
I do not mean Eternity, nor Death,  
That vast incog!  
For I suppose thou hast a living breath,  
Howbeit we know not from whose lungs 'tis blown,  
Thou man of fog!  
Parent of many children—child of none!  
Nobody's son!  
Nobody's daughter—but a parent still!  
Still but an ostrich parent of a batch  
Of orphan eggs—left to the world to hatch.  
Superlative Nil!  
A vox and nothing more—yet not Vauxhall;  
A head in papers, yet without a curl!  
Not the Invisible Girl!  
No hand—but a hand-writing on a wall—  
A popular nonentity,  
Still called the same—without identity!  
A lark, heard out of sight—  
A nothing shined upon—invisibly bright,  
"Dark with excess of light!"



Constable's literary John-a-nokes—  
*The* real Scottish wizard—and not which,  
 Nobody—in a niche ;  
 Every one's hoax !  
 Maybe Sir Walter Scott—  
 Perhaps not !

Why dost thou so conceal and puzzle curious folks ?

Thou—whom the second-sighted never saw,  
 The Master Fiction of fictitious history !  
 Chief Nong tong paw !

No mister in the world—and yet all mystery !  
 The “tricksy spirit” of a Scotch Cock Lane—  
 A *novel* Junius puzzling the world's brain—  
 A man of Magic—yet no talisman !  
 A man of clair obscure—not he o' the moon !  
 A star—at noon.

A non-descriptus in a caravan,  
 A private—of no corps—a northern light  
 In a dark lantern—Bogie in a crape—

A figure—but no shape ;

A vizor—and no knight ;

The real abstract hero of the age ;

The staple Stranger of the stage ;

A Some One made in every man's presumption,  
 Frankenstein's monster—but instinct with gumption ;  
 Another strange state captive in the north,  
 Constable-guarded in an iron mask—

Still let me ask,

Hast thou no silver-platter,

No door-plate, or no card—or some such matter,  
 To scrawl a name upon, and then cast forth ?



Thou Scottish Barmecide, feeding the hunger  
Of Curiosity with airy gammon !

Thou mystery-monger,  
Dealing it out like middle cut of salmon,  
This people buy and can't make head or tail of it ;  
(Howbeit that puzzle never hurts the sale of it ;)   
Thou chief of authors mystic and abstractical,  
That lay their proper bodies on the shelf—  
Keeping thyself so truly to thyself,

Thou Zimmerman made practical !  
Thou secret fountain of a Scottish style,

That, like the Nile,  
Hideth its source wherever it is bred,  
But still keeps disemboguing  
(Not disemboguing)

Thro' such broad sandy mouths without a head !  
Thou disembodied author—not yet dead—  
The whole world's literary Absentee !

Ah ! wherefore hast thou fled,  
Thou learned Nemo—wise to a degree,  
Anonymous L. L. D. !

Thou nameless captain of the nameless gang  
That do—and inquests cannot say who did it !

Wert thou at Mrs. Donatty's death-pang ?  
Hast thou made gravy of Weare's watch—or hid it ?  
Hast thou a Blue-Beard chamber ? Heaven forbid it !

I should be very loth to see thee hang !  
I hope thou hast an alibi well planned,  
An innocent, altho' an ink-black hand.

Tho' thou hast newly turned thy private bolt on  
The curiosity of all invaders—

I hope thou art merely closeted with Colton,



Who knows a little of the *Holy Land*,  
Writing thy next new novel—The Crusaders !

Perhaps thou wert even born  
To be Unknown.—Perhaps hung, some foggy morn,  
At Captain Coram's charitable wicket,  
Pinned to a ticket

That Fate had made illegible, foreseeing  
The future great unmentionable being.—

Perhaps thou hast ridden  
A scholar poor on St. Augustine's Back,  
Like Chatterton, and found a dusty pack  
Of Rowley novels in an old chest hidden ;  
A little hoard of clever simulation,  
That took the town—and Constable has bidden  
Some hundred pounds for a continuation—  
To keep and clothe thee in genteel starvation.

I liked thy Waverley—first of thy breeding ;  
I liked its modest "sixty years ago,"  
As if it was not meant for ages' reading.

I don't like Ivanhoe,  
Tho' Dymoke does—it makes him think of chattering  
In iron overalls before the king,  
Secure from battering, to ladies flattering,  
Tuning his challenge to the gauntlet's ring—  
Oh better far than all that anvil clang  
It was to hear thee touch the famous string  
Of Robin Hood's tough bow and make it twang,  
Rousing him up, all verdant, with his clan,  
Like Sagittarian Pan !

I like Guy Mannering—but not that sham son  
Of Brown.—I like that literary Sampson,



Nine-tenths a Dyer, with a smack of Porson.  
 I like Dirk Hatteraick, that rough sea Orson  
     That slew the Guager;  
 And Dandie Dimmont, like old Ursa Major;  
 And Merrilies, young Bertram's old defender,  
     That Scottish Witch of Endor,  
 That doomed thy fame. She was the Witch, I take it,  
 To tell a great man's fortune—or to make it!

I like thy Antiquary. With his fit on,  
     He makes me think of Mr. Britton,  
 Who has—or had—within his garden wall,  
 A *miniature Stone Henge*, so very small  
     The sparrows find it difficult to sit on;  
 And Dousterswivel, like Poyais' M'Gregor;  
 And Edie Ochiltree, that old *Blue Beggar*,  
     Painted so cleverly,  
 I think thou surely knowest Mrs. Beverly!  
 I like thy Barber—him that fired the *Beacon*—  
 But that's a tender subject now to speak on!

I like long-armed Rob Roy.—His very charms  
 Fashioned him for renown!—In sad sincerity,  
     The man that robs or writes must have long arms,  
 If he's to hand his deeds down to posterity!  
 Witness Miss Biffin's posthumous prosperity,  
 Her poor brown crumpled mummy (nothing more)  
     Bearing the name she bore,  
 A thing Time's tooth is tempted to destroy!  
 But Roys can never die—why else, in verity,  
 Is Paris echoing with "Vive le *Roy*!"  
     Ay, Rob shall live again, and deathless Di



Vernon, of course, shall often live again—  
 Whilst there 's a stone in Newgate, or a chain,  
     Who can pass by  
 Nor feel the Thief's in prison and at hand?  
 There be Old Bailey Jarvys on the stand!

I like thy Landlord's Tales!—I like that Idol  
 Of love and Lammermoor—the blue-eyed maid  
 That led to church the mounted cavalcade,  
     And then pulled up with such a bloody bridal!  
 Throwing equestrian Hymen on his haunches—  
 I like the family (not silver) branches  
     That hold the tapers

To light the serious legend of Montrose.—  
 I like M'Aulay's second-sighted vapors,  
 As if he could not walk or talk alone,  
 Without the Devil—or the Great Unknown—  
     Dalgetty is the dearest of Ducrows!

I like St. Leonard's Lily—drenched with dew!  
 I like thy Vision of the Covenanters,  
 That bloody-minded Graham shot and slew.

I like the battle lost and won;  
     The hurly burly's bravely done,  
 The warlike gallops and the warlike canters!  
 I like that girded chieftain of the ranters,  
 Ready to preach down heathens, or to grapple,  
     With one eye on his sword,  
     And one upon the Word—

How *he* would cram the Caledonian Chapel!  
 I like stern Claverhouse, though he doth dapple  
     His raven steed with blood of many a corse—  
 I like dear Mrs. Headrigg, that unravels



Her texts of Scripture on a trotting horse—  
She is so like Rae Wilson when he travels!

I like thy Kenilworth—but I'm not going  
To take a Retrospective Re-Review  
Of all thy dainty novels—merely showing  
The old familiar faces of a few,  
The question to renew,  
How thou canst leave such deeds without a name,  
Forego the unclaimed dividends of fame,  
Forego the smiles of literary houris—  
Mid Lothian's trump, and Fife's shrill note of praise,  
And all the Carse of Gowrie's,  
When thou might'st have thy statue in Cromarty—  
Or see thy image on Italian trays,  
Betwixt Queen Caroline and Buonaparté,  
Be painted by the Titian of R. A.'s,  
Or vie in sign-boards with the Royal Guelph!  
P'rhaps have thy bust set cheek by jowl with Homer's,  
P'rhaps send out plaster proxies of thyself  
To other Englands with Australian roamers—  
Mayhap, in Literary Owhyhee  
Displace the native wooden gods, or be  
The China-Lar of a Canadian shelf!

It is not modesty that bids thee hide—  
She never wastes her blushes out of sight:  
It is not to invite  
The world's decision, for thy fame is tried—  
And thy fair deeds are scattered far and wide,  
Even royal heads are with thy readers reckoned—  
From men in trencher caps to trencher scholars  
In crimson collars,



And learned serjeants in the Forty-Second !  
 Whither by land or sea art thou not beckoned ?  
 Mayhap exported from the Frith of Forth,  
 Defying distance and its dim control ;  
     Perhaps read about Stromness, and reckoned worth  
 A brace of Miltons for capacious soul—  
     Perhaps studied in the whalers, further north,  
 And set above ten Shakspeares near the pole !

Oh, when thou writest by Aladdin's lamp,  
 With such a giant genius at command,  
     For ever at thy stamp,  
 To fill thy treasury from Fairy Land,  
 When haply thou might'st ask the pearly hand  
 Of some great British Vizier's eldest daughter,  
     Tho' princes sought her,  
 And lead her in procession hymeneal,  
 Oh, why dost thou remain a Beau Ideal !  
 Why stay, a ghost, on the Lethean Wharf,  
 Enveloped in Scotch mist and gloomy fogs ?  
 Why, but because thou art some puny Dwarf,  
 Some hopeless Imp, like Riquet with the Tuft,  
 Fearing, for all thy wit, to be rebuffed,  
 Or bullied by our great reviewing Gogs ?

What in this masking age  
 Maketh Unknowns so many and so shy ?  
     What but the critic's page ?  
 One hath a cast, he hides from the world's eye ;  
 Another hath a wen—he won't show where ;  
     A third has sandy hair,  
 A hunch upon his back, or legs awry,  
 Things for a vile reviewer to espy !  
 Another has a mangel-wurzel nose—



Finally, this is dimpled,  
Like a pale crumpet face, or that is pimped,  
Things for a monthly critic to expose—  
Nay, what is thy own case—that being small,  
Thou choosest to be nobody at all !

Well, thou art prudent, with such puny bones—  
E'en like Elshender, the mysterious elf,  
That shadowy revelation of thyself—  
To build thee a small hut of haunted stones—  
For certainly the first pernicious man  
That ever saw thee, would quickly draw thee  
In some vile literary caravan—

Shown for a shilling  
Would be thy killing,  
Think of Crachami's miserable span !  
No tinier frame the tiny spark could dwell in  
Than there it fell in—  
But when she felt herself a show, she tried  
To shrink from the world's eye, poor dwarf ! and died !

O since it was thy fortune to be born  
A dwarf on some Scotch *Inch*, and then to flinch  
From all the Gog-like jostle of great men,

Still with thy small crow pen  
Amuse and charm thy lonely hours forlorn—  
Still Scottish story daintily adorn,

Be still a shade—and when this age is fled,  
When we poor sons and daughters of reality  
Are in our graves forgotten and quite dead,  
And Time destroys our mottoes of morality—  
The lithographic hand of Old Mortality  
Shall still restore thy emblem on the stone,

A featureless death's head,  
And rob Oblivion ev'n of the Unknown !



## ADDRESS

TO MR. DYMOKE,<sup>s</sup>

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

"— Arma Virumque cano!"—VIRGIL.

MR. DYMOKE! Sir Knight! if I may be so bold—  
(I'm a poor simple gentleman just come to town,)  
Is your armor put by, like the sheep in a fold?—  
Is your gauntlet ta'en up, which you lately flung down?

Are you—who *that* day rode so mailed and admired,  
Now sitting at ease in a library chair?  
Have you sent back to Astley the war-horse you hired,  
With a cheque upon Chambers to settle the fare?

What's become of the cup? Great tin-plate worker? say?  
Cup and ball is a game which some people deem fun!  
Oh! *three golden balls* have n't lured you to play  
Rather false, Mr. D., to all pledges but one?

How defunct is the show that was chivalry's mimic!  
The breast-plate—the feathers—the gallant array!  
So fades, so grows dim, and so dies, Mr. Dymoke!  
The day of brass breeches! as Wordsworth would say!

Perchance in some village remote, with a cot,  
And a cow, and a pig, and a barn-door, and all;—  
You show to the parish that peace is your lot,  
And plenty—tho' absent from Westminster Hall!



And of course you turn every accoutrement now  
To its separate use, that your wants may be well met :—  
You toss in your breast-plate your pancakes, and grow  
A salad of mustard and cress in your helmet.

And you delve the fresh earth with your falcion, less bright  
Since hung up in sloth from its Westminster task ;—  
And you bake your own bread in your tin ; and, Sir Knight,  
Instead of your brow, put your beer in the casque !

How delightful to sit by your beans and your peas,  
With a goblet of gooseberry gallantly clutched,  
And chat of the blood that had deluged the Pleas,  
And drenched the King's Bench—if the glove had been  
touched !

If Sir Columbine Daniel, with knightly pretensions,  
Had snatched your "best doe,"—he'd have flooded the  
floor ;—

Nor would even the best of his crafty inventions,  
"Life Preservers," have floated him out of his gore !

Oh, you and your horse ! what a couple was there !  
The man and his *backer*—to win a great fight !  
Though the trumpet was loud—you'd an undisturbed air !  
And the nag snuffed the feast and the fray *sans* affright !

Yet strange was the course which the good Cato bore  
When he waddled tail-wise with the cup to his stall ;—  
For though his departure was at the front door,  
Still he went the back way out of Westminster Hall.

He went—and 't would puzzle historians to say,  
When they trust Time's conveyance to carry your *mail*—  
Whether caution or courage inspired him that day,  
For, though he retreated, he never turned tail.



By my life, he's a wonderful charger!—The best!  
Though not for a Parthian corps!—yet for you!—  
Distinguished alike at a fray and a feast,  
What a Horse for a grand Retrospective Review!

What a creature to keep a hot warrior cool  
When the sun's in the face, and the shade's far aloof!—  
What a *tail-piece* for Bewick!—or pyebald for Poole,  
To bear him in safety from Elliston's hoof!

Well; hail to Old Cato! the hero of scenes!  
May Astley or age ne'er his comforts abridge;—  
Oh, long may he munch Amphitheatre beans,  
Well “pent up in Utica” over the Bridge!

And to you, Mr. Dymoke, Cribb's rival, I keep  
Wishing all country pleasures, the bravest and best!  
And oh! when you come to the Hummums to sleep,  
May you lie “like a warrior taking his rest!”



## ODE

TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.\*

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

JOSEPH! they say thou 'st left the stage,  
To toddle down the hill of life,  
And taste the flannelled ease of age,  
Apart from pantomimic strife—  
"Retired—(for Young would call it so)—  
The world shut out"—in Pleasant Row!

And hast thou really washed at last  
From each white cheek the red half moon!  
And all thy public Clownship cast,  
To play the private Pantaloon?  
All youth—all ages—yet to be  
Shall have a heavy miss of thee!

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—  
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—  
Thou didst not "lure us to the skies"—  
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!  
And yet, Heaven knows! we could—we can  
Much "better spare a better man!"



Oh, had it pleased the gout to take  
The reverend Croly from the stage,  
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,  
Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,  
Or, damme! namby pamby Poole—  
Or any other clown or fool!

Go, Dibdin—all that bear the name,  
Go Byway Highway man! go! go!  
Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,  
But leave thy partner, painted Joe!  
I could bear Kirby on the wane,  
Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!

Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made  
His gray hairs scarce in private peace—  
Had Waithman sought a rural shade—  
Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—  
Or Lisle Bowles gone to *Balaam Hill*—  
I think I could be cheerful still!

Had Medwin left off, to his praise,  
Dead lion kicking, like—a friend!—  
Had long, long Irving gone his ways,  
To muse on death at *Ponder's End*—  
Or Lady Morgan taken leave  
Of Letters—still I might not grieve!

But, Joseph—every body's Jo!—  
Is gone—and grieve I will and must!  
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so  
Will I for thee, (tho' not yet dust,)  
And talk as he did when he missed  
The kissing-crust that he had kissed!



Ah, where is now thy rolling head!

Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes,  
(As old Catullus would have said,)

Thy oven-mouth, that swallowed pies—  
Enormous hunger—monstrous drouth!  
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth!

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuffed!—

Thy funny, flapping, filching hands!—  
Thy partridge body, always stuffed  
With waifs, and strays, and contrabands!—  
Thy foot—like Berkeley's *Foote*—for why?  
'T was often made to wipe an eye!

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair

For “great wits jump”—and so did they;  
Lord! how they leaped in lamp-light air!  
Capered—and bounced—and strode away!—  
That years should tame the legs—alack!  
I've seen spring thro' an Almanack!

But bounds will have their bound—the shocks

Of Time will cramp the nimblest toes;  
And those that frisked in silken clocks  
May look to limp in fleecy hose—  
One only—(Champion of the ring)  
Could ever make his Winter—Spring!

And gout, that owns no odds between

The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,  
Will visit—but I did not mean  
To moralize, though I am grown  
Thus sad—Thy going seemed to beat  
A muffled drum for Fun's retreat!



And, may be—'tis no time to smother  
 A sigh, whon two prime wags of London,  
 Are gone—thou, Joseph, one—the other  
 A Joe!—"sic transit gloria *Munden!*"  
 A third departure some insist on—  
 Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston!—

Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep  
 With ancient "*Dozey*" to the dregs—  
 Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,  
 And put a hatchment o'er her eggs!  
 Let Farley weep—for Magic's man  
 Is gone—his Christmas Caliban!

Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet rain,  
 As tho' they walked behind thy bier—  
 For since thou wilt not play again,  
 What matters—if in heaven or here!  
 Or in thy grave, or in thy bed!—  
 There's *Quick*, might just as well be dead!

Oh, how will thy departure cloud  
 The lamp-light of the little breast!  
 The Christmas child will grieve aloud  
 To miss his broadest friend and best—  
 Poor urchin! what avails to him  
 The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm*;

For who like thee could ever stride  
 Some dozen paces to the mile!—  
 The motley, medley coach provide—  
 Or like Joe Frankenstein compile  
 The *vegetable man* complete!—  
 A proper *Covent Garden* feat!



Oh, who like thee could ever drink,  
Or eat—swill—swallow—bolt—and choke!  
Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink?—  
Thy very yawn was quite a joke!  
Tho' Joseph Junior acts not ill,  
“There's no Fool like the old Fool” still!

Joseph, farewell! dear funny Joe!  
We met with mirth—we part in pain!  
For many a long, long year must go,  
Ere Fun can see thy like again—  
For Nature does not keep great stores  
Of perfect Clowns—that are not *Boors*!



ADDRESS  
TO SYLVANUS URBAN, ESQUIRE,<sup>7</sup>

EDITOR OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"Dost thou not suspect my years?"  
MUCH ADU ABOUT NOTHING.

OH! Mr. Urban! never must *thou* lurch  
A sober age made serious drunk by thee;  
Hop in thy pleasant way from church to church,  
And nurse thy little bald Biography.

Oh, my Sylvanus! what a heart is thine!  
And what a page attends thee! Long may I  
Hang in demure confusion o'er each line  
That asks thy little questions with a sigh!

Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,  
Like pensioners that creep about and die;—  
But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,  
Livest in monthly immortality!

How sweet!—as Byron of his infant said—  
"Knowledge of objects" in thine eye to trace;  
To see the mild no-meanings of thy head,  
Taking a quiet nap upon thy face!

How dear through thy Obituary to roam,  
And not a name of any name to catch!  
To meet thy Criticism walking home.  
Averse from rows, and never calling "Watch!"



Rich is thy page in soporific things—  
Composing compositions—lulling men—  
Faded old posies of unburied rings—  
Confessions dozing from an opiate pen :—

Lives of Right Reverends that have never lived—  
Deaths of good people that have really died—  
Parishioners—hatched—husbanded—and wived,  
Bankrupts and Abbots breaking side by side !

The sacred query—the remote response—  
The march of serious minds, extremely slow—  
The graver's cut at some right aged sconce,  
Famous for nothing many years ago !

B. asks of C. if Milton e'er did write  
"Comus," obscured beneath some Ludlow lid ;—  
And C., next month, an answer doth indite,  
Informing B. that Mr. Milton did !

X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,  
Caught upon Martin Luther years ago ;  
And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,  
Long dead, that gathered honey for King John.

There is no end of thee—there is no end,  
Sylvanus, of thy A, B, C, D-merits !  
Thou dost, with alphabets, old walls attend,  
And poke the letters into holes, like ferrets !

Go on, Sylvanus !—Bear a wary eye,  
The churches cannot yet be quite run out !  
Some parishes must yet have been passed by—  
There's Bullock-Smithy has a church no doubt !



Go on—and close the eyes of distant ages!  
Nourish the names of the undoubted dead!  
So Epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,  
Heavy and lively, though but seldom *red*.

Go on! and thrive! Demurest of odd fellows!  
Bottling up dullness in an ancient binn!  
Still live! still prose! continue still to tell us  
Old truths! no strangers, though we take them in!



## AN ADDRESS

### TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY.\*

*"Archer. How many are there, Scrub?"*

*Scrub. Five and forty, Sir."*—BEAUX STRATAGEM.

*"For shame—let the linen alone!"*—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

MR. SCRUB—Mr. Slop—or whoever you be!  
The Cock of Steam Laundries—the head Patentee  
Of Associate Cleansers—Chief founder and prime  
Of the firm for the wholesale distilling of grime—  
Co-partners and dealers, in linen's propriety—  
That make washing public—and wash in society—  
O lend me your ear! if that ear can forego,  
For a moment, the music that bubbles below—  
From your new Surrey Geisers all foaming and hot—  
That soft "*simmer's* sang" so endeared to the Scot—  
If your hands may stand still, or your steam without danger—  
If your suds will not cool, and a mere simple stranger,  
Both to you and to washing, may put in a rub—  
O wipe out your Amazon arms from the tub—  
And lend me your ear—Let me modestly plead  
For a race that your labors may soon supersede—  
For a race that, now washing no living affords—  
Like Grimaldi must leave their aquatic old boards,  
Not with pence in their pockets to keep them at ease,  
Not with bread in the funds—or investments of cheese—



But to droop like sad willows that lived by a stream,  
 Which the sun has sucked up into vapor and steam.  
 Ah, look at the Laundress, before you begrudge  
 Her hard daily bread to that laudable drudge—  
 When chanticleer singeth his earliest matins,  
 She slips her amphibious feet in her pattens,  
 And beginneth her toil while the morn is still gray,  
 As if she was washing the night into day—  
 Not with sleeker or rosier fingers Aurora  
 Beginneth to scatter the dew-drops before her ;  
 Not Venus that rose from the billow so early,  
 Looked down on the foam with a forehead more *pearly*—  
 Her head is involved in an aerial mist,  
 And a bright-beaded bracelet encircles her wrist ;  
 Her visage glows warm with the ardor of duty ;  
 She 's Industry's moral—she 's all moral beauty !  
 Growing brighter and brighter at every rub—  
 Would any man ruin her ?—No, Mr. Scrub !  
 No man that is manly would work her mishap—  
 No man that is manly would covet her cap—  
 Nor her apron—her hose—nor her gown made of stuff—  
 Nor her gin—nor her tea—nor her wet pinch of snuff !  
 Alas ! so *she* thought—but that slippery hope  
 Has betrayed her—as tho' she had trod on her soap !  
 And she—whose support—like the fishes that fly,  
 Was to have her fins wet, must now drop from her sky—  
 She whose living it was, and a part of her fare,  
 To be damped once a day, like the great white sea bear,  
 With her hands like a sponge, and her head like a mop—  
 Quite a living absorbent that revelled in slop—  
 She that paddled in water, must walk upon sand,  
 And sigh for her deeps like a turtle on land !



Lo, then, the poor Laundress, all wretched she stands,  
 Instead of a counterpane, wringing her hands !  
 All haggard and pinched, going down in life's vale,  
 With no faggot for burning, like Allan-a-dale !  
 No smoke from her flue—and no steam from her pane,  
 There once she watched heaven, fearing God and the rain—  
 Or gazed o'er her bleach-field so fairly engrossed,  
 Till the lines wandered idle from pillar to post !  
 Ah, where are the playful young pinners—ah, where  
 The harlequin quilts that cut capers in air—  
 The brisk waltzing stockings—the white and the black,  
 That danced on the tight-rope, or swung on the slack—  
 The light sylph-like garments, so tenderly pinned,  
 That blew into shape, and embodied the wind !  
 There was white on the grass—there was white on the spray—  
 Her garden—it looked like a garden of May !  
 But now all is dark—not a shirt's on a shrub—  
 You've ruined her prospects in life, Mr. Scrub !  
 You've ruined her custom—now families drop her—  
 From her silver reduced—nay, reduced from her *copper* !  
 The last of her washing is done at her eye,  
 One poor little kerchief that never gets dry !  
 From mere lack of linen she can't lay a cloth,  
 And boils neither barley nor alkaline broth—  
 But her children come round her as victuals grow scant,  
 And recal, with foul faces, the source of their want—  
 When she thinks of their poor little mouths to be fed,  
 And then thinks of her trade that is utterly dead,  
 And even its pearlashes laid in the grave—  
 Whilst her tub is a dry rotting, stave after stave,  
 And the greatest of Coopers, ev'n he that they dub  
 Sir Astley, can't bind up her heart or her tub—  
 Need you wonder she curses your bones, Mr. Scrub ?



Need you wonder, when steam has deprived her of bread,  
 If she prays that the evil may visit *your* head—  
 Nay, scald all the heads of your Washing Committee—  
 If she wishes you all the soot blacks of the city—  
 In short, not to mention all plagues without number,  
 If she wishes you all in the *Wash* at the Humber!

Ah, perhaps, in some moment of drouth and despair,  
 When her linen got scarce, and her washing grew rare—  
 When the sum of her suds might be summed in a bowl,  
 And the rusty cold iron quite entered her soul—  
 When, perhaps, the last glance of her wandering eye  
 Had caught “the Cock Laundresses’ Coach” going by,  
 Or her lines that hung idle, to waste the fine weather,  
 And she thought of her wrongs and her rights both together,  
 In a lather of passion that frothed as it rose,  
 Too angry for grammar, too lofty for prose,  
 On her sheet—if a sheet were still left her—to write,  
 Some remonstrance like this then, new *science*, saw the light—

### LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE

FROM BRIDGET JONES

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN FORMING THE WASHING COMMITTEE.

It’s a shame, so it is—men can’t Let alone  
 Jobs as is Woman’s right to do—and go about there  
 Own—  
 Theirs Reforms enuff Alreddy without your new schools  
 For washing to sit Up—and push the Old Tubs from their  
 stools!  
 But your just like the Raddicals—for upsetting of the  
 Sudds



When the world wagged well enuff—and Wommen washed  
 your old dirty duds,  
 I'm Certain sure Enuff your Ann Sisters had no steem In-  
 dians, that's Flat—  
 But I warrant your Four Fathers went as Tidy and gentle-  
 manny for all that—  
 I suppose your the Family as lived in the Great Kittle  
 I see on Clapham Commun, some times a very considerable  
 period back when I were little,  
 And they Said it went with Steem—But that was a joke!  
 For I never see none come of it—that's out of it—but only  
 sum Smoak—  
 And for All your Power of Horses about your Indians you  
 never had but Two  
 In my time to draw you About to Fairs—and hang you,  
 you know that's true!  
 And for All your fine Perspectuses—howsomever you be-  
 which 'em,  
 Theirs as Pretty ones off Primerows Hill, as ever a one at  
 Mitchum,  
 Thof I cant sea What Prospectives and washing has with  
 one another to Do—  
 It ant as if a Bird'seye Hankicher could take a Birdshigh  
 view!  
 But Thats your look out—I've not much to do with that—  
 But pleas God to hold up fine,  
 Id show you caps and pinners and small things as lilliwhit  
 as Ever crosst the Line  
 Without going any Father off then Little Parodies Place,  
 And Thats more than you Can—and Ill say it behind your  
 face—  
 But when Folks talks of washing, it ant for you to Speak—  
 As kept Dockter Pattyson out of his Shirt for a Weak!



Thinks I, when I heard it—Well, there 's a pretty go!  
 That comes o' not marking of things or washing out the  
 marks, and Huddling 'em up so!  
 Till Their friends comes and owns them, like drowned  
 corpses in a Vault,  
 But may Hap you havint Larned to spel—and That ant  
 your Fault,  
 Only you ought to leafe the Linnins to them as has Larned—  
 For if it warnt for Washing—and whare Bills is concern'd  
 What's the Yuse, of all the world, for a Wommans Head-  
 cation,  
 And Their Being maid Schollards of Sundays—fit for any  
 Cityation.

Well, what I says is This—when every Kittle has its  
 spout,  
 Theirs no need for Companys to puff steem about!  
 To be sure its very Well, when Their ant enuff Wind  
 For blowing up Boats with—but not to hurt human kind  
 Like that Pearkins with his Blunderbush, that's loaded  
 with hot water,  
 Thof a X Sherrif might know Better, than make things for  
 slaughter,ter,  
 As if War warnt Cruel enuff—wherever it befalls,  
 Without shooting poor sogers, with sich scalding hot balls—  
 But thats not so Bad as a Sett of Bear Faced Scrubbs  
 As joins their Sopes together, and sits up Steem rubbing  
 Clubs,  
 For washing Dirt Cheap—and eating other Peple's grubs!  
 Which is all verry Fine for you and your Patent Tea,  
 But I wonders How Poor Wommen is to get Their Beau-He!  
 They must drink Hunt wash (the only wash God nose there  
 will be!)



And their Little drop of Somethings as they takes for their  
 Goods,  
 When you and your Steem has ruined (G—d forgive mee)  
 their lively Hoods,

Poor Wommen as was born to Washing in their youth!  
 And now must go and Larn other Buisnesses Four Sooth!  
 But if so be They leave their Lines what are they to go at—  
 They won't do for Angell's—nor any Trade like That,  
 Nor we cant Sow Babby Work—for that's all Bespoke—  
 For the Queakers in Bridle! and a vast of the confined  
 Folk

Do their own of Themselves—even the bettermost of em—  
 aye, and evn them of middling degrees—

Why Lauk help you Babby Linen ant Bread and Cheese!  
 Nor we can't go a hammering the roads into Dust,  
 But we must all go and be Bankers—like Mr. Marshes and  
 Mr. Chamberses—and that's what we must!

God nose you ought to have more Concern for our Sects,  
 When you nose you have sucked us and hanged round our  
 Mutherly necks,

And remembers what you Owes to Wommen Besides wash-  
 ing—

You ant, blame you! like Men to go a slushing and sloshing  
 In mop caps, and pattins, adoing of Females Labers  
 And prettily jeared At you great Horse God Meril things,  
 ant you now by your next door naybors—

Lawk I thinks I see you with your Sleeves tuckt up  
 No more like Washing than is drownding of a Pupp,  
 And for all Your Fine Water Works going round and round  
 They'll scrunch your Bones some day—I'll be bound  
 And no more nor be a gudgeмент—for it cant come to good  
 To sit up agin Providence, which your a doing—nor not fit  
 It should,



For man warnt maid for Wommens starvation,  
 Nor to do away Laundrisses as is Links of the Creation—  
 And cant be dun without in any Country But a naked  
 Hottingpot Nation.

Ah, I wish our Minister would take one of your Tubbs  
 And preach a Sermon in it, and give you some good rubs—  
 But I warrants you reads (for you cant spel we nose)  
 nyther Bybills or Good Tracks,  
 Or youd no better than Taking the close off one's Backs—  
 And let your neighbors oxin an Asses alone—  
 And every Thing thats hern—and give every one their  
 Hone!

Well, its God for us Al, and every Washer Wommen for  
 herself,

And so you might, without shoving any on us off the shelf,  
 But if you warnt Noddiss you Let wommen abe  
 And pull off Your Pattins—and leave the washing to we  
 That nose what's what—Or mark what I say,  
 Youl make a fine Kittle of fish of Your Close some Day—  
 When the Aulder men wants Their Bibs and their ant nun  
 at all,

And Cris mass cum—and never a Cloth to lay in Gild Hall,  
 Or send a damp shirt to his Woship the Mare  
 Till hes rumatiz Poor Man, and cant set uprite to do good  
 in his Harm-Chare—

Besides Miss-Matching Larned Ladys Hose, as is sent for  
 you not to wash (for you dont wash) but to stew  
 And make Peples Stockins yellor as oght to be Blew  
 With a vast more like That—and all along of Steem  
 Which warnt meand by Nater for any sich skeam—  
 But thats your Losses and youl have to make It Good,  
 And I cant say I'm Sorry afore God if you shoud,



For men mought Get their Bread a great many ways  
 Without taking ourn—aye, and Moor to your Prays  
 You might go and skim the creme off Mr. Muck-Adam's  
 milky ways—that's what you might,  
 Or bete Carpets—or get into Parleamint—or drive Crabro-  
 lays from morning to night,  
 Or, if you must be of our sects, be Watchmen, and slepe  
 upon a poste!  
 (Which is an od way of sleping, I must say—and a very  
 hard pillow at most,)  
 Or you might be any trade, as we are not on that I'm  
 awares,  
 Or be Watermen now, (not Water-wommen) and roe peple  
 up and down Hungerford stares,  
 Or if You Was even to Turn Dust Men a *dry sifting* Dirt!  
 But you oughtint to Hurt Them as never Did You no Hurt!  
 Yourn with Anymocity,  
 BRIDGET JONES.



## ODE

### TO CAPTAIN PARRY.\*

"By the North Pole, I do challenge thee!"

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

PARRY, my man! has thy brave leg  
Yet struck its foot against the peg  
On which the world is spun?  
Or hast thou found No Thoroughfare  
Writ by the hand of Nature there  
Where man has never run!

Hast thou yet traced the Great Unknown  
Of channels in the Frozen Zone,  
Or held at Icy Bay,  
Hast thou still missed the proper track  
For homeward Indian men that lack  
A bracing by the way?

Still hast thou wasted toil and trouble  
On nothing but the North-Sea Bubble  
Of geographic scholar?  
Or found new ways for ships to shape,  
Instead of winding round the Cape,  
A short cut thro' the collar!

Hast found the way that sighs were sent to\*  
The Pole—tho' God knows whom they went to!

\* "And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."

*Eloisa to Abelard.*



That track revealed to Pope—  
Or if the Arctic waters sally,  
Or terminate in some blind alley,  
A chilly path to grope?

Alas! tho' Ross, in love with snows,  
Has painted them *couleur de rose*,  
It is a dismal doom,  
As Claudio saith, to Winter thrice,  
"In regions of thick-ribbed ice"—  
All bright—and yet all gloom!

'Tis well for Gheber souls that sit  
Before the fire and worship it  
With pecks of Wallsend coals,  
With feet upon the fender's front,  
Roasting their corns—like Mr. Hunt—  
To speculate on poles.

'Tis easy for our Naval Board—  
'Tis easy for our Civic Lord  
Of London and of ease,  
That lies in ninety feet of down,  
With fur on his nocturnal gown,  
To talk of Frozen Seas!

'Tis fine for Monsieur Ude to sit,  
And prate about the mundane spit,  
And babble of *Cook's* track—  
He'd roast the leather off his toes,  
Ere he would trudge thro' polar snows,  
To plant a British *Jack*!

Oh, not the proud licentious great,  
That travel on a carpet skate,



Can value toils like thine !  
What 'tis to take a Hecla range,  
Through ice unknown to Mrs. Grange,  
And alpine lumps of brine !

But we, that mount the Hill o' Rhyme,  
Can tell how hard it is to climb  
The lofty slippery steep.  
Ah ! there are more Snow Hills than that  
Which doth black Newgate, like a hat,  
Upon its forehead keep.

Perchance thou 'rt now—while I am writing—  
Feeling a bear's wet grinder biting  
About thy frozen spine !  
Or thou thyself art eating whale,  
Oily, and underdone, and stale,  
That, haply, crossed thy line !

But I'll not dream such dreams of ill—  
Rather will I believe thee still  
Safe cellared in the snow—  
Reciting many a gallant story,  
Of British kings and British glory,  
To crony Esquimaux—

Cheering that dismal game where Night  
Makes one slow move from black to white  
Thro' all the tedious year—  
Or smitten by some fond frost fair,  
That combed out crystals from her hair,  
Wooring a seal-skin Dear !

So much a long communion tends,  
As Byron says, to make us friends



With what we daily view—  
God knows the daintiest taste may come  
To love a nose that 's like a plum  
In marble, cold and blue!

To dote on hair, an oily fleece!  
As tho' it hung from Helen o' Greece—  
They say that love prevails  
Ev'n in the veriest polar land—  
And surely she may steal thy hand  
That used to steal thy nails!

But ah, ere thou art fixt to marry,  
And take a polar Mrs. Parry,  
Think of a six months' gloom—  
Think of the wintry waste, and hers,  
Each furnished with a dozen *furs*,  
Think of thine icy *dome*!

Think of the children born to *blubber*!  
Ah me! hast thou an Indian rubber  
Inside!—to hold a meal  
For months—about a stone and half  
Of whale, and part of a sea calf—  
A fillet of salt veal!—

Some walrus ham—no trifle but  
A decent steak—a solid cut  
Of seal—no wafer slice!  
A reindeer's tongue and drink beside!  
Gallons of Sperm—not rectified!  
And pails of water-ice!

Oh, canst thou fast and then feast thus?  
Still come away, and teach to us



Those blessed alternations—  
 To-day to run our dinners fine,  
 To feed on air and then to dine  
 With Civic Corporations—

To save th' Old Bailey daily shilling,  
 And then to take a half year's filling  
 In P. N.'s pious Row—  
 When asked to Hock and haunch o' ven'son,  
 Thro' something we have worn our pens on  
 For Longman and his Co.

O come and tell us what the Pole is—  
 Whether it singular and sole is—  
 Or straight, or crooked bent—  
 If very thick or very thin—  
 Made of what wood—and if akin  
 To those there be in Kent.

There 's Combe, there 's Spurzheim, and there 's Gall,  
 Have talked of poles—yet, after all,  
 What has the public learned?  
 And Hunt's account must still defer—  
 He sought the *poll* at Westminster—  
 And is not yet *returned*!

Alvanly asks if whist, dear soul,  
 Is played in snow-storms near the Pole,  
 And how the fur-man deals?  
 And Eldon doubts if it be true,  
 That icy Chancellors really do  
 Exist upon the *seals*!

Barrow, by well-fed office grates,  
 Talks of his own bechristened Straits,



And longs that he were there ;  
And Croker, in his cabriolet,  
Sighs o'er his brown horse, at his Bay,  
And pants to cross the *mer* !

O come away, and set us right,  
And, haply, throw a northern light  
On questions such as these :—  
Whether, when this drowned world was lost,  
The surflux waves were locked in frost,  
And turned to Icy Seas !

Is Ursa Major white or black ?  
Or do the Polar tribes attack  
Their neighbors—and what for ?  
Whether they ever play at cuffs,  
And then, if they take off their muffs  
In pugilistic war ?

Tell us, is *Winter* champion there,  
As in our milder fighting air ?  
Say, what are *Chilly* loans ?  
What cures they have for rheums beside,  
And if their hearts gets ossified  
From eating bread of bones ?

Whether they are such dwarfs—the quicker  
To circulate the vital liquor—  
And then, from head to heel—  
How short the Methodists must choose  
Their dumpy envoys not to lose  
Their toes in spite of zeal ?

Whether 't will soften or sublime it  
To preach of Hell in such a climate—



Whether may Wesley hope  
To win their souls—or that old function  
Of seals—with the extreme of unction—  
Bespeaks them for the Pope?

Whether the lamps will e'er be "learned"  
Where six months' "midnight oil" is burned,  
Or Letters must defer  
With people that have never conned  
An A, B, C, but live beyond  
The *Sound of Lancaster*!

O come away at any rate—  
Well hast thou earned a downier state—  
With all thy hardy peers—  
Good lack, thou must be glad to smell dock,  
And rub thy feet with opodeldock,  
After such frosty years.

Mayhap, some gentle dame at last,  
Smit by the perils thou hast passed,  
However coy before,  
Shall bid thee now set up thy rest  
In that *Brest Harbor*, Woman's breast,  
And tempt the Fates no more.



## ADDRESS

TO R. W. ELLISTON, ESQUIRE,

THE GREAT LESSEE!

"Do you know, you villain, that I am at this moment the greatest man living?"  
WILD OATS.

OH! Great Lessee! Great Manager! Great Man!  
Oh, Lord High Elliston! Immortal Pan  
Of all the pipes that play in Drury Lane!  
Macready's master! Westminster's high *Dane*!  
(As Galway Martin, in the House's walls,  
Hamlet and Doctor Ireland justly calls!)  
Friend to the sweet and ever-smiling Spring!  
Magician of the lamp and prompter's ring!  
Drury's Aladdin! Whipper-in of Actors!  
Kicker of rebel-preface-malefactors!  
Glass-blowers' corrector! King of the cheque-taker!  
At once Great Leamington and Winston-Maker!  
Dramatic Bolter of plain *Bunns* and Cakes!  
In silken *hose* the most reformed of *Rakes*!  
Oh, Lord High Elliston! lend me an ear!  
(Poole is away, and Williams shall keep clear)  
While I, in little slips of prose, not verse,  
Thy splendid course, as pattern-worker, rehearse!  
  
Bright was thy youth—thy manhood brighter still—  
The greatest Romeo upon Holborn Hill—



Lightest comedian of the pleasant day,  
When Jordan threw her sunshine o'er a play !  
When fair Thalia held a merry reign,  
And Wit was at her Court in Drury Lane !  
Before the day when Authors wrote, of course,  
The "Entertainment *not* for Man but Horse."  
Yet these, though happy, were but subject times,  
And no man cares for bottom-steps that climbs—  
Far from my wish it is to stifle down  
The hours that saw thee snatch the Surrey crown !  
Tho' now thy hand a mightier sceptre wields,  
Fair was thy reign in sweet St. George's Fields.  
Dibdin was *Premier*—and a golden age  
For a short time enriched the subject stage.  
Thou hadst, than other Kings, more peace-and-plenty ;  
Ours but one Bench could boast, whilst thou hadst *twenty* ;  
But the times changed—and Booth-acting no more  
Drew Rulers' shillings to the gallery-door.  
Thou didst, with bag and baggage, wander thence,  
Repentant, like thy neighbor Magdalens !

Next, the Olympic Games were tried, each feat  
Practised, the most bewitching in Wych Street.  
Rochester there in dirty ways again  
Revelled—and lived once more in Drury Lane :  
But thou, R. W. ! kept'st thy moral ways,  
Pit-lecturing 'twixt the farces and the plays,  
A lamplight Irving to the butcher boys  
That soiled the benches and that made a noise :—  
Rebuking—Half a Robert, Half a Charles—  
The well-billed Man that called for promised Carles ;  
"Sir !—Have you yet to know ! Hush—hear me out !  
A Man—pray silence !—may be down with gout,



Or want—or Sir—aw!—listen!—may be fated,  
Being in debt, to be incarcerated!  
YOU—in the back!—can scarcely hear a line!  
Down from those benches—butchers—they are *mine!*”

Lastly—and thou wert built for it by nature!—  
Crowned was thy head in Drury Lane Theatre!  
Gentle George Robins saw that it was good,  
And Renters clucked around thee in a brood.  
King thou wert made of Drury and of Kean!  
Of many a lady and of many a Quean!  
With Poole and Larpent was thy reign begun—  
But now thou turnest from the Dead and Dun,  
Hook’s in thine eye, to write thy plays, no doubt,  
And Colman lives to cut the damnlets out!

Oh, worthy of the house! the King’s commission!  
Is n’t thy condition “a most blessed condition?”  
Thou reignest over Winston, Kean, and all,  
The very lofty and the very small—  
Showest the plumbless Bunn the way to kick—  
Keepest a Williams for thy veriest stick—  
Seest a Vestris in her sweetest moments,  
Without the danger of newspaper comments—  
Teldest Macready, as none dared before,  
Thine open mind from the half-open door!—  
(Alas! I fear he has left Melpomene’s crown,  
To be a Boniface in Buxton town!)—  
Thou holdst the watch, as half-price people know,  
And callest to them, to a moment—“Go!”  
Teachest the sapient Sapio how to sing—  
Hangest a cat most oddly by the wing—



(To prove, no doubt, the endless free list ended,  
 And all, except the public press, suspended)  
 Hast known the length of a Cubitt-foot—and kissed  
 The pearly whiteness of a Stephens' wrist—  
 Kissing and pitying—tender and humane!  
 "By Heaven she loves me! Oh, it is too plain!"  
 A sigh like this thy trembling passion slips,  
 Dimpling the warm Madeira at thy lips!

Go on, Lessee! Go on, and prosper well!  
 Fear not, though forty Glass-blowers should rebel—  
 Show them how thou hast long befriended them,  
 And teach Dubois their treason to condemn!  
 Go on! addressing pits in prose and worse!  
 Be long, be slow, be any thing but terse—  
 Kiss to the gallery the hand that's gloved—  
 Make Bunn the Great, and Winston the Beloved,  
 Ask the two shilling Gods for leave to dun  
 With words the cheaper Deities in the *One*!  
 Kick Mr. Poole unseen from scene to scene,  
 Cane Williams still, and stick to Mr. Kean,  
 Warn from the benches all the rabble rout;  
 Say, those are *mine*—"In parliament, or out!"  
 Swing cats—for in thy house there's surely space—  
 Oh Beasley, for such pastime, planned the place!  
 Do any thing!—Thy fame, thy fortune, nourish!  
 Laugh and grow fat! be eloquent, and flourish!  
 Go on—and but in this reverse the thing,  
*Walk backward* with wax lights before the King—  
 Go on! Spring ever in thine eye! Go on!  
 Hope's favorite child! ethereal Elliston!



## ADDRESS

TO MARIA DARLINGTON,<sup>10</sup>

ON HER RETURN TO THE STAGE.

"It was Maria!—

And better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns forbid——

She had, since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back——"

*See the whole Story, in Sterne and the Newspapers.*

THOU art come back again to the stage,  
Quite as blooming as when thou didst leave it;  
And 'tis well for this fortunate age  
That thou didst not, by going off, grieve it!  
It is pleasant to see thee again—  
Right pleasant to see thee, by Herclé,  
Unmolested by pea-colored Hayne!  
And free from that thou-and-thee Berkeley!

Thy sweet foot, my Foote, is as light  
(Not *my* Foote—I speak by correction)  
As the snow on some mountain at night,  
Or the snow that has long on thy neck shone.  
The pit is in raptures to free thee,  
The Boxes impatient to greet thee,  
The Galleries quite clam'rous to see thee,  
And thy scenic relations to meet thee!



Ah, where was thy sacred retreat ?

Maria ! ah, where hast thou been,

With thy two little wandering Feet,

Far away from all peace and pea-green !

Far away from Fitzhardinge the bold,

Far away from himself and his lot !

I envy the place thou hast strolled,

If a stroller thou art—which thou 'rt not !

Sterne met thee, poor wandering thing,

Methinks, at the close of the day—

When thy Billy had just slipped his string,

And thy little dog quite gone astray—

He bade thee to sorrow no more—

He wished thee to lull thy distress

In his bosom—he could n't do more,

And a Christian could hardly do less !

Ah, me ! for thy small plaintive pipe,

I fear we must look at thine eye—

I would it were my task to wipe

That hazel orb thoroughly dry !

Oh sure 'tis a barbarous deed

To give pain to the feminine mind—

But the wooer that left thee to bleed

Was a creature more killing than kind !

The man that could tread on a worm

Were a brute—and inhuman to boot ;

But he merits a much harsher term

That can wantonly tread on a Foote !

Soft mercy and gentleness blend

To make up a Quaker—but he

That spurned thee could scarce be a *Friend*,

Tho' he dealt in that Thou-ing of thee !



They that loved thee, Maria, have flown !  
The friends of the midsummer hour !  
But those friends now in anguish atone,  
And mourn o'er thy desolate bower.  
Friend Hayne, the Green Man, is quite out,  
Yea, utterly out of his bias ;  
And the faithful Fitzhardinge, no doubt,  
Is counting his Ave Marias !

Ah, where wert thou driven away,  
To feast on thy desolate woe ?  
We have witnessed thy weeping in play,  
But none saw the earnest tears flow—  
Perchance thou wert truly forlorn—  
Tho' none but the fairies could mark  
Where they hung upon some Berkeley thorn,  
Or the thistles in Burderop Park !

Ah, perhaps, when old age's white snow  
Has silvered the crown of Hayne's nob—  
For even the greenest will grow  
As hoary as "Whiteheaded Bob"—  
He'll wish, in the days of his prime,  
He had been rather kinder to one  
He hath left to the malice of Time—  
A woman—so weak and undone !



## ODE

TO W. KITCHENER, M.D.<sup>11</sup>

AUTHOR OF THE COOK'S ORACLE—OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL MUSIC—THE  
ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING LIFE—PRACTICAL OBSERVA-  
TIONS ON TELESCOPES, OPERA GLASSES, AND SPECTACLES—THE HOUSE-  
KEEPER'S LEDGER—AND THE PLEASURE OF MAKING A WILL.

"I rule the roast, as Milton says!"—CALEB QUOTEM.

OH! multifarious man!  
Thou Wondrous, Admirable Kitchen Crichton!  
Born to enlighten  
The laws of Optics, Peptics, Music, Cooking—  
Master of the Piano—and the Pan—  
As busy with the kitchen as the skies!  
Now looking  
At some rich stew thro' Galileo's eyes—  
Or boiling eggs—timed to a metronome—  
As much at home  
In spectacles as in mere isinglass—  
In the art of frying brown—as a digression  
On music and poetical expression—  
Whereas, how few of all our cooks, alas!  
Could tell Calliope from "Calliopec!"  
How few there be  
Could leave the lowest for the highest stories,  
(Observatories,)  
And turn, like thee, Diana's calculator,  
However *cook's* synonymous with *Kater*!\*

\* Captain Kater, the Moon's Surveyor.



Alas ! still let me say,  
How few could lay  
The carving knife beside the tuning-fork,  
Like the proverbial *Jack* ready for any work !

Oh, to behold thy features in thy book !  
Thy proper head and shoulders in a plate,  
How it would look !  
With one raised eye watching the dial's date,  
And one upon the roast, gently cast down—  
Thy chops—done nicely brown—  
The garnished brow—with “a few leaves of bay”—  
The hair—“done Wiggy's way !”  
And still one studious finger near thy brains,  
As if thou wert just come  
From editing some  
New soup—or hashing Dibdin's cold remains !  
Or, Orpheus-like—fresh from thy dying strains  
Of music—Epping luxuries of sound,  
As Milton says, “in many a bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,”  
Whilst all thy tame stuffed leopards listened round !

Oh, rather thy whole proper length reveal,  
Standing like Fortune—on the jack—thy wheel.  
(Thou art, like Fortune, full of chops and changes,  
Thou hast a fillet too before thine eye !)  
Scanning our kitchen and our vocal ranges,  
As tho' it were the same to sing or fry—  
Nay, so it is—hear how Miss Paton's throat  
Makes “fritters” of a note !  
And how Tom Cook (Fryer and Singer born  
By name and nature) oh ! how night and morn



He for the nicest public taste doth dish up  
 The good things from that *Pan* of music, Bishop !  
 And is not reading near akin to feeding,  
 Or why should *Oxford Sausages* be fit  
     Receptacles for wit ?  
 Or why should Cambridge put its little, smart,  
     Minced brains into a *Tart* ?  
 Nay, then, thou wert but wise to frame receipts,  
     Book-treats,  
 Equally to instruct the Cook and cram her—  
     Receipts to be devoured, as well as read,  
     The Culinary Art in gingerbread—  
     The Kitchen's *Eaten* Grammar !

Oh, very pleasant is thy motley page—  
     Ay, very pleasant in its chatty vein—  
     So—in a kitchen—would have talked Montaigne,  
 That merry Gascon—humorist, and sage !  
 Let slender minds with single themes engage,  
     Like Mr. Bowles with his eternal Pope—  
 Or Haydon on perpetual Haydon—or  
     Hume on "Twice three make four,"  
 Or Lovelass upon Wills—Thou goest on  
 Plaiting ten topics, like Tate Wilkinson !  
     Thy brain is like a rich Kaleidoscope,  
 Stuffed with a brilliant medley of odd bits,  
     And ever shifting on from change to change,  
 Saucepans—old Songs—Pills—Spectacles—and Spits !  
     Thy range is wider than a Rumford Range !  
 Thy grasp a miracle !—till I recall  
 Th' indubitable cause of thy variety—  
 Thou art, of course, th' Epitome of all  
 That spying—frying—singing—mixed Society



Of Scientific Friends, who used to meet  
Welch Rabbits—and thyself—in Warren Street!

Oh, hast thou still those *Conversazioni*,  
Where learned visitors discoursed—and fed?

There came Belzoni,  
Fresh from the ashes of Egyptian dead—  
And gentle Poki—and that Royal Pair,  
Of whom thou didst declare—

“Thanks to the greatest *Cooke* we ever read—  
They were—what *Sandwiches* should be—half *bred!*”  
There famed M’Adam from his manual toil  
Relaxed—and freely owned he took thy hints

On “making *Broth* with *Flints*”—  
There Parry came, and showed thee polar oil  
For melted butter—Combe with his medullary

Notions about the *Skullery*,  
And Mr. Poole, too partial to a broil—  
There witty Rogers came, that punning elf!

Who used to swear thy book

Would really look

A *Delphic* “Oracle,” if laid on *Delf*—  
There, once a month, came Campbell and discussed  
His own—and thy own—“*Magazine of Taste*”—

There Wilberforce the Just  
Came, in his old black suit, till once he traced  
Thy sly advice to *Poachers* of Black Folks,  
That “do not break their *yolks*,”—  
Which huffed him home, in grave disgust and haste!

There came John Clare, the poet, nor forbore  
Thy *Patties*—thou wert hand-and-glove with Moore,  
Who called thee “*Kitchen Addison*”—for why?



Thou givest rules for Health and Peptic Pills,  
 Forms for made dishes, and receipts for Wills,  
 “ *Teaching us how to live and how to die !* ”  
 There came thy Cousin-Cook, good Mrs. Fry—  
 There Trench, the Thames Projector, first brought on  
     His sine *Quay* non—  
 There Martin would drop in on Monday eves,  
 Or Fridays, from the pens, and raise his breath  
     ’Gainst cattle days and death—  
 Answered by Mellish, feeder of fat beeves,  
     Who swore that Frenchmen never could be eager  
     For fighting on soup meagre—  
 “ And yet (as thou would’st add), the French have seen  
     A Marshal *Tureen !* ”

Great was thy Evening Cluster!—often graced  
 With Dollond—Burgess—and Sir Humphry Davy!  
 ’T was there M’Dermot first inclined to Taste—  
 There Colburn learned the art of making paste  
 For puffs—and Accum analyzed a gravy,  
 Colman—the Cutter of Coleman Street, ’tis said  
 Came there—and Parkins with his Ex-wise-head,  
 (His claim to letters)—Kater, too, the Moon’s  
 Crony—and Graham, lofty on balloons—  
 There Croly stalked with holy humor heated,  
 Who wrote a light horse play, which Yates completed—  
     And Lady Morgan, that grinding organ,  
 And Brasbridge telling anecdotes of spoons—  
 Madame Valbrèque thrice honored thee, and came  
 With great Rossini, his own bow and fiddle—  
 The Dibbins—Tom, Charles, Froggnall—came with tuns  
 Of poor old books, old puns !  
 And even Irving spared a night from fame—



And talked—till thou didst stop him in the middle,  
To serve round *Tewah-diddle!* \*

Then all the guests rose up, and sighed good-bye!  
So let them :—thou thyself art still a *Host!*

Dibdin—Cornaro—Newton—Mrs. Fry!

Mrs. Glasse, Mr. Spec!—Lovelass—and Weber,  
Matthews in Quot'em—Moore's fire-worshipping  
Gheber—

Thrice-worthy Worthy, seem by thee engrossed!  
Howbeit the Peptic Cook still rules the roast,  
Potent to hush all ventriloquial snarling—  
And ease the bosom pangs of indigestion!

Thou art, sans question,

The Corporation's love—its Doctor *Darling!*

Look at the Civic Palate—nay, the Bed

Which set dear Mrs. Opie on supplying

“Illustrations of *Lying!*”

Ninety square feet of down from heel to head

It measured, and I dread

Was haunted by that terrible night *Mare,*

A monstrous burthen on the corporation!—

Look at the Bill of Fare, for one day's share,

Sea-turtles by the score—Oxen by droves,

Geese, turkeys, by the flock—fishes and loaves

Countless, as when the Lilliputian nation

Was making up the huge man-mountain's ration!

Oh! worthy Doctor! surely thou hast driven

The squatting Demon from great Garratt's breast—

(His honor seemed to rest!—)

And what is thy reward?—Hath London given

\* The Doctor's composition for a *night-cap.*



Thee public thanks for thy important service?

Alas ! not even

The tokens it bestowed on Howe and Jervis !—

Yet could I speak as Orators should speak

Before the worshipful the Common Council,

(Utter my bold bad grammar and pronounce ill,)

Thou should'st not miss thy Freedom, for a week,

Richly engrossed on vellum :—Reason urges

That he who rules our cookery—that he

Who edits soups and gravies, ought to be

A *Citizen*, where sauce can make a *Burgess* !



## AN ADDRESS

TO THE VERY REVEREND JOHN IRELAND, D.D

CHARLES FYNES CLINTON, LL.D.  
THOMAS CAUSTON, D.D.  
HOWEL HOLLAND EDWARDS, M.A.  
JOSEPH ALLEN, M.A.  
LORD HENRY FITZROY, M.A.  
THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

WM. H. EDWARD BENTINCK, M.A.  
JAMES WEBBER, B.D.  
WILLIAM SHORT, D.D.  
JAMES TOURNAY, D.D.  
ANDREW BELL, D.D.  
GEORGE HOLCOMBE, D.D.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.<sup>12</sup>

"Sure the Guardians of the Temple can never think they get enough."  
CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

Oh, very reverend Dean and Chapter,  
Exhibitors of giant men,  
Hail to each surplice-backed Adapter  
Of England's dead, in her Stone den !  
Ye teach us properly to prize  
Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and Handels,  
And, to throw light upon our eyes,  
Deal in Wax Queens like old wax candles.

Oh, reverend showmen, rank and file,  
Call in your shillings, two and two ;  
March with them up the middle aisle,  
And cloister them from public view.  
Yours surely are the dusty dead,  
Gladly ye look from bust to bust,  
Setting a price on each great head,  
To make it come, down with the dust.



Oh, as I see you walk along  
 In ample sleeves and ample back  
 A pursy and well-ordered throng,  
 Thoroughly fed, thoroughly black!  
 In vain I strive me to be dumb—  
 You keep each bard like fatted kid,  
 Grind bones for bread like Fee faw fum!  
 And drink from sculls as Byron did!

The profitable Abbey is  
 A sacred 'Change for stony stock,  
 Not that a speculation 'tis—  
 The profit's founded on a rock.  
 Death, Dean, and Doctors, in each nave  
 Bony investments have incurred!  
 And hard 't would be to find a grave  
 From which "no money is returned!"

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought  
 By reverence for those learned bones,  
 Shall often come and walk your short  
 Two-shilling\* fare upon the stones.—  
 Ye have that talisman of Wealth,  
 Which puddling chemists sought of old,  
 Till ruined out of hope and health;—  
 The Tomb's the stone that turns to gold!

Oh, licensed cannibals, ye eat  
 Your dinners from your own dead race,  
 Think Gray, preserved, a "funeral meat,"  
 And Dryden, deviled, after grace,

\* Since this poem was written, Doctor Ireland and those in authority under him have reduced the fares. It is gratifying to the English People to know, that while butchers' meat is rising, tombs are falling.



A relish ;—and you take your meal  
From Rare Ben Jonson underdone,  
Or, whet your holy knives on Steele,  
To cut away at Addison !

Oh say, of all this famous age,  
Whose learned bones your hopes expect,  
Oh have ye numbered Rydal's sage,  
Or Moore among your Ghosts elect ?  
Lord Byron was not doomed to make  
You richer by his final sleep—  
Why don't ye warn the Great to take  
Their ashes to no other heap ?

Southey's reversion have ye got ?  
With Coleridge, for his body, made  
A bargain ?—has Sir Walter Scott,  
Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade ?  
Has Rogers haggled hard, or sold  
His features for your marble shows,  
Or Campbell bartered, ere he's cold,  
All interest in his "*bone repose* ?"

Rare is your show, ye righteous men !  
Priestly Politos—rare, I ween  
But should ye not *outside* the Den ;  
Paint up what *in* it may be seen ?  
A long green Shakspeare, with a deer  
Grasped in the many folds it died in—  
A Butler stuffed from ear to ear,  
Wet White Bears weeping o'er a Dry-den !

Paint Garrick up like Mr. Paap,  
A Giant of some inches high ;



Paint Handel up, that organ chap,  
 With you, as grinders, in his eye;  
 Depict some plaintive antique thing,  
 And say th' original may be seen;—  
 Blind Milton with a dog and string  
 May be the Beggar o' Bethnal Green!

Put up in Poet's Corner, near  
 The little door, a platform small;  
 Get there a monkey—never fear,  
 You'll catch the gapers one and all!  
 Stand each of ye a Body Guard,  
 A Trumpet under either fin,  
 And yell away in Palace Yard  
 "All dead! All dead! Walk in! Walk in!"

(But when the people are inside,  
 Their money paid—I pray you, bid  
 The keepers not to mount and ride  
 A race around each coffin lid.—  
 Poor Mrs. Bodkin thought last year,  
 That it was hard—the woman clacks—  
 To have so little in her ear—  
 And be so hurried through the Wax!—)

"Walk in! two shillings only! come!  
 Be not by country grumblers funk'd!—  
 Walk in, and see th' illustrious dumb!  
 The Cheapest House for the defunct!"  
 Write up, 't will breed some just reflection,  
 And every rude surmise 't will stop—  
 Write up, that you have no connexion  
 (In large)—with any other shop!



And still, to catch the Clowns the more,  
With samples of your shows in Wax,  
Set some old Harry near the door  
To answer queries with his *axe*.—  
Put up some general begging-trunk—  
Since the last broke by some mishap,  
You 've all a bit of General Monk,  
From the respect you bore his Cap!



## ODE

TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.,<sup>13</sup>

SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF MENDICITY.

"This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men."—  
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

HAIL, King of Shreds and Patches, hail,  
Disperser of the Poor !  
Thou Dog in office, set to bark  
All beggars from the door !

Great overseer of overseers,  
And Dealer in old rags !  
Thy public duty never fails,  
Thy ardor never flags !

Oh, when I take my walks abroad,  
How many Poor I *miss* !  
Had Doctor Watts walked now-a-days  
He would have written this !

So well thy Vagrant catchers prowls,  
So clear thy caution keeps  
The path—O, Bodkin, sure thou hast  
The eye that never sleeps !



No Belisarius pleads for alms,  
No Benbow lacketh legs ;  
The pious man in black is now  
The only man that begs !

Street-Handels are disorganized,  
Disbanded every band !—  
The silent *scraper* at the door  
Is scarce allowed to stand !

The Sweeper brushes with his broom,  
The Carstairs with his chalk  
Retires—the Cripple leaves his stand,  
But cannot sell his walk.

The old Wall-blind resigns the wall,  
The Camels hide their humps,  
The Witherington without a leg  
May n't beg upon his stumps !

Poor Jack is gone, that used to doff  
His battered tattered hat,  
And show his dangling sleeve, alas !  
There seemed no arm in that !

Oh ! it was such a sin to air  
His true blue naval rags,  
Glory's own trophy, like St. Paul,  
Hung round with holy flags !

Thou knowest best. I meditate,  
My Bodkin, no offence !  
Let us, henceforth, but guard our pounds,  
Thou dost protect our pence !



Well art thou pointed 'gainst the Poor,  
For, when the Beggar Crew  
Bring their petitions, thou art paid,  
Of course, to "run them through."

Doubtless thou art what Hamlet meant  
To wretches the last friend :  
What ills can mortals have, they can't  
"With a bare *Bodkin*" end ?



NOTES.







## NOTES.

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### (1.) ODES AND ADDRESSES.

Hood tells us, in his *Literary Reminiscences*, that on the publication of the *Odes and Addresses*, presentation copies were sent to Mr. Canning and Sir Walter Scott. "The minister," he adds, "took no notice of the little volume; but the novelist did, in his usual kind manner. An eccentric friend, in writing to me, once made a number of colons, semi-colons, &c., at the bottom of the paper, adding :

'And these are my points that I place at the foot  
That you may put stops that I can't stop to put.'

It will surprise no one to observe that the author of *Waverley* had as little leisure for punctuation."

"SIR WALTER SCOTT has to make thankful acknowledgments for the copy of the *Odes to Great People* with which he was favored and more particularly for the amusement he has received from the perusal. He wishes the unknown author good health good fortune and whatever other good things can best support and encourage his lively vein of in-offensive and humorous satire

*"Abbotsford Melrose 4th May"*

COLERIDGE also was favorably impressed with the *Odes*, and of his second meeting with Hood at Colebrooke, the following anecdote is related. The author of *Christabel* was attended by one of his sons, and made some remark which drew from the lad (who had not been introduced to Hood) the remark—"Ah! that's just like your crying up those foolish *Odes and Addresses!*" "Coleridge" (Hood adds) "was highly amused with this *mal-à-propos*, and without explaining, looked slyly



around at me with the sort of suppressed laugh one may suppose to belong to the Bey of *Tittery*. The truth was, he felt naturally partial to a book he had attributed in the first instance to the dearest of his friends, as appears from the following letter to Lamb."

"MY DEAR CHARLES :—This afternoon, a little, thin, mean-looking sort of a foolscap, sub-octavo of poems, printed on very dingy outsides, lay on the table, which the cover informed me was circulating in our book-club, so very Grub Streetish in all its appearance, internal as well as external, that I cannot explain by what accident of impulse (assuredly there was no *motive* in play) I came to look into it. Least of all, the title, Odes and Addresses to Great Men, which connected itself in my head with Rejected Addresses, and all the Smith and Theodore Hook squad. But, my dear Charles, it was certainly written by you, or under you, or *una cum* you. I know none of your frequent visitors capacious and assimilative enough of your converse to have reproduced you so honestly, supposing you had left yourself in pledge in his lock-up house. Gillman, to whom I read the spirited parody on the introduction to Peter Bell, the Ode to the Great Unknown, and to Mrs. Fry; he speaks doubtfully of Reynolds and Hood. But here come Irving and Basil Montagu.

"*Thursday night, 10 o'clock.*—No! Charles, it is *you*. I have read them over again, and I understand why you have *anon'd* the book. The puns are nine in ten good—many excellent—the *Newgatory* transcendent. And then the *exemplum sine exemplo* of a volume of personalities and contemporaneities, without a single line that could inflict the infinitesimal of an unpleasance on any man in his senses; saving and except perhaps in the envy-addled brain of the despiser of your *Lays*. If not a triumph over him, it is at least an *ovation*. Then, moreover, and besides, to speak with becoming modesty, excepting my own self, who is there but you who could write the musical lines and stanzas that are intermixed?

"Here Gillman, come up to my garret, and driven back by the guardian spirits of four huge flower-holders of omnigenous roses and honeysuckles—(Lord have mercy on his hysterical olfactories! what will he do in Paradise? I must have a pair or two of nostril-plugs, or nose-goggles, laid in his coffin)—stands at the door, reading that to M'Adam, and the washerwoman's letter, and he admits the facts. You are found *in the manner*, as the lawyers say! so, Mr. Charles! hang yourself up,



and send me a line, by way of token and acknowledgment. My dear love to Mary. God bless you and your Unshamabramizer,

S. T. COLERIDGE."

It may be mentioned here, that instead of feeling "the infinitesimal of an unpleasance" at being Addressed in the Odes the once celebrated Mr. Hunt presented to the Authors a bottle of his best "Permanent Ink," and the eccentric Doctor Kitchener sent an invitation to dinner.

(2.) ODE TO MR. M'ADAM.

Mr. M'Adam was the inventor of a new mode of paving streets, which caused in its day more newspaper discussion than the Russ pavement in ours. We copy an amusing paragraph on this subject from the *John Bull* :

"We perceive a strong disposition in certain quarters to run down the system of *Macadamization* ; and we think when its demerits are properly pointed out and enumerated, there will be no opinion but one on the matter. In the first place, it appears quite clear that Macadamized streets will not keep dry in wet weather ; this is a fact for which we were hardly prepared. In the second place, if incessant rain for nearly three months pours down in torrents upon the coat before the *substratum* has time to settle, it seems the materials subsequently deposited upon that *substratum* will not bind—but on the contrary, form a disagreeable mud, unlike in its color and appearance that beautiful black mud in which the paved streets of London are so happily fertile. But in the third place, we discover that those streets which 'never dry' will (*when they do*) become so dusty as to powder the heads of lounging dandies, cover the furniture of adjacent houses, and not only put out the eyes of the passengers, but absolutely ruin Lundy Foot's trade in Irish snuff, by filling the noses of the cockneys gratis, with a mixture strongly resembling that popular article in color, flavor, and pungency.

"With respect to the quietude, some of the wags in the city say that Mr. M'Adam has falsified his own name in the process of producing it. 'For how,' says Mr. Alderman Thorpe, 'can this man call himself LOUDEN Macadam, when his object avowedly is to *do away a noise*?'"

For these reasons and others equally cogent, the *John Bull* declares that it had quitted the MACADAMITES and joined the PREADAMITES. "who richly deserve the name, for their rigid adherence to primeval notions and obsolete doctrines upon this particular subject."

This mode of constructing roads has not been adopted to much extent



in the United States, but still prevails in England. A recent traveller says that Lord Street and some of the finest thoroughfares of Liverpool, are splendid specimens of Macadamization, and that during a fortnight's time he had not seen dust or mud on any of them.

(3.) ODE TO MRS. FRY.

The address to Mrs. Fry is happily conceived, and justly exposes the folly of compelling persons to *qualify* themselves for the Refuge for the Destitute, and similar charities, by being committed to prison for crime. The ode advocates prevention as superior to cure in its advantages.—*John Bull.*

(4.) ODE TO RICHARD MARTIN, ESQUIRE.

Mr. Martin distinguished himself by his exertions in Parliament for the passage of a bill to prevent cruelty to animals. Hook said that the only persons dissenting from the general approbation he met with were bullock-drivers, hackney coachmen, bull-baiters, dog-fighters, and Gentlemen of the Opposition. Lord Erskine was the originator of the measure, which was merely revived by the kind-hearted member for Galway.

(5.) ADDRESS TO MR. DYMOKE, *the Champion of England.*

The following extract from a description of the Coronation of George IV., from the *London Magazine* for August, 1821, will serve as an explanation of this *Address*:

“At the end of this course the gates of the Hall were again thrown open, and a noble flourish of trumpets announced to all eager hearts that the CHAMPION was about to enter. He advanced under the gateway, on a fine piebald charger (an ill color), and clad in complete steel. The plumes on his head were tri-colored, and extremely magnificent; and he bore in his hand the loose steel gauntlet, ready for the challenge. The Duke of Wellington was on his right hand, the Marquis of Anglesea on his left. When he had come within the limits of the Hall, he was about to throw down his glove at once, so eager was he for the fray, but the Herald distinctly said, ‘Wait till I have read the challenge,’ and read it accordingly, the Champion husbanding his valor for a few minutes:

“‘If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth of the United



Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Defender of the Faith, son and next heir to our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, the last King deceased, to be right heir to the Imperial crown of the United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his Champion who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor ; being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed.'

"At the conclusion of this awful challenge, the Champion hurled down his gauntlet, which fell with a solemn clash upon the floor. It rang in most hearts! He then stuck his wrist against his steeled side, as though to show how indifferent he was to the consequence of his challenge. This certainly had a very pleasing and gallant effect. The Herald, in a few seconds, took up the glove, delivered it to the squire, who kissed it and handed it to the Champion. In the middle of the Hall the same ceremony was performed; and at the foot of the royal platform, it was a third time gone through. The King then drank his health, and methinks with real pleasure, for the Champion had right gallantly conducted himself. His Majesty then sent the cup to him; and he, taking it, drank to the King, but in so low a tone that I could only catch the meaning by the tumultuous shouts of the people. The noise seemed to awaken the courage of his horse, but he mastered his steed admirably. The ceremony of backing out of the Hall was then again performed, and successfully, with the exception of the Marquis of Anglesea's Arabian, whose doubts were not yet satisfied, and he was literally shown out by the pages."

In Hall's Account of the Coronation of Henry VIII. and Katherine of Arragon, it is mentioned that Sir Henry Dimmoke appeared as "Champion of the King by tenour of his inheritance." The office seems to have remained in the Dimmoke family till the time of our author.

The germ of this *address* is in an ode which we find in the London Magazine of September, 1821, and which is worth preserving.

#### THE CHAMPION'S FAREWELL.

##### *Otium cum Dignitate.*

Here! bring me my breeches, my armor is over;  
Farewell for some time to my tin pantaloons;  
Double-milled kerseymere is a kind of leg clover,  
Good luck to broad cloth for a score or two moons!



Here! hang up my helmet, and reach me my beaver,  
 This avoirdupois weight of glory must fall;  
 I think on my life that again I shall never  
 Take my head in a sauce-pan to Westminster Hall.

Oh, why was my family born to be martial?  
 'Tis a mercy this grand show-off-fight-day is up!  
 I do not think Cato was much over-partial  
 To back through the dishes, with me and my cup.

By the blood of the Dymokes, I'll sit in my lodgings,  
 And the gauntlet resign for "neat gentleman's doe;"  
 If I ride I *will* ride, and no longer be dodging  
 My horse's own tail 'twixt Duke, Marquis & Co.

No more at my horsemanship folks shall make merry,  
 For I'll ship man and horse, and "show off" not on shore;  
 No funnies for me! I will ride in a wherry;  
 They feathered my skull, but I'll feather my oar.

So, Thomas, take Cato and put on his halter,  
 And give him some beans, since I now am at peace;  
 If a Champion is wanted, pray go to Sir Walter,  
 And he'll let you out Marmions at sovereigns apiece.

The ladies admired the piebald nag vastly,  
 And clapped his old sober-sides into the street;  
 Here's a cheque upon Child, so, my man, go to Astley,  
 Pay the charge of a charger, and take a receipt.

(6.) ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.

*Grimaldi*, the King of Clowns, resigned the sovereignty of pantomime in July, 1828, and took leave of the public at Drury Lane. Illness, induced by over-exertion in his fun, was the cause of his retreat. He was only in his 48th year. The house was crowded to the roof. A gentleman who was present on the occasion informs us that after having gone through some of the most surprising feats of agility ever witnessed, when *Grimaldi* appeared in citizen's dress before the curtain, to make his acknowledgments, he was so exhausted and enfeebled as to be hardly able to stand. In a prose sketch, Hood has given an account of his last interview with *Grimaldi*.



*Quick*, "one of the old actors," says a foot-note to the author's edition, "is still a performer (but in private) of *Old Rapid*," (1826.) As Macklin, when he was eighty years of age, played *Iago*, it may well be that this performer in private of *Old Rapid*, in 1826, was the same *Quick* who more than half a century before played the *Post Boy* in Goldsmith's comedy of the *Good-Natured Man*, and *Tony Lumpkin* in *She Stoops to Conquer*, on its first night. Goldsmith was so much pleased with his success in the latter character, that he adapted a farce from the French, and permitted it to be played with his name for *Quick's* benefit before the season closed.

(7.) ODE TO SYLVANUS URBAN.

The Ode to *Sylvanus Urban* contains more humor and less quibbling than any other portion of the book, and surprises us that a man able to write as the following quaint verses are written, should let his fancy run riot, and have recourse to the worst of all apologies for wit—punning. Even in this, the fatal propensity here and there appears, but much subdued; we presume by the seriousness of the subject.—*John Bull*.

(8.) ADDRESS TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY.

The *Patent Steam Washing Company*, established at Phipps' Bridge, Merton, Surrey, proved, by "actual experiment," at the Company's works, that "nothing less powerful than action by steam will extract from linen all its impurities." Further experiment, we believe, has demonstrated that "washing by hand" will answer all practical purposes, or washerwomen would long since have been abolished.

(9.) ODE TO CAPTAIN PARRY.

Captain W. E. Parry sailed from London in the *Hecla*, accompanied by the *Fury*, on his third voyage of discovery to the North Pole, on the 9th of May, 1824. It was the least successful of his strenuous and meritorious efforts to effect a northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and left it precisely where it was at the conclusion of his first voyage. The British Government had offered a reward of five thousand pounds sterling to the first vessel that should approach within one degree of the North Pole; but no one yet has "stood on the pivot on which this globe of ours turns, and hoisted the British flag on the most remarkable point on the earth's surface." This has been a favorite enterprise of bold navigators from the time of Sir Martin Frobisher, who replied to his friend, when seeking to dissuade him from the at-



tempt—"It is the only thing in the world that is left yet undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate."

(10.) ADDRESS TO MARIA DARLINGTON.

The allusions in this Address may be explained, by stating that in December, 1824, an action was brought by Miss Foote, the celebrated actress, against Mr. Hayne, a gentleman of fortune, for a breach of promise of marriage. Distinguished counsel were employed on both sides; among others, the Attorney-General for the plaintiff, and Brougham and Scarlett for the defendant. It was proved on the trial that she had lived for five years under the protection of Colonel Berkeley, who had seduced her under a promise of marriage, and by whom she had two children. It was also proved that the Colonel communicated these facts to Mr. Hayne, and that the proposed marriage was broken off in consequence. Subsequently, however, Mr. Hayne renewed his attentions and his promise of marriage, which he refused to fulfil. A verdict was found for the plaintiff. Damages, £3,000. Miss Foote in April, 1831, became the Countess of Harrington.

(11.) ODE TO W. KITCHENER, M.D.

In the *London Magazine* for October, 1821, is a review of the *Cook's Oracle*, which was doubtless from Hood's pen. In the November number of the same work is the first conception of the Ode in the text.

ODE TO DR. KITCHENER.

Ye Muses nine inspire,  
And stir up my poetic fire;  
Teach my burning soul to speak  
With a bubble and a squeak!  
Of Dr. Kitchener I fain would sing,  
Till pots, and pans, and mighty kettles ring.  
O culinary Sage!  
(I do not mean the herb in use,  
That always goes along with goose,)  
How have I feasted on thy page!  
"When like a lobster boiled the morn  
From black to red began to turn,"  
Till midnight, when I went to bed,  
And clapped my *tewah-diddle*\* on my head.

\* The Doctor's composition for a night-cap.



Who is there cannot tell  
 Thou lead'st a life of living well?  
 "What baron, or squire, or knight of the shire,  
 Lives half so well as a holy Fry-er?"  
 In doing well thou must be reckon'd  
 The first, and Mrs. Fry the second;  
 And twice a Job—for in thy feverish toils,  
 Thou wast all over roasts, as well as boils.

Thou wast indeed no dunce,  
 To treat thy subjects and thyself at once.  
 Many a hungry poet eats  
 His brains like thee,  
 But few there be  
 Could live so long on their receipts.  
 What living soul or sinner  
 Would slight thy invitation to a dinner,  
 Ought with the Danaïdes to dwell,  
 Draw gravy in a cullender, and hear  
 For ever in his ear  
 The pleasant tinkling of thy dinner bell.

Immortal Kitchener! thy fame  
 Shall keep itself when Time makes game  
 Of other men's. Yea, it shall keep all weathers,  
 And thou shalt be upheld by thy pen-feathers.  
 Yea, by the sauce of Michael Kelly,  
 Thy name shall perish never,  
 But be magnified for ever,  
 By all whose eyes are bigger than their belly!

Yea, till the world is done  
 To a turn, and Time puts out the Sun,  
 Shall live the endless echo of thy name.  
 But as for thy more fleshy frame,  
 Oh, Death's carnivorous teeth will tittle  
 Thee out of breath, and eat it for cold victual.  
 But still thy fame shall be among the nations  
 Preserved to the last course of generations.



Ah, me ! my soul is touched with sorrow  
 To think how flesh must pass away ;  
 So mutton that is warm to-day  
 Is cold and turned to hashes on the morrow !  
 Farewell ! I would say more, but I  
 Have other fish to fry.

(12.) ADDRESS TO THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.

The "very reverend" managers of Westminster Abbey have grown but little more liberal in their notions since this address was written, though they have "reduced the fares." The ashes of CAMPBELL were deposited in the centre of the Poet's Corner in 1844, but many years elapsed before his friends were able to meet the demands of the Dean and Chapter for the admission of his statue. On May-day evening, in 1855, it was erected in the presence of William C. Marshall, the sculptor, and Dr. Beattie, Campbell's biographer and friend. In mentioning this fact, on the authority of a letter of Dr. Beattie, Mr. Willis adds, in a paragraph in the *Home Journal* : "It will be recollected that not long since we mentioned the delay and difficulty of procuring the admission of this statue to the 'Poet's Corner,' the Dean of Westminster refusing the formal authorization till his sacerdotal fee (of two hundred pounds) was first paid. Dr. Beattie finally saw this fat churchman satisfied, and the statue (the subscriptions for the carving and placing of which Dr. B. had also procured) was then admitted to this sanctuary of England's immortals."

(13.) ODE TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.

Mr. Bodkin became notorious by an action against the *Times* newspaper, for a libel touching his relations to the Mendicity Society. Scarlett, for the defence, contended that the Society was mainly promoted by the interference and assiduity of Mr. B., and was kept before the public eye by means of pamphlets, puffs, and anniversary dinners. He compared him to the servant of Don Manuel Dordona, immortalized by Gil Blas, who thrived on his master's reputation for charity, by collecting money to be distributed by him among the poor, and putting it in his own pocket. Bodkin collected money from all quarters for the support of the Society, and received £500 a year for his own services. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—30s. damages, and 40s. costs.







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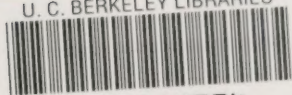
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